

The June

JUN 7 1951

Leatherneck

15c





BIRD'S EYE VIEW

"Here, Herrenvilk and sons of the Sun, is what a Thunderbolt pilot sees as he peels off to wipe you out... You've heard about the Thunderbolt?*... Of course you have, but as we say in our quaint American way, you ain't heard nothin' yet... You've brought 'em down?... well, that happens, too, but at what a cost men, what a cost... The records tell that gratifying story. And naturally you've examined with awe, these instruments and other details of the few ships that fall into your hands... so we don't hesitate to publish this fine view. Confidentially, we're well aware that if you had the blueprints and complete specifications, you haven't the time... you haven't the material... and more important still... you haven't, and never have had, the kind of people... with the kind of spirit and the free-man's pride of accomplishment, which have made the name 'Thunderbolt', a synonym for allied air supremacy."

*THE RECORDS OF FIGHTER SQUADRONS EMPHASIZE THE UNMATCHABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE THUNDERBOLT AND ITS PILOTS.



REPUBLIC  **AVIATION**
CORPORATION

Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y.

Evansville, Ind.

SOUND OFF

NO WOOLLY PANTIES

Sirs:
About the article by Sgt. McVay in LEATHERNECK — Pacific Edition of October 15 last, entitled Doubling in Brass. Could you please tell me just where he gets those "long woolly panties" which he declares were worn by New Zealand girls at Wellington's Cecil Club?

I never so much as caught a glimpse of anything like "long woollies" in all my times of dance and recreation duties at the Cecil Club. Could someone have been pulling the WOOL over the dear Sarge's eyes?

I can't imagine anyone finding it necessary to take such steps to keep out "N Z's damp chill" — I quote Sgt. McVay — especially at the Cecil Club, where the atmosphere was ALWAYS more than just warm.

Come to think of it tho', maybe I do recall a sight which must be the one described in the article. But, guess what? It was one of your own Red Cross girls who was the guilty party and the center of amusement. I needn't mention names as most of the boys need no reminder of a short, lively, dark-haired girl, who was so popular with us all.

To get back to the "panties." As far as we know, they went out with hoop skirts. But, of course, we may be wrong as we were entirely ignorant of their existence until we read your magazine.

Colleen Travers
Wellington, N. Z.

• We called together our staff men who have been to New Zealand and they are unanimous in stating that "long woolly panties" definitely are a part of the Wellington, Auckland and Sydney scene. One man reports that he observed a pair, but could not tell how long they were because

the legs disappeared under a pair of stockings. Another man tells us that the long woollies, which come almost to the ankle, usually are worn by older women, while some of the young girls, who are more modern, wear shorter panties that only reach to the knee. Pending further information, we feel bound to go along with our trained impartial observers, and until otherwise convinced, will continue to believe that Miss Travers' contemporaries, by and large, wear "long woolly panties." — Eds.

ARTY ON LEYTE

Sirs:
We just received your February issue of the PACIFIC LEATHERNECK in which they were two stories on Leyte Island, one about the 27th Marines and the other on the fighter squadron which also participated in the operation. There was no mention of the 155 mm Howitzer Bn. and the 155 mm Gun Bn. These outfits landed on D Day and stayed there until the island was almost secured. In your past LEATHERNECKS we have read about the other Marine "arty" outfits and the good work they have done, but we haven't seen anything about the Marine arty on Leyte yet.

Corps. Paul Rubus, Leslie W. Hoppers; PFC Michael Zimmer and Pvt. Mickey Dzugar
Pacific

• See the story by Sgt. John Conner entitled "Guns Before Ormoc" in May 1 Pacific Edition of LEATHERNECK. — Eds.

TURN PAGE

THE LEATHERNECK, JUNE, 1945

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 6

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OR. U. S. Marine Corps Photo



Sore Feet?

HERE'S
RELIEF
for Tired,

BURNING FEET

Get quick relief from all minor skin and foot irritations! Uncle Sam's fighting Marines all over the world use Ammen's Antiseptic Powder to keep their skin "at ease".

IT SOOTHES! Ammen's Powder is ANALGESIC! It goes quickly to work to relieve the soreness of tired, burning feet.

IT DRIES! Every Marine knows the value of keeping the skin dry to combat "jungle itch" and other irritations. Ammen's absorbs skin-chafing perspiration, too, a primary cause of "athlete's foot".

IT PROTECTS! Ammen's Powder is ANTISEPTIC! Bacteria cannot live near Ammen's! Effectively guards your skin against infections due to bacterial growth.

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Bum shaves got me keelhauled an' blackballed by my Wave wife.

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The more I shave the more I save, 'cause COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAMS so economical there's up to 6 whole months of smooth shaving in every giant tube! How weird of my beard — I'm makin' a profit off it!

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In any Weather
for any Lighter...

RONSON-ize
for Better
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RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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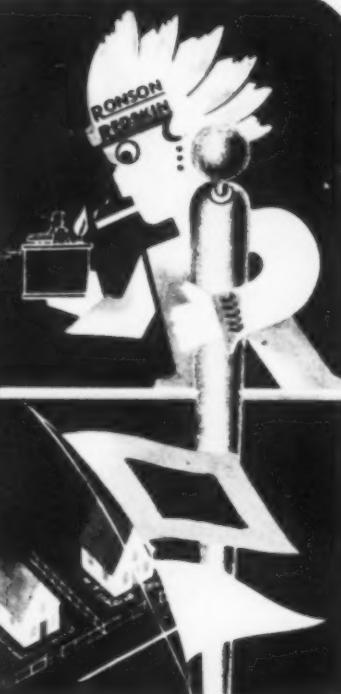
In demand on all fighting fronts,
so please be patient.

*Trade Mark
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LIGHTER ACCESSORIES

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To P. R. Officers: Send your orders or write for information to Art Metal Works, Inc., Newark 2, N. J.



SOUND OFF (cont.)

OUTFIT SLIGHTED

Sirs:

Just finished reading your February 15 edition and brother you're about to be straightened out. In your story "Marines Have Returned, Too" you state that the pilots of the Bat Eye night fighter squadron were the first Marines to land on the isles. Well, you're way off. Our outfit landed on A Day and we stayed until December. We tab ourselves the "Lost Battalion" because we were lost, no one knew we were there, that is no one off the island. The —th and —th Divisions knew we were there and called us the Eagle Eye Battalion. I can't tell you what we did, but I will say the Corps wouldn't disown us.

PFC E. Brennan

Pacific

• Our story referred only to aviation units and was not intended to slight Marine artillery. See the story, *Guns Before Ormoc in May* LEATHERNECK. —Eds.

HOW LONG?

Sirs:

Like many family men I was drafted and inducted in the Marine Corps. Why were we drafted men put in USMC (SS) Selective Service instead of the Reserves like 17-year-old volunteers? Does it mean the same thing as Reserves or a four-year enlistment? The question is do, we get discharged six months after the war? I will appreciate the answers and a lot of others will, too.

Pvt. Glenn W. Sipe

Pacific

• Since 20 May 1942, most men have entered the Marine Corps through the draft. In such cases they are given the choice of enlisting in the regular Marine Corps or the Marine Corps Reserve, providing they are under 30 and otherwise physically qualified. If they are not under 30 or have some physical defects or don't want to enlist in the regulars or organized reserve, they become USMC (SS), Class III (b), which simply means they joined the Corps through Selective Service and are required to serve for duration of the war plus six months, unless sooner discharged. This group of men, which composes the big majority of the present Corps, is also to be transferred to inactive reserve status after the war, and will be subject to call to active duty at any time during the next 10 years or until age 45. However, Marines discharged from service under the over-38 years of age provisions are not transferred to reserve status when they leave the Corps. —Eds.



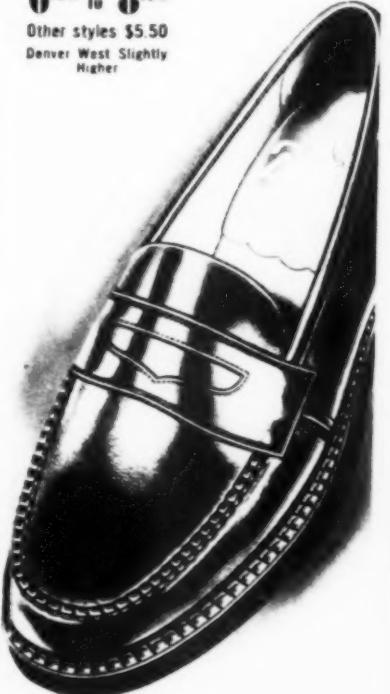
"It's the little things
you look forward to!"

That first weekend
at the beach — the salty sting
of the still cold ocean and the
wonderful heat of the white
sand after your swim!

Then, the out-door
supper — you'll be wearing slacks
and a pair of extra comfortable,
extra smart, loafers like the
W. L. Douglas "Vagabonds!"

\$6.50 to \$8.50

Other styles \$5.50
Denver West Slightly
Higher



**W. L.
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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.



Shoes
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Stores in Principal Cities

Good Dealers Everywhere

INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS

Figure it out:

30% to the Armed Forces
Lower Production
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We Guarantee However:

R. G. Duns will always be the
same famous quality. If your
dealer's out today, look again
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Worth the Trouble! Cigars

SOUND OFF (cont.)



GRiffin ABC PASTE POLISH gives a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.



Since 1890 GRIFFIN has been the favorite shoe polish of all the Services.



A GRIFFIN shine helps protect and preserve the leather of your shoes.



GRIFFIN
THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH

AIR CREW INSIGNIA

Sirs:

The question regarding requirements for authorization of wearing air crew insignia has come up in recent discussions. In spite of the profound number of circular letters, memos and orders concerning said wings, we still find ourselves musing over the interpretation of these items.

Would you enlighten us with complete information on the following?

1 — Who is entitled to wear the air crew insignia?

2 — Must you serve overseas?

Let me cite an example. We have aboard an aerial photographer who was given continuous flight orders from May, 1944, to October, 1944, as a regularly assigned aerial photographer for the squadron. He has completed more than 100 flying hours in a combatant aircraft. At present he has not flown as a photographer on overseas missions. Is he entitled to wear the air crew insignia? Other examples are the squadron's navigators. All of them have flown far more than the three months required as both navigators and bombardiers.

Sgt. Hal Riehle

Pacific

• Authority for award of the air corps insignia to enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps is covered in Letter of Instruction No. 701 of 10 April 1944, which letter is supplementary to Circular Letter No. 174-44 of the navy which governs the wearing of insignia for naval personnel.

Under provisions of Letter of Instruction No. 701, no enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps may purchase the insignia without a specific letter of authority signed by the commanding officer of the individual concerned. The letter of authority must be presented to the Marine Corps Post Exchange or Ships Service Store at the time the insignia is purchased.

Navy circular letter No. 174-44 enumerates specific air crew members who may be entitled to wear the insignia and adds that it may be awarded to "other air crewmen" who are qualified. This letter reads in part: "Photographic personnel included under the category of 'other aircrewmen' shall



"Pretty monotonous duty, eh, mate?"

Your Lifebuoy Pin-up for June



Rosemary's vote is for Lifebuoy, too!



Take a tip from men who know and ask for Lifebuoy at your PX or ship store



COOLING showers ahead—when you beat the heat with Lifebuoy! Its refreshing lather perks you up—gives you a new lease on life! Make it a point to use Lifebuoy in your daily shower to stop "B.O."—to leave you feeling fresh and clean—really clean, Lifebuoy clean! Ask for refreshing, cooling Lifebuoy today—at your PX or ship store.



Shaving daily irritate your face?

HOW THIS SHAVE CREAM—
SPECIAL MADE FOR DAILY SHAVING—
PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

Needs no brush—Not sticky or greasy

TWO SPECIAL PROBLEMS of men in service are the irritation that frequent shaving may have for a tender skin . . . and the nuisance of a wet shaving brush.

Glider, a rich, soothing cream, was developed especially to help solve these problems. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

Smooth, clean shaves in comfort

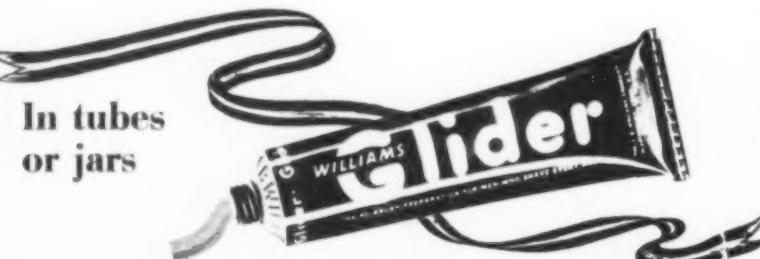
To use Glider, just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then smooth on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

At once, Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin, softens toughest whiskers completely. Your razor's sharp edge glides over your face . . . removes each whisker closely and cleanly at the skin line without scraping or irritation.

Your face feels smoother

Get Glider today. It saves time and fuss . . . and helps prevent the irritation that often comes from daily shaving. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest shaves you've ever had.



In tubes
or jars

SOUND OFF (cont.)

be certified by the commanding officer of the photographic unit to which they are attached, and this shall be done upon a comparison basis as to whether or not their services as to numbers of flights and types of missions has been commensurate with that of aircrew members regularly listed on the battle bill." It would thus seem that overseas duty is by no means a prerequisite. —Eds.

JEEP HULA

Sirs:

I cannot let Sgt. Bob Cooke's report in the February LEATHERNECK go unchallenged. In We The Marines Sgt. Cooke states a new dance has appeared in the Pacific called the "jeep hula." Except for the fact that the phrase "Going my way?" and the gesture of the thumb are at the last of the dance, the rest of the report is not quite correct, to my knowledge.

I lived in Honolulu for a while and took up the hula while I was there. The dance Sgt. Cooke refers to is called Halohalokaa and is not new by any means. It tells of a couple that go for a ride in a car and the axle breaks, so they end up by hitching a ride, but I'm sure all this happened before jeeps arrived in the islands.

My apologies to Sgt. Cooke if I am wrong, but I knew the dance quite well and don't think I am mistaken. I can't tell you how much I have always enjoyed LEATHERNECK and I read every page.

Mrs. Constance Daniel
San Diego, Cal.

AVIATION INSIGNIA

Sirs:

Much scuttlebutt has been passed as to what campaign ribbons, bars and insignia aviation Marines who took an initial part in the invasion of Peleliu Island are entitled to. Please enlighten us.

PFC H. Soto

• Aviation personnel who served on Peleliu in the Palau Islands operation are entitled to the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal for this service. They are not entitled to wear a shoulder patch, inasmuch as there has been no shoulder insignia authorized for this unit to date. —Eds



"Will you quit dropping those grenades overboard"



EASY ON
EASY OFF

Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.



COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS
AT ARMY AND PX STORES



"I know what the tropic sun does to a gyrene's lips. That's why I always carry 'CHAP STICK.' It's tops for soothing cracked, sun-parched, feverish lips!"

The one and only "CHAP STICK" is the lip reparative that goes overseas by the millions! It is especially medicated to relieve and help heal the ravages of blazing sun or biting cold. Always keep one handy!

Only 25c



Chap Stick is a registered Trade mark

Yello
and p
and c
Enjoy
will p
a big
bacco
in the
being

YELL

YEL

YEL

YEL



Yello-Bole Pipes are so MILD, fragrant and pleasant that many men are surprised and delighted the first time they smoke one. Enjoy this experience yourself. Yello-Bole will prove to you that your pipe can make a big difference in your enjoyment of tobacco. Honey (real bee's honey) does it, in the bowl (it's yellow). Service men are being supplied with Yello-Boles first.

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL \$1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER \$2.50

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD \$1

YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

SOUND OFF (cont.)

TOROKINA CROSS

Sirs:
Your April issue of LEATHER-NECK wasn't any too good to me.

The PISgt. is making a big show about my correction of his remarks about the 20-foot cross on Torokina, Bougainville.

May I explain to the PISgt. that when I corrected his statement I was not criticizing the Marines in the South Pacific. I have just returned home myself after 26 months over there, and I would be the last one to criticize. Sgt., I can understand why you say, "They Died For Thee," because I had five buddies in that graveyard.

Corp. Charles E. Slack, Jr.
Parris Island, S. C.

ARMY MEN WRONG

Sirs:
We would like to know if there has been any authorization for certain army personnel to wear the Quadalcanal insignia of the First Marine Division. We have seen this several times.

JK, GRP and LHJ
Pacific

• The First Marine Division shoulder patch is authorized to be worn only by members of the First Marine Division and not by members of the army, navy and Marine organizations that reinforced that division in action against the enemy in the Solomon Islands area 7 August to 9 December, 1942. — Eds.

NO BATTLEWAGON?

Sirs:
In your February 1 edition, on page 20, in the lower left-hand corner, there is a picture of a Marine detachment being inspected.

According to the information appearing under the picture, this is supposed to be a Marine detachment of a battleship.

For your information, that is a picture of the Marine detachment of the light cruiser USS —, of which I am a member, and I appear as the third man from the left in the front rank. This picture must have been taken in 1940 or 1941.

1st Sgt. Albert S. Koesterer
Pacific

• This picture was taken by one of our photographers in July, 1944, on a battleship. Note 16-inch guns in background. — Eds.



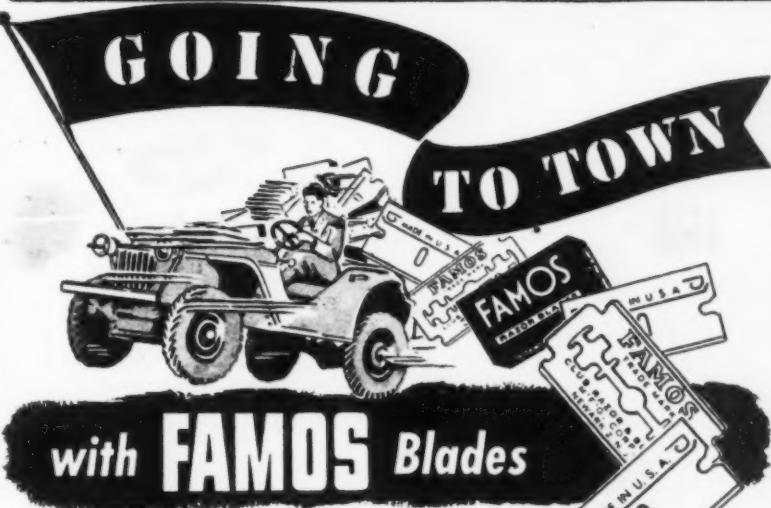
"How come you get an extra emblem?"



Your dogs are sore from marching,
And you got yourself a blister?
Forget 'em both with **POWERHOUSE**—
It's a nifty "lifter" mister!



A NICKEL NEVER BOUGHT A BETTER CANDY BAR!



Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling when you're *going to town*? You'll look and feel even better . . . more refreshed, when you shave with FAMOS Blades.

These blades, single or double edge, are made from the finest quality steel, precision ground, and rigidly tested to insure complete shaving satisfaction.

Ask for FAMOS Blades at your PX today!



CLUB RAZOR & BLADE MFG. CORP.
NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY



"Swan's my favorite
pin-up girl because
it's 4 swell
soaps in 1!"

Sure thing, guys, Swan's tops
for all four of these:

1. **Bath or shower.** You'll know what refreshing means after an encounter with Swan's rich, thick lather.
2. **Hands and face.** If you've gotta clean up quick, Swan'll get you plenty slick.
3. **Laundry.** Swan suds up fast even in the hardest water and digs the grime right out of your duds.
4. **Shaving.** Yep, Swan's lather is so mild and creamy, it's fine for shaves.



SWAN
FLOATING SOAP

Tune in to GEORGE BURNS
& GRACIE ALLEN
CBS Monday Nights

MADE BY LEVER BROS. COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

SERVICE SENIORITY

Sirs:
Will you please settle an argument for us? Is there an order out saying that if the army, navy and Marines are in a parade that the army will come first followed by the navy and then the Marines? If so, could you please tell us what the order is based on, seniority or what? We were all told that the Marine Corps was the oldest service organization in the US.

SSgt. N. W. Mickey
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

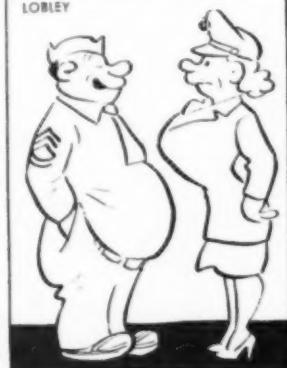
• Headquarters US Marine Corps refers SSgt. Mickey to Section IV, Landing Force Manual, US Navy, paragraph 10-19, which lists the order of precedence in street parades as follows:

- 1 — Cadets, US Military Academy
- 2 — Midshipmen, US Naval Academy
- 3 — Cadets, US Coast Guard Academy
- 4 — Regular Army
- 5 — US Marines
- 6 — US Naval Forces
- 7 — US Coast Guard Detachments
- 8 — National Guard, Marine Corps Reserve and Naval Reserve organizations which have been federally recognized (in that order).
- 9 — Other organizations of the organized reserves in any order prescribed by grand marshal of the parade.
- 10 — Veterans and patriotic organizations in order prescribed by the grand marshall.

It is noted that on special occasions when one group of the service is specially honored, such as Army Day, the honored branch often acts as the "host," and as such has its "guests," Navy and Marines, precede it in the parade.

Incidentally, you are wrong about the age of the Corps; actual service birthdays are as follows: Army, 15 June 1775; Navy, 13 October 1775; Marine Corps, 10 November 1775. — Eds.

LOBLEY



"Beer, — what do you drink?"

SERVING
THE SERVICE



JERIS
Antiseptic
HAIR TONIC

AT A SPECIAL
Service Price
AT YOUR
CANTEEN

SOUND OFF (cont.)

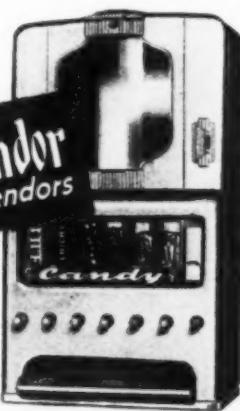
Want to be your own Boss?



When you return to civilian life, you'll have an opportunity to start out on an entirely new business career. Why not investigate the possibilities of a field that offers an opportunity to be completely independent?

The business of operating automatic candy vendors is interesting and profitable. It's a big business now—and indications point to an important postwar increase in this type of merchandising. With comparatively little capital you can start your own route of UNIVENDOR candy vendors and develop it into a highly lucrative enterprise. You'll own your own business . . . be your own boss . . . and assure yourself of a substantial income.

We will be happy to send you all the details. Just request your free copy of the booklet, "Operating UNIVENDOR Candy Vendors for Profit."



Until Victory, our full capacity will continue to be devoted to war production. When peace comes, we'll again make UNIVENDOR.

STONER MFG. CORP.
AURORA, ILLINOIS

NAVY THANKS

Sirs:
In the March 1 Sound Off, two Marines stuck up for the navy's claim of having the first American pilot to land on Japanese mandated territory. I want to thank them and tell them they are right. The pilot was Lt. Kile and the plane was "Sugar."

"Sugar" was our skipper's plane, but Lt. Kile took her out on patrol that day and too much Jap 40 mm ack-ack connected, so they landed on the nearest place they could, which was Roi Island, on February 9, 1944, for emergency repairs. Lt. Kile's first radioman, F. M. Waliguria, ARM 1 c, is here at Alameda with me. Our squadron was VB—, the best bombing squadron the navy ever had.

Thanks again and lots of luck to all you gyrenes.

R. F. Gathlin, ARM 1 c
Alameda, Cal.

BATTLE STARS

Sirs:
The question has been going around in this outfit on the subject of "Does personnel of the rear echelon of combat units rate the battle star authorized for an operation the same as men who participated in the actual battle?" Men of this division have returned to the States and are wearing any ribbons and battle stars they think proper for their time and operations while serving overseas. We would appreciate it if you could put us straight on this problem.

Sgt. Robert C. Snow
Pacific

• *Battle stars are only authorized to be worn on the ribbon bars of those who participated in actual combat with the enemy. Therefore, those members of rear echelons of combat units who did not participate in actual combat with the enemy are not entitled to wear a star on their area campaign ribbon bars. — Eds.*

ORIGINAL HASHMARK?

Sirs:
I have been keeping up on the cartoon strip "Hashmark" and we have a fellow in our barracks who claims that he is the original Hashmark of the Marine Corps. His name is SSgt. William L. Noell.

Sgt. Norman E. Skiles
Santa Ana, Cal.

• *The cartoon character "Hashmark" is the creation of Sgt. Fred Lasswell and is not modeled after any actual person. — Eds.*



THE DYANSHINE MOVEMENT IS IN FULL SWING

It's an eye-filler—that bright, lustrous shine that comes so quick and easy with DYANSHINE! That's why, wherever servicemen go, the swing is to that handy favorite that lines the shelves of their PX.

Practically all of the Liquid Dyanshine we have made during the past several years has gone to men in service where it can do its best job of keeping shoes in inspection-passing shape with less work—in less time. And when you're back in "civies," you'll again find the familiar bottle of Dyanshine available and ready to give you quick, brilliant, long-lasting shines that are easy on leather, easy to apply.

If You Prefer Paste Shoe Polish

Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black—in convenient, wide-mouthed, 4 oz. jars.





Dry Scalp is a warning from nature...



help nature give you good-looking hair!



YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Loose dandruff appears. You have Dry Scalp. To check Dry Scalp, supplement the natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. And use it also as a massage before shampooing. There's an improvement you can see and feel. Your hair stays put without looking "plastered down". Your scalp feels better. Remember . . . use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. It's different, contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

SOUND OFF (cont.)

AMERICAN POW RIBBON

Sirs:
I am writing to you for some information regarding American prisoners of war.

These prisoners of war have suffered more than any of our front line men, both physically and mentally. Are there any plans to give these men and woman a ribbon for recognition.

The way I see it, there will be ribbons for everything else; some of them earned easily, while these members of the armed forces will be wearing only the defense and area ribbons, which does not seem equitable to me.

WO Orville S. Bowers
Houma, La.

THRILL IS GONE

Sirs:
Although none of us has seen a WR, we have heard a lot from the many replacements who have joined us in the last year. We agree with Corp. Arnold H. Nelson and his friends on the statement he made concerning the WRs.

We did not want to bring this subject up before, for we had too much pride in the magazine, because it was, at one time, the best magazine put out in the Pacific. Now that you have started to clutter it up with a bunch of pictures of the WRs we don't even look forward to getting the magazine any more. We are interested in what is happening over here and not in how all the WRs are doing in the States.

And another thing we would like to know is how the WRs can make corporal and sergeant in such a short time. We, who have been over here for two years or more, and are still PFCs, can't figure out why we are acting NCOs and the WRs are making all the rates. We over here do all the fighting, yet the WRs get the stripes. This is not one man's opinion. This statement can be backed by more than we who have signed it.

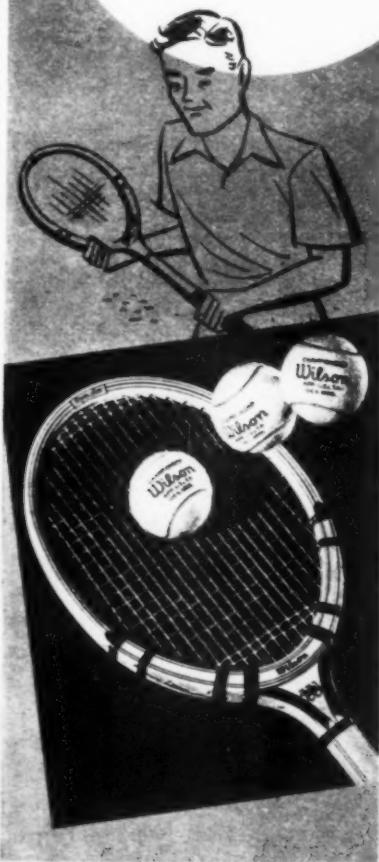
Acting Sgts. Tommy Panauses, J. W. Forsythe, J. Colucci, G. J. Parks; Acting Corps. John O. Dickman and Mitchell H. Hill and PFC Ralph G. Hayes.

Pacific

• In the past six issues, *LEATHERNECK Pacific Edition*, has printed almost 400 photographs, and has "cluttered" its pages with exactly 20 pictures of WRs, 18 of which appeared in the March 15 issue in a story on WRs leaving for Hawaii. One picture was printed in the January 15 Sound Off, and one was in the January 1 We The Marines. — Eds.



To Spot the Newest IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



Wilson SPORTS EQUIPMENT

The armed forces have had first call upon our expanded production of sports equipment for some time. Our designers have been stimulated, too. Wherever you see the name "Wilson" on any sports equipment you'll know it's the newest and best from "home." Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

★
MEMBER: The Athletic Institute, a non-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of national physical fitness.

★
Let's all boost the "War Memorials That Live" campaign to commemorate our war heroes.

Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago Plant

IT'S WILSON TODAY
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

It's Risky to Carry Cash



YOU MAY LOSE IT or have it stolen, just when you need it most. Far safer to carry American Express Travelers Cheques, for if any of these cheques are lost or stolen, you get a prompt refund. And you can spend them wherever you can spend cash.

Easy to buy, too, in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. You sign your cheques when you buy them, and sign each one again as you spend them. No other identification needed. The protection they give you only costs 75¢ per \$100 (minimum 40¢). Sold at Banks, Railway Express Offices, and at many camps and bases.

American Express
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

The "P-O-L" Anklet

FOR YOUR
PRISONER
OF
LOVE

\$14.95

Fed. Tax Incl.
10K Solid Gold

Let her tell the world she's YOUR "Prisoner of Love" with this beautiful and richly symbolic new Anklet in 10K Yellow Gold.

Available in two styles; with USMC on front and space for your and her initials on reverse side—OR plain polished panel front for her initials, with yours on reverse side.

- At Post Exchanges
- Ship's Service Stores
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"The Key of Honor"

Truly "America's Most Honored Pendant!" Insignia deeply embossed with red hard enameled border. Beautiful dignified (patented) design to be worn with pride by your loved one.

In Sterling \$5.95
Silver
10K Yellow Gold \$24.95

Earrings to Match

Insignia finished same as "Key"
Sterling Silver \$4.95 per pair
10K Yellow Gold \$23.50 per pair

Post Jewelers
427 FLATBUSH EXT.
BROOKLYN (1) New York

"Where Every Promise Is Kept!"

SOUND OFF (cont.)

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Sirs:

Today was the first time our cooks have gone into operation as a unit since we formed and operated while in training for combat at Cherry Point. The men today have formed their opinions concerning different chows from Parris Island, Quantico, Cherry Point, etc., as far back as the good and plentiful mess at Quantico in 1941.

We the ground and air crews of SMS MAG want you to give our boys their due credit for the work of making a home-cooked chow in the Marines. At dinner and supper mess which had a Friday menu of fish, etc., you could not have got a good half GI can of garbage. This is the first time many of us ate fish. I, for one, and others, have usually stuck to a vegetarian diet on Fridays.

So we who have been in for three to six years, and in as many as 15 different outfits, say we have the best mess in the Corps, due to the wonderful work of our cooks and Mess Officers.

T Sgt. Fred G. Lewis and others
Newport, Ark.

• When the history of the war is written, let it not be forgotten that these Marines publicly praised their chow. —Eds.

JOHNSTON AGAIN

Sirs:

After reading in Sound Off, February 15 issue, the letter from BTO Henry Gomez, AMM 1 c. USN, of Johnston Island, I wish you would extend to him my deepest sympathies. As a former Johnston Island Marine, I can vouch that "there's no place like it" and I feel sorry for the sailors who have to put in from "nine to 18 months without leave."

What of the average Marine there who very seldom gets away without contributing at least 18 to 24 months without leave to the moaning birds and that hunk of coral? Mrs. Albert F. Yavornik's technical sergeant of Motor Transport, and I, of communications, only put in seven months on Johnston Island, but had the honor of being among a few selected from there to aid in the invasion of the Marshall Islands, where we had the cooperative assistance of real sea-going sailors. Corp. Cliff S. Campbell Pacific

ARTIFICERS IN USMC

Sirs:

We would like to know if there is any such designation as Artificer in the Marine Corps. There has been some dispute as to whether this designation is Marine Corps regulation. Have you any information on this question?

SSgts. FS and JM Washington, D. C.

• The term is applied to sub groupings in engineer personnel, but it has no rank or pay significance. —Eds.



This STAY-MOIST SHAVE makes tough beards behave!

AND HOW!
LIFEBUOY SHAVING
CREAM'S RICH
HEAVY LATHER
STAYS MOIST
...KEEPS BEARDS
SOFT THE WHOLE
SHAVE THROUGH



120 TO 150
SHAVES IN THE
BIG RED TUBE



The Boys ALMOST SWOONED OVER ALMOND ROCA

"... Now that we're at the front, packages mean 100% more to us."

"We really like to receive packages. Now that we are at the front, they mean 100% more to us. The things that I would like the most are nuts and candy. Any time you can get hold of a box or two of candy bars, we could sure use them. Also, the boys almost swooned over some of that ALMOND ROCA I got. That would go swell."

—from a private with the U.S. Army in Europe

More ALMOND ROCA is being made today than ever before. Almost every pound goes overseas to bring a bit of comfort to our armed forces.

Almond Roca
THE NAME TO REMEMBER!

Made only by
BROWN & HALEY, Tacoma, Wash.



KEYS TO THE KING

DON'T SHOW ME ANY SOUVENIRS, PAL
I BEEN HERE SINCE GUADALCANAL



BUT THIS ONE'S HARMLESS AS CAN BE
AS ANY FOOL CAN PLAINLY SEE

TICK TOCK
IT'S A CLOCK



LOOK !! A CANDLE
IN THE HANDLE



SEE THE DUD
I GOT FROM BUD

LAM 'ER ONE
WITH THE HAMMER, SON



IT'S SAFE ENOUGH
I'VE STUDIED THE STUFF



THAT DRILLING
IS SIMPLY KILLING



...souvenir you can bring home
your dog tags with neck attached!

EDOM



NEEDN'T DUCK
TRIGGER'S STUCK



HOW THOUGHTFUL OF TOMMY
TO SEND THIS TO MOMMY



SNOOKUMS ENJOYS
ORDNANCE TOYS



WRITE BROTHER
TO SEND ANOTHER



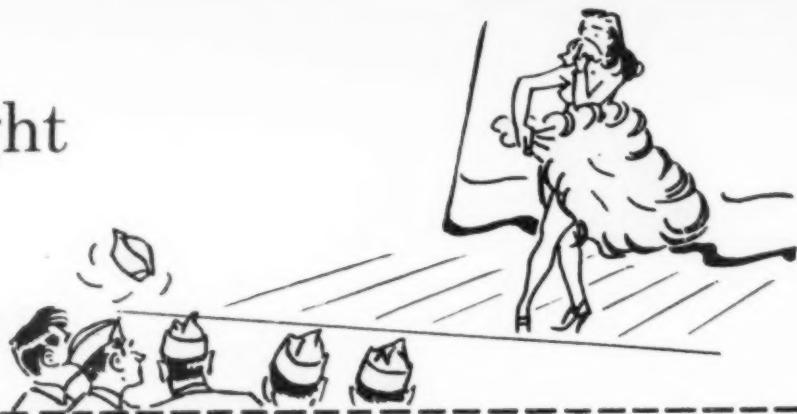
AHH !! A SOUVENIR
FOR LUCY DEAR

CHARLES, ON HIS MORTAR SHELL,
IS BEGINNING TO BORE SOME
JUST WAIT FOR A SPELL
WE'LL SOON HAVE A FOURSOME



FRED CASSWELL

Rosa la Rose caught
a cold . . .



So one of her fans
suggested KOOLS

(And she tried a pack)

They ap-peeled to her so much
then, even with a cold . . .



That she couldn't ever
bare to be without 'em

Pin-up this idea:
Switch from "Hots"
to KOOLS

-for good!

BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS



the Straight Dope

Man, 100 years old, recommends drinking coffee. We thought everyone was going for Rum and Coco-Cola.

Income tax experts said they were trying to help a man who is supporting a divorced wife, a woman he married in Mexico, children by both, and his present common-law wife. That man don't need advice — he needs a straight-jacket.

Dispatch from Leyte: "Getting Laundry Done on Leyte Takes Grace." And her sister, too.

Headline: "Gunder Haegg's Feet Too Slow To Shake Off Love." Is that where he carries his heart?

"Weather Report: San Francisco, slight drizzle." And in Tokyo, big drops....

Chicago paper says "Beware Bunko Man Selling Nylons, Cigaretts." Also the Brooklyn Bridge.

Screen play coming up is called "Johnny Comes Flying Home." The world progresses — Johnny used to come marching home.

News At Its Lowest Ebb Dept. — Sinatra and Rudy Vallee in a verbal tiff.

Jap radio declares the war "has begun to assume an aspect." What did they aspect?

Nazi propaganda spokesman was killed in Berlin. Of acute indigestion from swallowing his own words?

San Diego woman relieves housing shortage by renting a chair each night for \$15 a week. Tenant ought to get a shave and a haircut with it.

James Cagney is going to make a movie called "A Lion in the Streets." Hollywood and Vine wolves take warning.

South Pacific navy outfit named Betty Hutton the girl they'd like to "paddle someplace with." Or maybe just paddle someplace.

Gold miner, arrested in New Mexico hills for evading the draft, said he didn't know there was a war on. There's a few million others who don't know there's a war on, too.

News item: "Mudd Heads Planning Board." Are all of 'em that way?

Columnist says Joan Berry, Chaplin's ex, missed out on a movie role because she now weighs 147 pounds. Not all that over again, we hope!

"Humorous Burglar Loots Perfumery." — News headline. Humorous, or perfumerous?

Gossiper Harrison Carroll movie headline: "GIs Paw Floor At Sight of Bacall." Why waste time on a floor.

New picture is Warner Bros. "Hotel Berlin." What Hotel? What Berlin?

Double movie offering in Hollywood: "Lost in a Harem" — "Can't Help Singing."

Goebbel's declaration: "We'll Win The War With Losses." Why not lose it with victories, Joe?

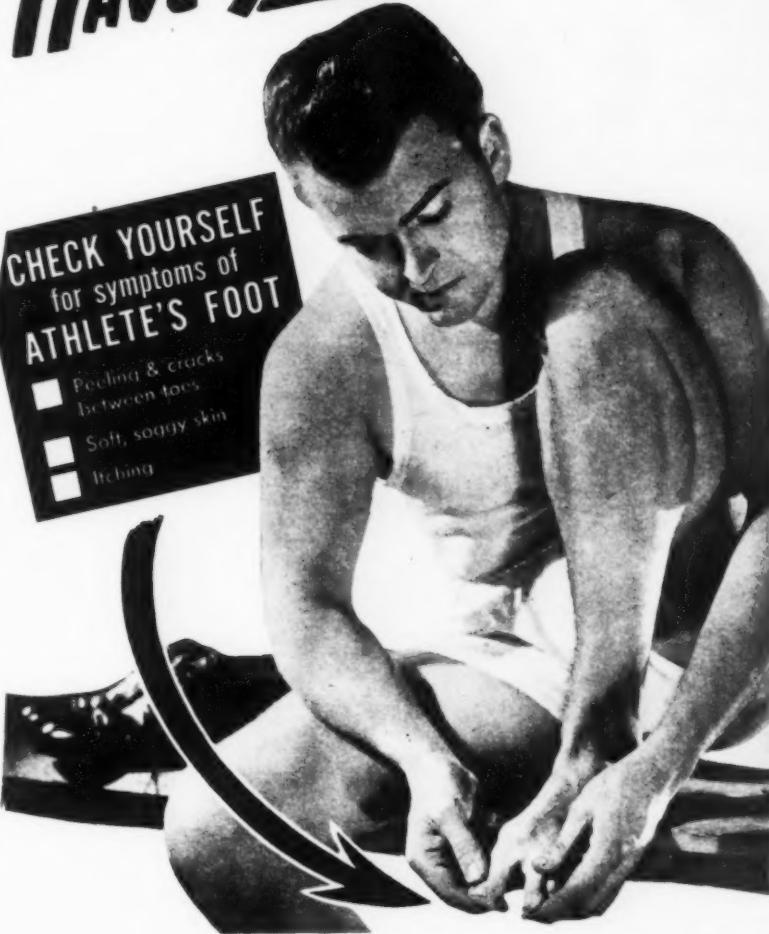
Shapely 17-year-old Shirley Temple won't pose for leg art, claiming, "I'm not the uncover type of girl." Wanna bet, Shirley?

BBM

Have You Got It?

Check yourself for symptoms of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

- Peeling & cracks between toes
- Soft, soggy skin
- Itching



Fight ATHLETE'S FOOT this easy way!

Millions in all branches of the services are now using soothing QUINSANA Powder to help prevent and relieve Athlete's Foot. Records of thousands of persons show Quinsana clears up practically all cases in short time. Be sure you use Quinsana every day yourself—especially in warm weather when Athlete's Foot is at its worst. Surveys show 7 out of 10 adults have it. Even a mild case may suddenly become serious without proper care!



HERE'S EASY 2-WAY TREATMENT: Use Quinsana daily (1) on feet and (2) in shoes (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings). Being a soothing powder, Quinsana is easy to use—not like messy salves and liquids. Recommended by most Chiropodists (foot specialists)—be sure you use Quinsana daily. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Get QUINSANA at your Marine P. X.!



The Dawn of a NEW ERA!

America has again proved Invincible! Even before this tribute appears in print... Victory in Europe may have been won.

Reverently we salute the men of our Armed Forces... the very flower of young American Manhood... whose devotion and patriotism have achieved victory after glorious victory. Their valor has preserved the American Way of Life... their sacrifices have made possible the Dawn of a New Era... of Freedom and Peace for all mankind!

On their return they deserve the best America can give them. We at Dr. Pepper Company will welcome the return of every one who left our service to answer our Country's call... their jobs await them, with unbroken seniority... and the promise of a brighter future. Our rapidly expanding business now also holds the promise of many more good jobs in the Post-War Era.

Drink a BITE TO EAT



Note to Quartermasters, Post Exchange, Ship Service Officers: DR. PEPPER General Offices are at 429 Second Avenue, P. O. Box 5086, Dallas 2, Texas.



GYRENE GYNGLES

CORPSMEN IN GREENS

So you speak of the tales of the Leatherneck Corps—
The laurels and honors they've won;
Of "all rifles empty— all water gone,
But we're holding 'em off— we won't run!"

Yes, sayings like that make the Leathernecks known.
You've heard them from many, it's true;
But I'd like to throw a bouquet to the men
With that cross— on a background of blue.

They're there when the beachhead is still "living hell,"
Keeping life in some wounded Gyrene.
I think that by now you must know who I mean,
Yeah, the Corpsmen in Leatherneck Green.

Many nicknames they hear from the boys in the Corps,
But here's one thing that I'm telling you,
When your canteens are empty, you're happy to see
That cross on a background of blue.

They were there in the Gilberts, and Marshalls, too,
And died when we took Tinian, On Tarawa, too, when the beach was still "hot"
Not one of them quit— or ran.

I remember on Saipan— (Yes, I was there),
The Fourth suffered heavy loss,
But the total would have been heavier still
If it weren't for that guy with a cross!

That's all to my story— I'm leaving you now
With a toast to the U.S. Marines:
And then down another to those guys with a cross,
"THE CORPSMEN IN LEATHERNECK GREENS!"

— PFC JOHN C. FLYNN
Pacific

PARTITION

The palms above spoke romance and love
And the cannon was stilled for the night.
O'er this lovely isle came a woman's smile
And the moon set out her light.

The waves at my feet spoke not of retreat,
Nor the charge, nor of battles won.
But rather they whispered the tales of my youth,
And the carefree days that were done.

I lounged with a friend at the evening's end
And we talked of what life used to be—
Of Kansas wheat, and the Hoboken beat,
And of ships that sail out to the sea.

Then an ominous note— breath caught in my throat,
And the moon blew out her light.
The waves on the shore whispered no more—
Orange flashes shattered the night.

Silhouette of plane, motors screaming in pain
And Death once more in the air.
The flame above spoke not of love—
War claimed, of night, her share.

— CORP. KENNETH J. FARRELL
Klamath Falls, Ore.

FOR YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS

What a packet full of pleasure;
What a bundle full of cheer,
Is a letter from my loved ones
For a dreary evening here!
Blessed words from those so dear.

Past the mountains and the oceans,
From a happy world of yore
Comes a letter through the distance
To a lonesome boy at war.
How my weary spirits soar!

All the longing and the wanting,
Gnawing, crying deep within
Is appeased that silent moment
With the letter I begin.
Oh, how good it feels to grin!

There's a gracious way endowed us
From the Merciful above,
Which permits imagination:
On some heav'nly angel dove
Flies my soul to those I love.

Then my weary heart is happy;
Frolics joyful, blissful, gay,
While my thankful spirit furloughs
In a land so far away—
Where I'll follow it someday.

"Some sweet day—," those words hold solace
To the waiting ones on earth.
Some dear day we will be happy
Once again, and full of mirth;
And we'll understand its worth.

— PFC CHESTER GALBREATH

Pacific

THEY ASKED FOR BILL

Where's Bill, you ask?
Perhaps you'd better ask
The flowing purple that mourns in pensive swell
Against the blazing whiteness of a coral strand.
Where's Bill, you say?
Ask the wind that sighed through the fringe of palms
Beneath a moon that silvered those same palms until
You thought of how a man could whisper lover's vows,
If only love had not been left
Back with ice cream and hamburgers, soda pop and cake.

Where's Bill?
Three barbarous men behind a light machine gun
That spat impersonal death from a slight mound.
Three men who watched the Yankee dog
Stop short in midstride, Cough red once, or perhaps twice, And die.
Three men who are silent as that same gun
Now that they too have coughed
A crimson cough,
Might once have volunteered
A quite erroneous answer.
You seek Bill?
Well, if you look most carefully
To distinguish the half-obliterated name
Upon a once white cross which stands
Among a score or two other such crosses,
More or less weathered by the passing time.

You'll find those same characters
Once scratched on his dogtags.
Is this Bill?
Perhaps, on second thought, you'd better ask
A grey-haired couple for whom life
Would suddenly have lost all meaning.
Did they not believe
That they, too, travel a path
At the end of which Waits Bill.

— CORP. MAURICE W. SULLIVAN
Congaree Field, S. C.

III Phib. Corps' Major General Roy S. Geiger said lack of Japs made Okinawa beach the damnedest battlefield he'd ever seen



Marines come ashore on Okinawa, find practically no opposition from the Japs

"Damndest Battlefield"

IT WAS L Day on Okinawa and the strangest Easter this Marine Division ever had, but nobody is complaining.

A huge moon came up last night and Marines hanging on the starboard rail of our personnel assault ship watching the horizon, could see the arching flare shells our battleships were throwing at the beaches and strongpoints of Okinawa.

We were filled with foreboding. This was to be worse than our last bloody landing, we thought. Instead, so far, it has been for us a literal "walk-away."

Coming in, our landing boat was packed with Marines and their gear. It was a crisp, bright morning. We lay beyond the warships anchored off the reef as they fired broadside salvos at the shore. The seas were choppy but only two Marines were sick. The rest were contributing to a gaiety which none of them felt. When we headed for the transfer line racing past the battleships and cruisers, we hit a big wave which showered the little Higgins boat with spray and drenched Corporal Carroll D. Dofflemyer of Luray, Va. Corporal Dofflemyer took out a comb and carefully parted his hair.

"What are you combing your hair for — you're not going anywhere," chaffed Corporal John F. Di Penna of Somerville, Mass.

"Hell, it's Easter, isn't it?" Dofflemyer replied. "So I comb my hair."

A long stretch of the island spread from left to right, north to south, in front of us. Details of the beach could not be seen. But the rolling terraces which mount into the back country could. They break the landscape into pretty green and straw-

colored squares. Airplanes were dropping bombs and firing rockets into the folds of the hills. Black plumes of thick smoke billowed high into the air.

First Lieutenant Leon Serkin of New York City was in charge of our boat.

"Now when you men get to the town," Lieut. Serkin told us, "there's one place you should see; down the left side of Main Street."

"Sure," said Corporal John M. Hancharick of Nanty Glo, Pa. "That's right next door to Pete's place."

Some one took a proffered cigaret and said, "Thanks. So round, so firm, so fully squashed."

At the transfer line we changed into amtracs, or "Alligators," to run over the reef. We saw four big mortar splashes among the wave of landing craft over to our left — on Beach Blue One. We figured it was just about time for the Japs to open up with mortar barrages on our beach. But the driver of the amtrac said. "It's easy. We didn't get anything and the first wave's in."

We swung our gear and selves into the amtrac and rattled across the plate-shaped, bumpy reef for nearly a 1000 yards, then into deep water, and then to the shore. The men waited quietly to reassemble. The long stone sea wall had been breached in many places by 16-inch naval shells. We passed through these gaps onto higher ground, and the first of the strange burial vaults we have seen so often now on Okinawa. These big stone tombs had been hit badly

and yawned open; because they could make fine pillboxes for the Jap defense, they'd received the works.

Now the communications men began running out their telephone wires, and everyone began to feel the happy astonishment of an unopposed landing. Sick bay was set up, corpsmen had their gear unpacked, surgeons sat around smoking and waiting, and there just weren't any wounded or dead. It looked more like a field problem than the butchery we expected before winning the beach.

Marines were laughing and saying to each other, "Happy Easter!"

That was how it was at regimental headquarters. Out with the rifle battalions it was the same.

Over the crest of the first hill you were hit by a delicious cold breeze. The land rolled up in smooth little hills like upper Westchester or Putnam counties in New York. Neat fields, pine trees, and hedges at the edges of cultivation.

THREE quarters of a mile inland a headquarters group was getting ready to move still further forward. A major said to his sergeant "See that pillbox on your right flank, facing aft? Secure it."

That pillbox should have cost 30 lives. Six men walked over to it and set up their .30 caliber machine gun. There were no Japanese. As the Marines advanced, they dotted their progress with gun positions for security, but it was as easy as that.

This charming land instead of coral fortifications; the beautiful cool breeze instead of sweltering tropical heat; and mainly, the absence of Japs, lent the place enchantment.

This correspondent walked forward about a mile

by Sgt. James Finan
USMC Combat Correspondent

DAMNDEST BATTLEFIELD (continued)



Warships supporting our landings in Ryukyus stand off beaches as supplies pour ashore on Okinawa. Taken in early days of operation this photo shows some of the vast stores landed



Invasion money, for our use, specially printed Japanese yen notes are issued to troops on shipboard before they go ashore on Okinawa



Soon after they came ashore Marines set up mortar positions. But for first few days of operation there was little to shoot at

with Captain Don P. Wyckoff of Detroit, Mich., and a patrol of about 20 men. Uphill, down dale, and the country pretty as a park. Capt. Wyckoff is a fighting Marine line officer, cited for his work in other operations. He is a lean, alert man of 25. He kept scanning the countryside and making notes on his map.

"This is a shame," Captain Wyckoff grinned. "A waste of good terrain. This is like Indiana and Ohio. It's the prettiest fighting country I've seen this side of Gettysburg. There should be a hell of a battle going on here."

"This is so disappointing I enjoy it," First Lieutenant Samuel Kaufman of Boise, Idaho, agreed.

We came to a broad, hard-surfaced road with big, spreading Australian pine trees canopied over it, like the maples and elms on the turnpike down by Southampton, Long Island. A couple of hundred yards across the fields west of this road the colonel commanding the first battalion was setting up his command post.

Inside a bamboo barn two dozen black pigs were squealing with hunger. Two Marines were feeding them sweet potatoes from a sack. In the yard a Marine was struggling with a nanny goat, milking her into his helmet. Her kid was walking unsteadily about the yard. It jumped every time the naval guns went off, then nibbled the grass again.

The colonel was setting up his line. He said he'd had two casualties so far, and this was nearly 1300. A Marine had shot himself accidentally in the foot jumping off a boat, another had an attack of appendicitis.

I went out then to the most forward point on the right flank, where "Baker" company was moving toward some high land they were to secure before nightfall. On the top of a broad knoll were several houses. Inside, Marines were trying to make a Jap phonograph work.

The rooms were littered with office equipment, slates, writing tools, papers, and books. This was evidently an enemy battalion headquarters before they ran for the hills. I picked up a Japanese encyclopedia and a King James version of the Bible in English. Some Marines had scrawled on a wall blackboard in colored chalk: "The Marines have landed."

One of those calendars, with a sheaf of interchangeable number cards for each day of the month, was nailed to the wall. The last date card in the bracket was March 26. That was the day our fleets started pounding Okinawa.

On the way back to the beach was the strangest sight for a Marine division on D Day. Where you had passed open, deserted fields on your way inland, now the country bristled with howitzers, low-lying field guns, and machine gun pits—all Marine. Streams of mechanized vehicles, loaded with men, were pouring toward the front. There was a jeep on the broad, hard-packed road through the pines.



A line of Marine-manned General Sherman tanks moves along a dusty road that winds through the tiny hamlet of Furagan on Okinawa. The bamboo fences are constructed as windbreaks to shield the frail residential structures from the high winds that often rake the island.

Back on the beach all our equipment was in with no damage. Outfits which expected to spend the first night dug in the beach, or fighting their way in cross the reef, were packing their gear to move inland further. Everybody was happily surprised.

Troops had been on Yontan airfield on the plateau over to the left, since 10:00. Planes would be using it days ahead of time.

There will be a terrific battle on Okinawa when we close with the Japs. So far we have seen none, dead or alive. In our sector we have taken only two prisoners — two old women in kimonos, too feeble to retreat. And, of course, we have the livestock. We also have fields of cabbage, spinach, beans, onions, and parsley.

Actually, we are breaking down the door of Japan and haven't found any Japs behind it yet. Marines expected this to be their toughest battle of the Pacific so far. Perhaps it will be yet. But the Japs have given up a lot by letting us get ashore, by permitting

us to push three miles inland the first day without opposition.

We have our fingers crossed. But these men are like the champ who trained furiously for his hardest fight, stepped into the ring and found no opponent.

Tonight, however, the flavor of an easy landing was partly removed. We caught our first air raid.

Because no typewriter had been landed on the beach this afternoon, I tried to get out to a ship to write my story. Landing craft were then ferrying heavy supplies in to the beach. One boat gave me a lift when its cargo of ammunition was lightered ashore. We got out to the sea at sunset, and soon it was dark. Warships all around us were still throwing salvos into the hills. The fuse trains of the shells made beautiful red arcs as they curved to the inland targets.

Suddenly, a twin 40 mm gun began throwing tracers into the sky from a nearby ship. Then all the guns in the world seemed to be firing. Orange and

red tracers made a woven pattern over our heads. Flak began to fall around us and the coxswain steered toward a nearby ship to avoid being run down by one of our dodging, zig-zagging vessels. It was pitch black and you could see nothing. Suddenly a vessel nearby became suffused with orange-red, like a neon sign, and seemed to burst in a great sheet of flame. Then all was quiet.

We cruised around lost for hours after the raid and finally found a ship in the darkness. I climbed aboard, got coffee and a typewriter, and wrote this story.

Easter is over now. The general quarters bell is ringing. Through the steel skin of the bulkhead I can hear the steady pounding of hundreds of anti-aircraft guns again.

The Japs will exact their price for Okinawa. But on the first day, we got a lot of this crucial island virtually free. Tomorrow may be a different story.

TURN PAGE



Communications men move in to set up shop around abandoned Jap house. Many of the native homes on Okinawa have thatched roofs.



This heavy concrete revetment on a Jap airfield at Okinawa failed to protect an enemy plane against a direct hit by our artillery.

DAMNDEST BATTLEFIELD (continued)



A native pony is pressed into service to pack radio equipment as communications men move forward. These men will establish telephone lines for contact between assault troops and the rear areas



Columns of Marines file down a hillside as they approach the rice paddy lowlands near the town



Native burial vaults were found throughout the island. These were more ornate than the homes



Grain fields are scoured for signs of enemy. Farmers on Okinawa lead hard life for the soil is not very productive and Ryukyus are heavily populated for amount of arable land available



At Yentan airfield wounded are loaded into hospital transport plane for evacuation to rear base hospitals. Note Navy nurse at right



The crew of this anti-tank gun came ashore ready for first class fight and was surprised at not having had to fire a single shot



they
town
oil
Native term for "giddyap" being unknown, these Marines tug at a pony to get an Okinawa family to safety of beach. These small horses are work animals for the island's farms



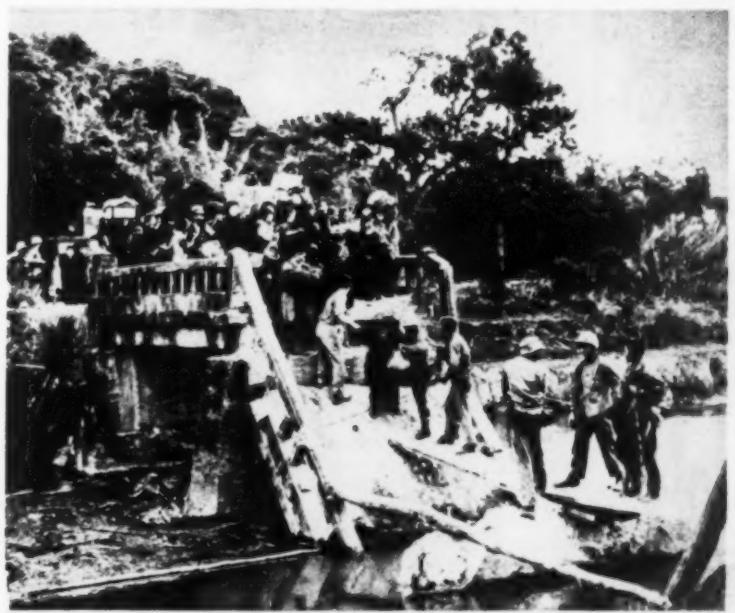
Using wooden mallets, Okinawa girls pound beans into a mash as a family prepared noon meal at a Marine camp on the isle. Natives surrendered quickly when they learned of good treatment



He's from Texas. PFC Grady C. Hogue of Brounsboro, a veteran of Peleliu, astride one of the native horses which resemble our ponies



Native goats, smaller than those found in US, were on hand at every farm on Okinawa



Marines of the First Division help Okinawa civilians across blasted bridge on Tengankawa River. Civilians brought all their possessions

The "Recon Boys" at Majuro

by Sgt. Frank X. Tolbert

ON THE morning of January 31, 1944, Mr. Jeff Jefferson, a trader on the Marshallese atoll of Majuro, was aroused by the eldest of his womenfolk who was wrapping a bright-colored lava-lava around her broad, brown hips and shouting in an excited soprano that armed men were crossing the shallow reef passage to the islet on which the trader had his thatch-roofed headquarters and the fales which housed his numerous children.

Mr. Jefferson, a tall, imperturbable old fellow of white and Marshallese extraction, slipped his husky thighs into a pair of canvas shorts, donned a battered felt hat and padded outside into the dark red light of early dawn.

Despite the fact that they'd spent years building military installations on Majuro, the Nipponeese had almost completely evacuated the atoll soon after the Battle of the Gilberts. But Mr. Jefferson figured they'd returned and, wearily, he prepared himself for another meeting with pompous little Nip officers. Perhaps, and the old man grieved at the thought, they would want to take some more of his children off to labor on faraway Japanese island bases. So, as he left the fale, Jeff was prepared to see the coconut groves around his place filled with jabbering troopers who would squat on their haunches and stare rudely at his household unless they'd had a heavy ration of Saki or beer or Formosan Scotch-type whiskey, and then they might molest his girl children.

Instead of Nips, Mr. Jefferson was amazed to find towering white riflemen, helmeted and wearing utility suits of camouflaged cloth, in the clearing before his dwellings. And some of his bold, naked youngsters and some of his comely, bare-breasted women already were talking in friendly fashion with the visitors.

When he saw that the men were accompanied by one of his acquaintances, a white-Marshallese named Mr. "Y", he shouted a greeting in precise English. Jeff was a baseball fan, or had been years before. And these were the first white men, aside from captives, that he had seen since the start of the Pacific war.

Mr. Jefferson had heard of the fall of Tarawa, Makin and Apamama, two months before. He knew things were due to pop soon in the Marshalls, and

Majuro was one of the southernmost of the group's Radak or eastern chain of atolls and, therefore, likely to be one of the first struck.

The Japanese had removed all of the troops, excepting for a worried-looking little naval warrant officer. Also, left behind were a half-dozen civilians including one Dr. Rios, a physician of Spanish and Japanese ancestry. The warrant officer, possibly in fear of the natives' resentment of Nipponeese tyranny, had spread the word that powerful forces of the Emperor would be returning to Majuro very soon and would kill any of the American devils who ventured into the Marshalls.

Mr. Jefferson believed that an American invasion was just over the horizon, but he thought the attack would be preceded by the usual air and naval bombardment. No bombs or shells had fallen on Majuro and the beautiful atoll was more peaceful than it had ever been since the days when it was a German colony. And so, Mr. Jefferson (though he is one of the most sophisticated citizens of Oceania that we've met) was completely surprised to see that his visitors were American riflemen.

After he'd seen and talked with them for a few minutes, he knew that they were Americans and Marines. What he did not know, though, was that these were some of Major James Logan (Jim) Jones' scouts of the Fleet Marine Forces, Pacific, amphibious reconnaissance battalion (then only a company). The "Recon Boys" are the most fabulous scouting specialists of the Pacific war and on many island invasions they've hit the hostile shores well in advance of the main assault troops and without any preludes of bombardment.

At Majuro on the night of January 30, the Recon came in nine hours ahead of the convoy carrying what was planned as an attacking force to hit the atoll. Elements of the company landed at Calalin islet in the northern end of the atoll and at the entrance to the lagoon at 2300 o'clock that night.

These Marines, 42 of them under the command of First Lieutenant Harvey C. Weeks of Kansas City, were the first Americans of the Pacific war to invade territory held by the Japanese before Pearl Harbor. Previously, this honor had been given to a scouting outfit of the Seventh Army Division. These army scouts were trained by the "Recon Boys" and are regarded as a first-class outfit by all Marines with whom they've come in contact. They landed on Kwajalein atoll, in the western-central Marshalls,

He carried some presents, a pen-full of wild chickens and a boar hog, weighing 200 pounds



about five hours after Weeks' men hit the beach at Calalin. The exploit of the army scouts was announced almost immediately and the group was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. The Recon's adventures at Majuro never have been announced, for security reasons, until now. Also, much that happened at Majuro and on other and far more stern actions in which the battalion participated, probably will not be announced until after the war.

The Recon Battalion is comprised of men most carefully selected for physical fitness and intelligence. One of the requisites for joining the battalion is ability to swim two miles in salt water, though there are a few who can't quite measure up to this (for example, there's Gunnery Sergeant John Thomas McAniff of East Orange, N. J., who can't swim a stroke and has a fear of water, but he has gone on all of the outfit's operations equipped with some water wings and has proved a very valuable man).

Anyway, the Marine Recon is rated by many military men who've seen them perform as one of the greatest collections of scouts in the history of American warfare.

First Lieutenant Leo B. Shinn of Beech Creek, Ky., a former first sergeant and a renowned guitar player, was in charge of the "point" of four men who first made contact with Mr. Jefferson. A platoon commanded by First Lieutenant Harry C. Minnier of Aristo, Pa., a rugged former gunnery sergeant, soon reached the scene.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Jefferson to the Marines, "you gentlemen would like a drink."

ONE of his pretty daughters began making swift trips up some coconut trees and returning with some bottles. It was quarts of palm toddy in blue saki bottles and concealed among the coconut foliage. Others of the trader's womenfolk brought out spotlessly clean water glasses and the Marines sampled the potent toddy. The host took a long drink, himself — it was a day to celebrate, he said, and inquired as to the pennant winners in the previous baseball season.

"The Dean boys were going good when I last heard," said Mr. Jefferson.

He confirmed information obtained the night before that most of the Japanese had left the atoll leaving only the warrant officer and a few civilians on the main island of Majuro, which is on the southern part of the atoll.

The historical landing on Calalin had been a very rugged affair but because of the elements and not the Nips. The Recon had been transported to Majuro on a converted destroyer. At around 2200

(Editor's note: Many of the Marshallese have relatives on islands still held by the Japanese. For this reason, fictitious names have been given Mr. Jefferson and the other natives mentioned in this story. This is the first announcement that Jones' Recon Boys were first to take territory held by the Nips before Pearl Harbor. Many details, however, have been deleted.)

on the night of January 30, Lieutenant Weeks led a force consisting of his platoon of riflemen reinforced by a section from a mortar platoon. Weeks' men were to go in aboard a Higgins boat with two 10-man rubber boats in tow. Towing rings and towing bridles on the LCR's broke soon after the start of the 2500-yard trip in, for it was a night of heavy seas and rain squalls.

Sergeant James B. Rogers of Tyler, Tex., in one LCR and Sergeant Blackie Allard of Chicago, Ill., in another, attempted to hold the towing bridles while the LCP tugged them in. But both men were dragged into the sea. They had on full infantry gear and their life preservers were not blown up. The Higgins boat picked up Allard first. Corporal Cecil W. Swinnea of Marlin, Tex., inflated his own life preserver and threw it accurately as a lariat rope to Rogers. The LCP also picked up Rogers a few minutes later.

Weeks had all of the men transferred aboard the Higgins boat, leaving only some of the equipment on the rubber boats which were towed by repaired rings and bridles. There was then so much weight aboard the Higgins that it almost sank. Finally, though, at about 2300 the landing craft was stopped in a shallows on the reef about 100 yards from shore, and the men started wading and swimming in, towing their mortars, bazookas and other equipment in the rubber boats.

Calalin guards the best passage into the great lagoon of the atoll and would be one of the most heavily-garrisoned islets if the Japanese were planning to defend Majuro.

Weeks' men went ashore on the eastern tip of the islet. Most of the mortarmen were left to guard the beachhead. The others scouted out the dark and spooky coconut groves of Calalin. Lieutenant Weeks and Platoong Sergeant Frenchy LeClair of Providence, R. I., flushed a dozen natives from one hut and caught one old fellow. Mr. "Y," the white-Marshallese questioned the native. The old man said (or so it was thought) that there were 400 Japanese on the main island of the atoll, which was directly across the lagoon from Calalin. Weeks sent this information to Major Jones on the destroyer. Later in the night this dope was found to be false, and a "correction" was sent in to the commanding officer.

The Marines scouted out Calalin, thoroughly, remaining on the islet all night and most of the next day and making frequent reports to the destroyer. At 1600 on January 31, Weeks' men returned to the destroyer where they received orders to reconnoiter the main island.

The rest of the Recon had landed in rubber boats at around 0200 on January 31, on Dalap, easternmost islet of the atoll. The advance party consisted of two rubber boats bearing 20 men and under Captain Merwin H. Silverthorne, Jr., of Washington, D. C. The advance men found a deserted beach and signalled in the main body by flashlight at about 0330. Two rubber boats capsized in the turbulent surf and Technical Sergeant Lou Szarka, Marine public relations cameraman, lost most of his photographic equipment and other gear. All of the men in the capsized boats were rescued.

Rain was falling when a beachhead was established on Dalap.

Two natives were contacted and they repeated information which Weeks' party had sent back earlier: that the only Shambos on the atoll were the warrant officer and the civilians.

A complete reconnaissance of Dalap was made. The party with Lieutenant Shinn on the point and Lieutenant Minnier commanding the platoon crossed the reef passage to the next sizable island, and made the contact with Mr. Jefferson at dawn.

The mission had gone off perfectly, thus far. Apparently, the few Japanese on the main island were still not aware of the presence of Marines. However, Major Jones had one very big worry. A

naval bombardment of the atoll was scheduled to begin at 0630 that morning and the Recon had not been able to make contact with the fleet out behind the horizon and tell them to call it off.

The battle wagons and cruisers and destroyers moved in and they'd dropped two or three shells before the Marines finally got them over the radio. The firing ceased and details moved out all over the atoll on scouting patrols.

To Lieutenant Weeks' platoon, reinforced by 20 more riflemen and accompanied by a pious native interpreter went the biggest assignment. They were to land on the main island in two Higgins boats at 2145 that night (still January 31). After the landing, they saw numerous natives who seemed glad to see them and directed them to the quarters of the warrant officer. He was not at home when the Marines reached his place. Outside, there was a pig-pen containing a half-dozen fat shoats.

"My mouth just watered when I saw them hogs," said Sergeant Albert Lafayette Cheek, The Recon's guitar-playing troubadour and composer of "The Recon Song," "The Mother-in-law Song," "I'm Tired of This" and other lyrics.

Inside of the Nip officer's pale they found two .50 caliber machine guns and plenty of ammunition. There was 100 pounds of dynamite, partly assembled into home-made hand grenades, together with approximately 200 percussion caps and fuses. Apparently, the warrant officer and other Nips had been making defensive preparations should the Marshallese get rough.

Lieutenant Weeks' disposed patrols around the Jap headquarters. Around dawn, the warrant officer came walking, stealthily, up a path. He was armed with an automatic pistol, and a Samurai saber. Weeks leaped from brush, seized him from the rear with a half-nelson. The Japanese didn't resist and he went back to the destroyer with Frenchy LeClair guarding him.

The Japanese civilians were rounded up later, standing on the beach and waving frantically at an American ship, probably thinking that it was a Nip craft which had come to rescue them.

The Recon's original mission on Majuro had been to seize the entrance island guarding the passage into the lagoon, a chore they'd done so successfully for the army at Makin. Instead, they'd taken over the entire atoll, just as they'd done at Apamama, only there'd been more Japanese resistance there. Also, the success of Major Jones' mission had saved the military installations and the native settlements on Majuro from the destruction of naval and air bombardment.

THE following morning, Rear Admiral Harry W. Hill's flagship was among the vessels to drop anchor in the great lagoon of Majuro.

On the shore, Major Jones was having a conference with Mr. Jefferson.

"You," said Jones, "are one of Majuro's leading citizens. So, Admiral Hill has invited you and your wife to come aboard the flagship and be his guests for luncheon today."

"My wife is invited, huh?" said Mr. Jefferson. He eyed the eldest of his women-folk. She was a calm, fleshy woman with noble breasts. She was busy making palm toddy, and Mr. Jefferson was not a man to bother anyone at such a worthwhile task.

He eyed one of the youngest of his women, a 17-year-old girl with a big, sweetly-shaped body and long, straight hair and a friendly, homely face.

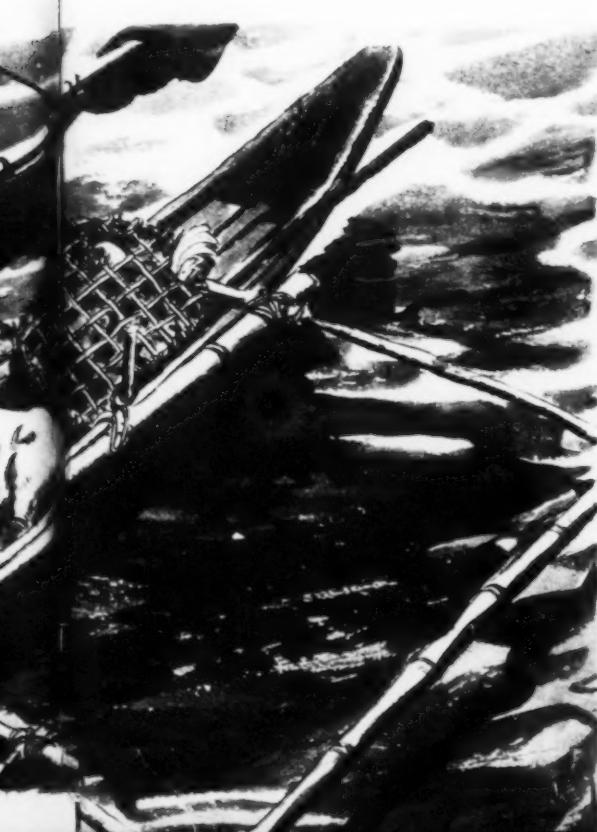
"No, not her," said Jeff.

He spoke to Major Jones: "Sir, I will be glad to have luncheon with the admiral. But I think it will be best if I go alone."

An hour or so later, Mr. Jefferson paddled his outrigger canoe into the lagoon and set out for the flagship. He carried some presents aboard: a pen-full of wild, slender chickens, all frying-sized, and a live but trussed up boar hog weighing 200 pounds. Mr. Jefferson was dressed in clean white ducks and a derby hat. He was bare-footed, and yet the dignified old fellow was the picture of a leader and a diplomat.

And so, Mr. Jefferson, minister plenipotentiary of the King of Majuro, was received aboard the flagship with due ceremony and appropriate honors. He and Admiral Hill had a long talk over luncheon.

It was mid-afternoon when Mr. Jefferson started rowing back through the green lagoon. A converted destroyer was putting out to sea. The Recon Boys had liberated another fly-speck on the Pacific. And they were off for more adventures — for bloody fights on a score of islands at Eniwetok atoll and for lurid action in the sweet smells of death and cane-fields at Saipan and Tinian.



Warrant Officer D. H. Boyd studies one-ton Jap bomb awaiting disposal at ammo depot

DYNAMITE DUTY



Disposal of deadly munitions and weapons that litter a passed-over battlefield is a thankless job, and one that calls for steel nerves



Moving bomb which may or may not be booby-trapped is ticklish work. Note apprehensive look on face of man holding on to towing cable



The dirt, which was dug away carefully from bomb, is shoveled back by one man while other members of disposal crew lift bomb into truck



Japs still hiding out add to the dangers of the dynamite detail. The crews maintain an alert against enemy snipers

LONG after Japan has laid down her arms and the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere no longer is anything but a bad dream, farmers and construction crews still will be banging plows and shovels against buried high explosives in the Pacific islands. Now and then sudden death will come to someone from a Jap shell fired in the early 1940's. As late as the 1930's rusted remnants of World War I were turning up in the once embattled fields of France.

No effort is being spared in the Pacific war areas to dispose of dangerous munitions and weapons that, to some extent, must inevitably be left behind in the jungles and tall grasses along the island road to Tokyo. There are land mines; aerial bombs buried up to their noses and set to blow up under the wheels and tracks of trucks and tanks; booby traps that no one touched as the lines of battle moved by; great quantities of big gun and small arms ammunition that Jap forces had no time to use; even American stocks overlooked when the fighting subsided in isolated spots.

The job is a tricky one, done by especially-trained bomb and mine disposal units. It is especially dangerous on a well-inhabited island like Guam. There the proximity of dwellings and the installations of a big naval base preclude the possibility of exploding derelict ammunition, in most cases. Nearly everything, whether it is extremely dangerous to do so or not, must be carried out to sea and sent to the bottom.

A steel pontoon barge driven by a big outboard marine engine and manned by negro Marines from an ammunition company hauls it beyond the reefs off the Agana docks. With the battle residue goes a certain amount of bad lot ammo — stuff not fit for use either in fighting or training because of weathering or faulty manufacture. A total of between 50 and 75 tons of abandoned but still explosive war material is thus disposed of daily.

PHOTOS BY SGT. ROBERT WILTON • STORY BY SGT. JOHN CONNER



A large quantity of American small arms ammunition reported in area is found, loaded on truck for return to depot. Driver acts as guard during the loading



Every last cartridge must be gathered up to keep them out of the hands of stray Japs who may still possess captured or abandoned American firearms



MGySgt. William L. Wright, left, and WO Boyd examine dump of Jap ammunition, including mortar and small arms shells, which must be dropped into the Pacific



DYNAMITE DUTY
(continued)

Land mines attached to sticks for use against our tanks are found



1st. Lt. Stephen Powell, munitions officer, checks anti-personnel mine



Truck load of 100-pound bombs is unloaded on to barge that will take them out into ocean where they will be thrown overboard



Condemned ammunition of various calibers is rearranged aboard barge to give a more even distribution of weight before shoving off. A shift

in the deadly cargo, once the vessel has got under way, might result in an explosion with heavy loss of personnel and valuable equipment



The barge, loaded with mortar shells, small arms ammunition, bombs, land mines and other condemned material, moves out to sea. The vessel, powered by an outboard engine, will carry the cast-off armament a safe distance from the shore before the cargo is tossed over the side



Over the side goes deadly cargo. Crew members may be seen tossing unexploded land mines into the water while behind them waiting to be dropped are stacks of mortar ammo, boxes containing small arms shells. Holes have been cut in cases so they'll fill with water and sink



PFC Thomas Cobb of Detroit punches a hole in mortar shell box so it will fill with water



This ammunition arrived at the dock, but it will not be loaded aboard the barge for disposal. It was found on examination to be in usable condition, quite satisfactory for training purposes



Eightball

AFTER school, Kenny stopped at PX to spend the 15 cents Mom had given him for wiping the dishes at noon. He bought one nickel ice cream cone (chocolate) and ate it. Then he bought a second one (strawberry) and started to eat that, too. By this strategy, he got two cones with the two scoops of ice cream. If you bought one dime cone you only got one cone with the two scoops. People who bought dime cones were strictly eightballs.

He leaned against the bulkhead, licking the strawberry cone leisurely, and scowling. The place was full of Boots. Boots were certainly disgusting things. As Pop said, they weren't civilians. They weren't Marines. They were nothing. Just Boots.

He continued to lick the cone, trying to decide what to do with the other nickel before going over to the ball game. He wanted a chocolate bar, but that would be gone fast. If he bought peanuts, why they would last through the third or maybe the fourth inning. Kenny felt in a dilemma, all right. But he liked being in this kind of a dilemma.

Just then MGySgt. Riordan walked by and stopped. "What's the scoop, Kenny?" he said.

Kenny kept licking his cone and scowling. "This place is all fouled up with Boots," he said, disgustedly. "They look more beatup every day."

"Well, we've got to remember, Kenny," the Gunnery said, "it's not the old Marine Corps anymore."

"You ain't just kiddin', Jack," Kenny said. "Why some of these new platoons that come in here, even MacArthur would throw them back at the draft boards."

The Gunnery nodded. "But you and I, Kenny we just gotta get adjusted to these changes, that's all."

"I suppose so," Kenny said. "But I can't help getting PO'd every time I look at the parade field. Well, I gotta shove. I got dough from a dish detail, and liberty, and I'm on my way to the ball game."

He had finally made up his mind how to spend the other nickel. Peanuts it would be. He stopped and bought them and strolled out and down the street toward the ballpark.

Across the way, on the parade field, a platoon of Boots were executing what passed for some close order drill. It was nice to hear the DI counting cadence, shrill and sharp. But the way those Boots fouled up the Rip Ho was something terrible to gaze upon. Kenny couldn't bear it. He turned his head away.

The game, when he took his seat in the stand near third base, was about to begin. He settled himself, opened the bag of peanuts and began to munch them, one by one — that was how to make them last.

On his left a PFC and a Corporal were discussing MTSgt. Ernie Miller who played left field and batted clean-up for the Parris Island team.

"That Miller can hit like a fool," the Corporal was saying. "In a way he reminds me of Ted Williams of the Red Sox. The way he swings. Natural."

Kenny snorted loudly. The Corporal looked over at him, annoyed.

"Don't snow us, Jack," Kenny said. "That Miller

oughta be surveyed. He can't even hit his weight."

"Yeah?" the Corporal said. "Maybe you didn't see what his batting average was in this week's Boot, huh? .332. Or maybe you're not old enough to read yet?"

"I read pretty good," Kenny said. He tossed a peanut high into the air and caught it in his mouth as it came down. "I also read what he was hitting a month ago — in *The Boot*. Over .400. Why, that eightball hasn't even got a loud single since the Cherry Point game."

The PFC nodded. "The kid's right," he said to the Corporal. "Miller's off the beam. Way off."

"But —" the Corporal began.

Kenny cut in. "He's doping off. Did you see the game last week?"

The PFC nodded quickly. The Corporal nodded reluctantly.

"We need two runs in the ninth to tie," Kenny said, his lip curling. "Miller steps up. Men on third and first, one out. And he goes for the first pitch, a bad one, and hits into a double play. He's easy!"

"He had a bad day," the Corporal said, apologetically. "But he's the best natural hitter we got. Like Ted Williams."

"He couldn't carry Ted Williams' glove," Kenny sneered.

"You ain't kiddin', Mac," the PFC said.

The Corporal turned away. He looked angry.

Just then the PI team took the field. As Miller trotted toward his position in left field, Kenny shoved his peanuts into his pocket and hurriedly cupped his hands to his mouth. His shrill scream carried across the field like the cry of a bluejay.

"Yah Miller! Ya eightball! Ya can't hit your weight, ya eightball!"

People all around turned to look at Kenny and laugh. The PFC yelled, "Pop-fly-Miller! Pop-fly-Miller!" Some others joined in. The Corporal scowled. Miller, in left field, turned his head as if

by Sgt. Duane Decker
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

A batting slump is a dangerous thing when hitting fourth

trying to pick out his tormentors from the crowd. He stood there a moment, hands on hips, glaring.

Kennie munched quietly on his peanuts. At the end of the first inning when Miller came to bat with two outs and a man on second base, the Corporal shouted: "Let's move out, Ernie! Bang one, kid! Bring this run in!"

Immediately Kennie cupped hands to mouth again and let a fresh blast loose. "Here's the eight-ball!" he screamed. "The All-American out! Three outs! Three outs!"

The PFC chimed in. Dozens of people hooted. Miller turned once and glared, then popped a fly to the shortstop and the inning was over.

Kennie turned triumphantly to the Corporal who was sunk in gloom. "See what I mean?" Kennie demanded. "The guy should be surveyed to the Three-Eye League."

"Anybody can pop out once in a while," the Corporal said, angrily.

A sergeant in front of Kennie turned halfway around and said to the Corporal: "The kid's got the straight dope. Miller's no good anymore. It's time we put a clean-up man in there that can clean up."

Kennie just sat back and grinned at the Corporal. The Corporal was getting red in the neck. The PFC was grinning too. Just then Miller trotted past on his way to his position. Instantly Kennie screamed: "There goes Eightball Miller! Nice hit, Eightball!"

The sergeant hooted. The PFC hooted. The whole section began to hoot — at Miller. Miller glared at them. He was still glaring when a long fly went deep to his left. He'd been caught offguard and he had a long way to go to catch up with it. He finally did, but he'd looked pretty bad.

"He can't even judge a fly ball anymore," Kennie sneered. "Why don't they give up and send him to Cooks and Bakers school?"

Almost that entire section of the stands were riding Miller now. The corporal sat with his head in his hands glaring sullenly in front of him.

MILLER came to bat again in the fourth inning. It was a scoreless ball game and there was a PI man on first base with one out. As he stepped up to the plate, with Kennie leading, the whole section sounded off.

"Eightball Miller!"

"You boot, you!"

"Survey the bum!"

Miller was too mad to glare. He watched the pitcher. He waited. Kennie looked proudly around him at all the disturbance he'd created.

Miller let two balls and a strike go by. Then he swung. His bat was a whiplash and this time he connected. The ball was a rifle shot, blasted into the hole between left and center. It was labeled.

The runner on first scored standing up. Miller arrived at third base in a cloud of dust and the umpire spread his hands, palms down. PI was ahead one to nothing.

"An eightball, is he?" the Corporal demanded, turning to Kennie. "He can't carry Ted Williams' glove, huh?"

"Lucky," Kennie sneered. "His eyes were closed. I saw 'em. That's his hit for the year."

The PFC didn't say anything this time. The stands were surprisingly quiet all around Kennie.

But Kennie kept it up. It wasn't a lost cause until the next time Miller came to bat. With men on second and third he singled cleanly to center to drive both runs in. The Corporal gloated. Kennie didn't say anything.

When the game was over, PI had won 7 to 3. Miller had collected another single and had driven in four of PI's runs. Kennie cleared out of the park and started the long walk home in silence.

When he entered the house, he saw his mother getting chow ready in the kitchen. He walked in. She looked up quickly and said: "Did — did it work, Kennie?"

Kennie nodded. "Just like it always does. A PFC helped me get the ball rolling — he was really a no-good Joe. Between us we got the whole third base stands going. We had a little trouble with a corporal — a swell guy. He stuck up for Pop."

"Remember, Kennie," his mother warned, "not a word of this to your father. He likes to think he cures his own batting slumps. He wouldn't like it if he thought we knew more about the right way to handle a Marine than he does."

Kennie nodded. "He's pretty dumb for a Master Tech but —" Just then there was the sound of a knob turning in a door. Kennie said, "Knock it off. Mom! Here comes the eightball now." **END**

Saipan Air-Warning Horse



Petroski took a firmer grip on the rope attached to the horse's neck. "You guys," he began heatedly . . . "You better be careful what you say about my broncho, here. He's a special horse. How about them carrots, Mike?"

Michael Scudelari looked, but hardly listened. He looked not as a man looks upon a horse, man's second-best friend, but as a cook looks upon a banquet. It took him only a moment to decide. "Get the hell out of here," he barked at Petroski. "I got no carrots for a nag. The company's eatin' steak tomorrow." Petroski's voice was the only dissenting cry in a roar of cheering.

Suddenly the horse lifted his head, pointing a quivering nose to the south. Tense, trembling, ears stiffly erect, large sad eyes rolling, the horse obviously was alarmed.

"What's he lookin' at?" a hungry Marine asked Petroski, fearful that the potential steak dinner might escape.

"He ain't lookin'" Augie replied, "he's listenin' . . . for the Nips. He's scared to death of planes and can pick them up a 100 miles out to sea."

Augie's remark touched off a roar of laughter that almost disrupted the chow line, but suddenly the horse broke away, pounding toward a shellhole, with Augie close behind.

"I'll wait for the official word on air raids," a Marine said. "I'm not taking any horse's word for it."

"Yeah," said a buddy. But he cast an anxious look at the darkening sky as the chow line moved forward.

MINUTES later the Japs were over, bombing and strafing. Gunners scrambled for their stations and others streaked for shelter. By the time the anti-aircraft was ready to go, the Japs were on the target.

When the drone of the retreating planes died away, from the vicinity of an old crater came a strange all clear signal. With a soft whinny, ears forward, eyes exploring the ground, the horse scrambled out of his foxhole. First to dig in and first to come out, the combat-wise veteran of many bombings now was nibbling complacently at the sparse grass.

Next day, newly-made Corp. Augustus Petroski stood on a knoll overlooking camp. A crate of Michael Scudelari's carrots lay scattered at his feet. Carefully the corporal worked a currying brush over the lean sides of the horse, which crunched contentedly on the carrots.

Petroski stopped his labors for a moment to look proudly at a nearby palm. Above a field radio, rope, and large signal flag, a sign officially read.

SENTINEL ON DUTY. USMC AIR-WARNING STATION. KEEP CLEAR OF THE HORSE UNLESS ON BUSINESS. BY ORDER OF THE CO.

Michael Scudelari, because he believes that those who fight on our side should eat well, sees that the "air warning horse" is supplied with carrots. But there are days when Spam becomes intolerable, and Michael is at his wits end when it comes to thinking up some new way to serve it. Who, then, can blame him for gazing wistfully in the direction of the sleek, well-fed air warning sentinel, mentally adding onions, mushrooms, and french-fries.

CORP. HARLOW P. MERRICK



Motoyama Airfield No. 1

IWO JIMA'S Motoyama Airfield No. 1, situated under the shadow of Mount Suribachi, is the best Nip-built airport yet captured in the Central Pacific. Following Marine assault troops, engineers and Seabees moved in to repair the damage done by naval gunfire. Demolitions crews combed the field for small arms ammunition and shell fragments; bulldozers filled shell holes; graders covered smaller scars and rollers smoothed the runways.

Light "mosquitoes" of a Marine observation squadron came aboard before the field was finished. On D plus 11 the first transport, a plane of Air Evacuation Squadron No. 2, landed and taxied up the field under a hail of Jap shell fire. Within a few days, while Marines of three divisions still were fighting less than four miles away, passengers were hustling from planes of TAG and milling about an airport as busy as any in the Pacific areas.

The navy evacuation planes and TAG ships that brought in cargo immediately began flying wounded Marines to hospitals in the Marianas. TAG's cargo was whole blood, other medical supplies and freight for vital machinery on Iwo. Even before a transport could use the field, TAG was parachuting medical supplies and mail to the runways.

Although Motoyama Airfield No. 1 was not designed for planes of this size, B-29's enroute back from bombing Japan have been using the field for emergency landings.

TAG planes parachuted supplies to the ground before the airfield would permit landings of ships as large as this cargo transport. Much of the mail for the troops also was dropped to the ground in this way in the early days of the heavy fighting to capture the island

Iwo Jima's airstrip already is paying for itself in the war on Japan



Marine engineers and Seabees dig out an area to provide the space for a power supply unit

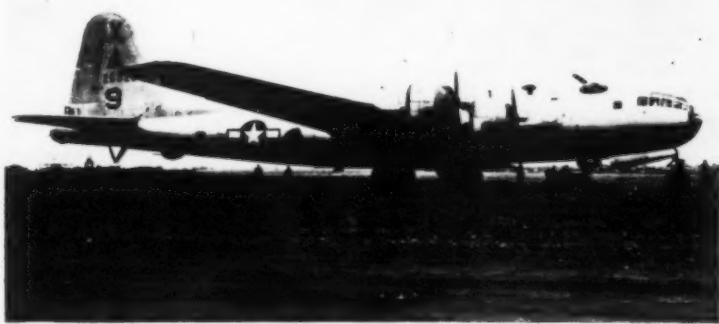


Graders were put to work leveling off the field, after which rollers smoothed the runways. Magnets later were run over the area to pick up fragments which might puncture plane tire



A general view of the field as the army took over. Black Widow night fighters as well as Mustangs and bombers have been using the strip

in the intensified air assault against the Japanese mainland. A hospital transport may be seen in the foreground taxiing across the runway



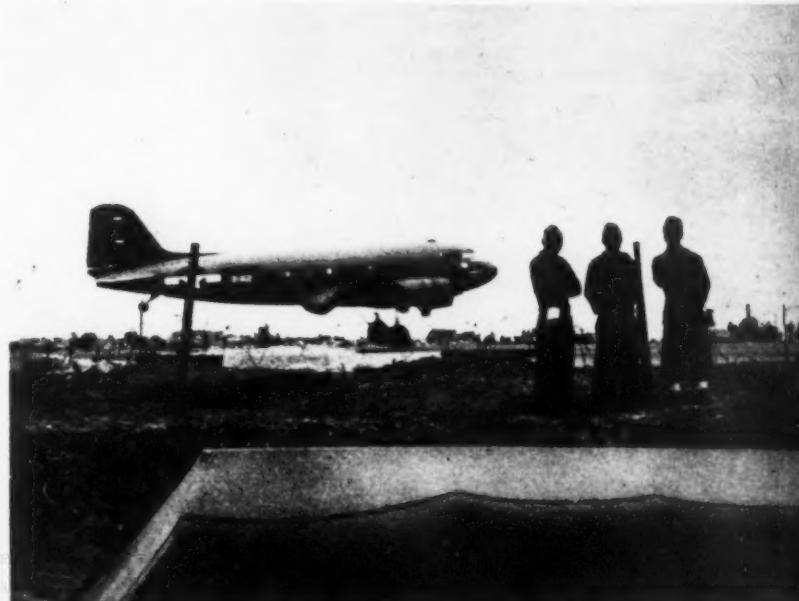
B-29 comes in to an emergency landing after bombing raid on Japan. Many B-29s have been saved by using Iwo's strip for such landings



The first squadron of Mustang fighters was operating off the field while the fighting still was in progress at the northern end of island



Wounded men were flown from the field in hospital planes and flights traveled constantly between hospitals in rear areas and the front



These Jap prisoners, captured by the Fourth Division, watch an army transport come in. Fighting still was going on when picture was made

PHOTOS BY SGT. ROBERT WILTON, PHOM2/C REFOR GRAVELL

SUICIDE TO THE SNIPER



Flushing Jap riflemen out of two caves—rugged duty for Marines

IT WASN'T every Jap sniper who received immediate attention when someone was shot behind the lines during the hot Iwo Jima campaign. Rear echelons that moved up behind the troops left that to special squads of flamethrowers, BAR and demolitions men. But when a Marine who was helping to set up the command post of the Ninth Regiment was wounded, working parties quickly became hunting parties.

A locality that appeared to offer as much shelter as any in the rugged vicinity had been picked for the CP. It was between two parallel ridges. At 1000 on D plus 11 a victim walked into the sights of a sniper's .31 caliber Arisaka and received a slug in the small of the back. Not all the killers hidden in the protecting crags of yellow rock had been mopped up. If there was to be any comfort here for war's paper work, the job must be finished — now.

The impromptu campaign lasted two hours. Marines with M1's and grenades slipped from boulder to boulder and took pot shots at Japs who showed themselves to take pot shots at Marines. Marines sidled up to cave entrances and popped iron pineapples inside, crouching until a hollow roar told them nothing would be thrown back. Marines took a flamethrower from a buddy's corpse to burn out the snipers. They obtained explosives to seal up the cave. By noon the Jap fire had been stopped, but not finally. Not all of the entrances had been closed.

After noon chow interpreters came up with supporting BAR men and changed the tactics. They began trying to talk the Japs out. The hunting

parties returned to working while the linguists went from one to another of the still unblocked cave entrances.

"Come out," they said in Japanese. "We will not hurt you."

The Japs on Iwo had hundreds of huge, complicated cave systems that were cleverly engineered and big enough, once the Americans began their shelling, to house all the defending troops. These rocky apartments usually have two levels connected by staircases somewhere in the interior. They are cut from a general pattern which is flexible enough to be adapted to the contours of any ridge formation. As the war has progressed, their floor plans have improved to meet the exigencies of defense against Marine grenadiers and flamethrowers.

The entrances to caverns on Iwo, for example, gave way immediately to a flight of stairs leading downward into the passageway. Walking from sunlight into darkness it is hard enough to concentrate on avoiding resistance from the Japs within without having to worry about falling downstairs, too.

Usually there are 14 or 15 steps. Then the deck levels out and the Jap-hunter can, if he manages to draw no fire, proceed for a distance of about 40 feet in a straight line. Eventually the tunnel will fork and when it does the invader had better look sharp.

There's usually a trap overhead through which a grenade can be thrown.

Throughout the system passageways will continue to fork and at intervals will open into square rooms used for living quarters. The overhead trap holes and niches in the wall for ambuscade will be interspersed throughout. At each fork the outside will have to make an important decision. He may pick the wrong route and find himself cut off by Japs gumshoeing down the other.

The answer to this is that no sane man other than an experienced interpreter will risk very much of a penetration. And he will do it only with admittedly peaceful intentions, loudly proclaimed in Japanese.

Cave dwellers live by candlelight. They sleep on mats and eat rice and tinned foods in the square rooms. It was terribly hot in the Iwo undergrounds — so stifling that no ordinary man could live in them more than a few hours at a stretch. He would have to go to one of the entrances for air.

An interpreter stood at the principal entrance to the system of caves in the ridge just forward of the Ninth Marines CP and applied the "hollering out" psychology.

"You have fought a brave and glorious fight," he said. He was crouched down and his voice rang eerily in the tunnel. Behind him BAR's in steady hands pointed into the black hole.

"But you are vastly outnumbered," Terry, the interpreter, continued. "Only a little of the island remains to be secured. Do not waste your life

by Sgt. John Conner
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



A Marine interpreter, left foreground, crouches at a cave entrance, urging trapped Nips inside to surrender. This is a very dangerous task



One Marine uses glasses to watch a cave entrance on Iwo while his buddy holds an M1 ready to throw some lead at anything suspicious



Private Robert Olney of Waltham, Mass., was buried in his foxhole when the Nips blew up an Iwo ridge. Here he is shown digging for his rifle

on a hopeless cause. Live for a better Japan."

Inside the silence remained unbroken. Terry waited. He directed the questions into the recesses with a cupped hand. Terry switched the conversation to girls. From there he went on to tell about the beauties of American democracy and freedom. He had the Japs talking when he came, finally, to his clinching argument.

"I will personally see that you get special attention," he promised. "We will give you food, cigarettes and medical attention. You will be treated well. If you do not come out we will kill you with a flamethrower, or seal up these caves and leave you to die in your tomb."

Terry paused again. The final touch is the saying of goodbye, two or three times for the maximum effect.

"Sonada" is the word. It is Japanese for "this is goodbye to you."

An unexpected development stayed the interpreter's hand. A voice issued a challenge.

"Come in and get me," it said. "Do you have the courage?"

Still sitting on his haunches before the cave mouth Terry unhooked a flashlight from his belt and patted a pocket of his dungarees to make certain the grenade was still there. He was lucky at this sort of thing. In all his cave-busting experience he'd been fired on just twice. Both shots were misses. He looked around at the BAR men. They were standing stock still and relaxed, their eyes coolly watching. Then he moved up to the right side of the entrance

and slid inside, his back flat against the passageway wall.

Terry edged in slowly while his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. This first step was the trickiest. A few yards in he stopped and waited, his flashlight in his left hand ready for use, his right hand in a pocket clamped over the grenade. In a spot like this it's not wise to use your light unless absolutely necessary and then it should be held well away from you. It's a good target. Terry never uses it when he's talking either, for the same reason.

For five minutes he stood still, making as small a silhouette of himself as possible. When he spoke it was in a raised voice that echoed dully back to him.

"Okay, here I am. Where are you?"

There was no answer. Terry waited five minutes more before moving again. He was going on in. Thirty feet farther he came to a wall where the tunnel gave onto another passageway running transversely. Jabbing the darkness to left and right with a beam from his flashlight, he chose the right-hand route and continued on until he came to a room.

Someone had been there just a few minutes before. Food, half eaten, was on the table, and a candle was burning. Standing there in the flickering shadows Terry tried again. He reminded his unseen adversary that he had fulfilled his part of the contract. Was the party of the second part going to do the same?

The only answer was the echo. This was a decidedly dangerous place to stand around in and since he was accomplishing nothing, Terry made his way back out of the cave. He went to work on the outside again, peddling his sales talk from entrance to entrance. There were Japs in there and he thought some of them might decide to come out. At the end of an hour he heard a noise at an entrance he had just left and turning around saw a man in dirty khaki run out.

Waiting Marines grabbed the brown-faced ragamuffin and searched him. They found two grenades in his pockets but he had not attempted to use them. When they were finished Terry learned that the shaking fugitive had been his mysterious challenger. He was a Korean. He explained that he could not carry out his part of the bargain because of the soldiers who were with him.

Armed with the certain knowledge there were more Koreans who sought mercy, Terry resumed his talking. By the end of the afternoon, an additional 24 Koreans had dashed from several cavern openings and surrendered themselves to the Marines. All had the same story. They got away from the Japanese with the aid of the subterranean darkness and by subterfuge. They had talked over their plans for escape in Korean, which these Japs evidently didn't understand. Some then volunteered to stand watches at the entrances. Others simply made a dash for it when no soldier was near enough to stop them.

The Jap hunt was secured for the night.

On top of the ridge that night a score of Marines crawled into the ten foxholes that formed a perimeter of defense for the regimental CP. Shortly after dark



Three Marines who came through the Jap explosion unscathed. They sit behind sand bags among the debris and consider their next move

the distant whine of a red alert sounded from the ships out in the harbor. Everyone waited for the expected drone of Jap planes that never came. Platoon Sergeant Waldo Humphrey of Kansas City, Kans., in charge of the perimeter, looked at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. He was thinking of the Japs below him.

"I hope they pull a banzai and not a blow-up," he told his foxhole buddy, Corporal John Malone of Enid, Okla.

The hour hand on Humphrey's watch came to and passed the 11 mark. It might have been 15 minutes later that Corporal William Griffin of Omaha, Neb., let out a yell and Humphrey jumped up. Griffin and PFC Charles Lomax of Big Springs, Texas, were in a foxhole that almost hung over the still unblocked main entrance. He was then leaning out over the edge of the ridge, pitching grenades.

Before the others could get organized to fight, Lomax lobbed two pineapples into the middle of the Japs and ended the first charge. They scrambled back into their hole. In five minutes the enemy band tried it again. This time they knew where the Marines were and came out armed with grenades, too, but these were demolition bombs and did no damage. The Marines drove them back again.

In a foxhole just across the top of the main entrance from the Griffin-Lomax position, Private Robert Olney of Waltham, Mass., and Corporal Vincent Langa of Cleveland, O., relaxed and Langa, who just had come off watch, promptly fell asleep. The next moment, it seemed, he was jerked into the air. He remembered thinking the ridge must have been hit by a shell or Jap rocket. He struck something hard and through the numbness heard Humphrey's voice calling out the names of the different Marines there. He knew, then, what had happened. The ridge had been blown up by the beaten soldiers below. Someone was helping him up.

Olney found himself struggling under a heavy blanket of something that choked him with its dust. He knew he was buried, but he said later that he wasn't very worried because he knew the others would dig him out.

"I've just got a little air," he thought to himself. "What will I do with it?"

Olney had managed to kick himself nearly free when Humphrey got to him. Only his right arm was still pinned and the sergeant helped him get completely free. Langa had escaped the falling debris and fallen back on top of the rocky ruins of what had been his and Olney's foxhole. Griffin and Lomax had been hurled down the face of the ridge when their foxhole had parted under them.

Those who had escaped a shaking up or injury helped the others while flames still licked up through the shattered rock from the burning timbers in the collapsed tunnels. Of the original ten foxholes, five had disappeared.

In the morning, the Marines went into a part of the cave that had not been completely demolished. There was no life there, only putted legs sticking grotesquely out of the shambles here and there. One of the three bombs lay in the clear, still unexploded.



Riflemen confer with an interpreter, seated at left, before they investigate a cave on Iwo



by Bryce Walton, SP3/c USCG
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

ONLY 10 men of the 35-man platoon were able to walk back to the beach after completing their initial chores on Iwo Jima. We're speaking of the scouts-snipers platoon of the 24th Regiment, Fourth Division.

The scouts-snipers are specialists. They are experts at mopping up behind advancing troops, one of the most dangerous jobs in the Corps against the Japanese style of fighting. By-passed Jap emplacements, caves, pillboxes, dugouts, and ingeniously concealed entrenchments are probed into by the scouts-snipers, grenade, the Japs burned out, prisoners taken — sometimes. The scouts-snipers have been trained for this. It was what they expected on Iwo. Instead, as a reserve force, they were sent into the front lines and caught a part of the hell of the front line infantryman.

Of the 35, only nine had combat experience. In Iwo's rat-hole labyrinths, the rest soon became veterans, learned the meaning of shattered nerves, quick death.

Platoon Sergeant James Huff of Greenville, S. C., looked at the grey-black line of beach as the scouts-snipers' LCVP came in toward it after circling in the rough water since 1500 that afternoon. He looked at his watch. It was 1930. No one said much, except for tall, gangling Corporal Robert Ragland from Sumiton, Ala. His green eyes searched far up the semi-darkened beach toward the northern bulk of Iwo.

"We'll go through 'em like sugar through a tin horn," said Ragland. He lifted his BAR, easing his shoulder. He grinned at Huff. One tooth squarely in front of his face was missing. He looked like an illustration for The Barefoot Boy.

They felt the grinding as the LCVP ran up onto the coarse, bottomless Iwo sand, and heard the thump of the falling ramp. Then they were on the beach, slogging clumsily and with sickening slowness through the dragging sand. They stumbled in the thick, volcanic ash, looking for cover.

This was the close of D day. The beach still shouldn't be this hot. But it was. The beach was white hot with artillery and mortar fire. The air was a spray of sand and jagged, murderous chunks of shattered shell fragments. To the left of the scouts-snipers was an MP company, to the right an H&S company of the 24th. As they flattened out, eating sand, the casualties kept streaming past toward the evacuation station on the beach. Most of them were coming from the first airstrip about 500 yards up, the first objective of the Fourth.

Wrecked tanks humped over like sick giants. Shattered landing craft littered the shoreline, pounded by the surf. From up around the third terrace, toward the air strip, a machine gun clattered.

They waited for a break in the mortar, artillery and machine gun fire. But the guns never stopped firing on Iwo until the last Jap was burned out.

First Lieutenant William T. Holder of Carbondale, Ill., CO of the scouts-snipers, and Sergeant Harry F. McFall from the Bronx, dodged up ahead to locate a better place to dig in. Everyone was still flattened on the shoreline. High tide washed over some.

Huff peered to his right toward the high dark outline of the ridge showing grimly in the dusk. Navy

bombardment, and planes with rockets and white hot aerial phosphorus bombs, raised mountains of smoke and flame.

McFall came back and the scouts-snipers went up about 150 yards in single file. Here there was a high terrace and they dug in for the night with anything available — shovels, helmets, fingernails.

H&S Company dug in around them. They set up a perimeter defense around the regimental command post under Colonel W. I. Jordan. They kept a strained watch that night with rifles and grenades, challenging anything that moved. The Japs were plenty close.

The next morning a patrol was sent out under McFall's leadership and consisted of Privates Edward Rindfleisch of Long Island, N. Y., John Seissinger of Erlanger, Ky., Arling Derhammer of Bath, Pa., Nelson Sizemore of Staten Island, N. Y., Corporal Loren Doerner of Saint Cloud, Minn., and Ragland, who seemed to be in on about everything. Their mission was to probe the Jap infested caves at the end of the airstrip and to find out the types of weapons and ammunition there and the amount stored. There they got their first Iwo Jap.

They dodged from cave to cave. In one they found much ammunition and weapons, some Molotov cocktails for knocking out our tanks, machine guns and grenades. The place was reinforced heavily with concrete and stone and parts of wrecked aircraft. Sizemore looked back out of the hole just in time to see one of our amphibious tanks hit a land mine. The tank was blown to pieces.

THEY left a few grenades in the cave. The grenades exploded behind them setting off some stored Jap ammo. They went back to the CP to relax.

Private Carl Rothrock of Clemons, N. C., and Corporal Ben Bernal of Tusco, Ariz., were sent up to a dump to get some rations. They, too, got their first Iwo Jap. As they approached the entrance to a dump, Bernal saw a Jap standing in the opening.

Bernal quickly lifted a .45 and shot the Jap twice. The Nip toppled backward into the hole. Bernal ran around to the other side of the cave to cover any opening there through which other Japs might leak out. Rothrock, with an M1, advanced up to the opening and peered inside. The Japanese was trying to crawl off into a dark corner. Rothrock shot him.

They found rations and brought them back to the command post. They ate the stuff, then burrowed into the mushy black sand with ponchos over them. They couldn't sleep much, so, whenever they got a chance, they dug their foxholes deeper.

It seemed dull the next day until an artillery shell came over from the other side of the ridge. It made a direct hit on the battalion aid station. Four men were killed and ten wounded.

All night long the scouts-snipers worked as litter bearers.

**Only nine of these
scouts-snipers had
seen any front line
combat, but on Iwo
they learned fast**

The next morning they still were waiting for orders. Meanwhile they did work they could never forget. They gathered together the bodies of dead Marines for identification and marking. They worked through the consistent mortar and artillery fire.

The only break in the restless waiting came when a Jap shell hit an ammo dump less than 100 yards away. Sergeant Ralph Jones of Fort Madison, Ia., saw it go off as he dropped into a foxhole. There was a shaking concussion, and shrapnel hit everywhere, wounding several including Sergeant Elmer G. Smith of Cawker City, Kan., first of the scouts' casualties. He was struck on the arm by a hurtling 74 mm shell and was evacuated.

The scouts' restlessness and nervousness grew as they kept on waiting, shelled constantly by mortars and artillery. Their waiting ended on the twenty-third when they moved up.

Holder was a little man who looked almost too young to be an officer. He had won the Silver Star at Saipan. McFall and PFC Antony J. Ranfas stepped up as the lieutenant called them.

Holder, Ranfas and McFall scouted ahead to determine what course to follow toward the ridge. Ranfas returned and led the platoon up to their positions. As they advanced through the sand up onto rocky, rising ground, they knew why the looks on the faces of Holder, Ranfas, and Sgt. McFall had been so worn and grim when they came back.

The sand area broke suddenly into rocky ledges leading up into a No Man's Land that formed the right side of the bulk of the island, which the Fourth Division was slated to take. It was a broken area of death traps, blasted holes, undermined with winding labyrinths of caves. Piles of shattered concrete emplacements torn by aerial and navy bombardment lay around. Japs still hid in their rat holes. Every pile of sandstone, dirt and concrete concealed a sniper, machine gunner, or mortar.

AT THE bottom of the first sharp uprising of brown cliff, a runner from K Company met McFall with a report as to position for digging in. The scouts-snipers' job the rest of that day and night was security for the CP and mortar section, which was just to their rear.

The runner from K Company rubbed his bearded, dirt-caked face. "This is different," he said to Jones, as they hugged the ground and burrowed up against the sandstone walls of their dugout. "Those cookies up there are the best. Those snipers don't miss a thing if they see it. Not like the snipers on Saipan and Tinian. And their machine gunners rake the ground and unless you're behind rock they get you in the head."

Standing security watch for the CP that night, they came to know the meaning of fear. Not fear of the Jap, but fear of the unknown. The nightmare terrain, the bent dwarf trees and jumbles of rock seemed to take on life. Everything seemed to move and shift. When they sent up mortar flares, the shadows weaved through the defiles and across the broken places.

In the surrounding area were many caves and emplacements suspected of containing Japs. Jones got orders from Holder to take out a scouting party to clean them out. This was the job for which the scouts had been trained. In caves to which they could see both entrances, they threw grenades. When only one entrance was visible, they sealed it up with demolition charges, trapping the Japs inside who had refused to come out. In these patrols were Doerner, Rindfleisch, Seissinger, Sizemore, Derhammer, Ragland, Bernal, Rothrock, and PFCs Charles De Celles of Harlem, Mont., and William North of Brown's Center, Clearwater, Fla.

They had crawled up out of their foxholes, moving in a skirmish line, when there was a sudden intense barrage of mortar fire that seemed to burst all

around them, raining chunks of shell fragment and blasted rock. Again they sought cover.

Ragland was trying to find a position behind a rock ledge when a piece of shrapnel caught him in the leg. Jones crawled over and put on a quick battle dressing. They looked around and saw Bernal holding his arm and looking dazed. Blood was seeping out around his fingers.

Bernal stumbled down between high croppings of rock toward the distant beach.

"You're going, too," Jones said to Ragland.

Ragland's dirt-encrusted face cracked in that tooth-spaced grin.

"Nuh-huh," he said. "Just a scratch."

When the scouts-snipers came back to the CP they had worked hard under fire all day, but Major Jim Miller, Company K commander, wasn't satisfied. "It's bad enough having them as thick as flies in front of you without having 'em crawling up in back," he said.

SO, HOLDER led a mopping up squad consisting of Pvt. George Miller of Maspeth, L. I., Huff, Ranfas, Pvt. David Owens of Charleston, S. C., and PFC LaRue Stevenson of Portsville, Pa.

That night the scouts-snipers got their final orders. A dangerous gap had been eaten out of the area between K Company of the Third Battalion and E Company of the Second Battalion. The scouts-snipers would have to move in to fill this gap as front line riflemen.

Of the platoon, only nine had seen close fighting before. The rest were to know a baptism of fire that set an all time precedent.

The weather had cleared. It was perfect; but for the Jap. The terrain seemed more menacing in the clear light but one still couldn't see the Japs; but, moving up, he could see you.

They went up, two squads abreast, in a skirmish line. PFC Jack Stearn of Woonsocket, R. I., as map-reader; PFC John Pluta of North Rose, N. Y., and Owens, as runners; all led by McFall.

Jap fire seemed to come from everywhere, and nowhere.

They managed to wedge through for 150 yards. Huff heard a muffled groan. He went down on one knee as he twisted around. Stearns was down and gripping his right shoulder from which blood from a sniper's bullet ran freely. Huff ran back, sprinkled sulphur in the wound and put on a battle dressing.

Stearns' face showed no pain as he got to his feet and went back toward the evacuation station.

They dug in for the night, using abandoned Jap holes. Soon they were joined by a machine gun section. One machine gun was set up on either flank. There were three men to a foxhole. Three men, Huff, Owens, and Pluta were in a rear guard watch.

Out of the scouts platoon of the 24th Regiment that went up the ridge, these are the men who came back without having been wounded seriously: Left to right, front row, Sgt. Huff, Corp. Ragland, PFC Hatch,

McFall was on watch when, at 9 o'clock he heard what he assumed were Japs just in front of his position. Looking into the shadows of the weird shrubbery and grotesque rock formation you could assume almost anything. Then McFall began laughing a little to himself with the relief of being able to open up on something tangible. He had heard the familiar Jap jabbering, and fired 40 rounds into the Japs with his tommy gun. He saw a few dim figures jumping, in that familiar rabbity fashion, from hole to hole.

Huff's eyes were bloodshot with strain as he kept up his rear guard watch for by-passed Japs infiltrating from the back. Everything, to Huff, seemed to be moving, shifting. He couldn't seem to tell which was real and which was a gruesome part of his imagination.

Then suddenly he knew the difference. A chattering, bundled-up, squad of Japs were jumping toward Huff over the rocks and among the twisted trees. "Halt!" said Huff, reflexively, after he began raking them with his tommy gun. A few shadowed shapes seemed to fall. Others, instead of ducking or running back, ran parallel to the front lines. Then everyone began to throw hand grenades. The place was a kaleidoscope of shattered rock, shell fragments, and pieces of Jap bodies. After that episode, the following hours before dawn, in spite of the continuous mortar, artillery and machine gun fire from the Jap, seemed almost peaceful.

Jones was the first Marine out of his hole and on his feet that morning. He had received the Silver Star for bravery under fire in the Marshalls, and was an intense Jap hater. He was tall, blonde and rugged, and his speech was swift and clipped short. That's the way his actions were.

Jones crawled over into Huff's foxhole. "Give me your tommy gun a minute," he said quickly. Huff complied. Jones seemed to be able to smell Japs. He went directly to a shell hole a few feet away, down behind a pile of torn rock. Ragland limped along after him, covering him with a BAR.

After searching around, Jones went back to his foxhole just in time to miss a mortar shell. He opened up some K-rations marked breakfast. Ragland and the two men with him had dug their hole about 12 inches from a shell crater. As Ragland started to duck back into his own dugout he noticed a dead Jap leaning against the stones of the next one.

"So help me!" yelled Ragland, "It's a Jap with a red goatee."

Word came down the line that they would advance at 0930.

Three half-tracks, 75 mms, laid down a thundering barrage. Eighty-one millimeters opened up on the immediate Jap positions. When the barrage lifted at 0930 the line went forward against wither-

Pvt. Richards; second row, Corp. Pounders, PFC McCollick, Pvt. Rion, Corp. Tarola, and third row, Pvt. Owens and Pvt. Saucerman. The original unit numbered 35 men when it first was ordered into action on Iwo Jima

ing cross-fire of more Nip snipers and machine guns.

A sharp cliff, dirty brown in color, rose up ahead. It contained a mass of hidden sniper and machine gun nests and it was about 100 yards from the base of this cliff that the Jap really opened up.

HOLDER stumbled, went down a sharp defile and rolled behind some rock. Another man pitched forward just after Holder fell.

Huff crept up, trying to stay beneath the path of machine gun fire, to Holder's side. Corpsmen ran in and took care of the wounded officer. Huff left them there and ran back toward his men, who were still trying to move against the cliff.

Huff now was in command of the platoon. An insurance agent before his enlistment, he had been a trainer back in the States. This was his first time in combat.

An explosion on Huff's left marked the end of that Marine machine gun. Their right flank machine gun was still in action. Huff ran up further to gain the edge of a high rock dugout to direct his platoon.

Ragland was up front, working his Browning automatic. Beside him was Rothrock trying to find something to shoot at with his M1, and Sgt. Jones.

"You're too naked up there," yelled Huff. He motioned them to drop back into his foxhole which was deeper and gave more protection.

Rothrock, keeping low, ran back.

Jones stood up, without regard for his own safety, exposed to the murderous cross-fire, and covered Rothrock and Ragland and Huff, while the former two worked their way toward a dugout. Then, after the three were down out of imminent danger, Jones sent a last round at the side of the cliff. Then he ran around as a return hail of machine gun fire sound him.

Jones was dead as he fell, close to the three he had covered.

Huff crouched beside Ragland who had dropped his Browning and was firing an M1. Another mortar explosion marked the end of their left flank machine gun.

"See if you can find any of our men over there," Huff told Ragland. "I'll cover you."

Ragland grinned stiffly and crawled up over the rocks toward the left. It was too hot to crawl. He got up in a half crouch and ran. He did a long frantic flying leap into a hole. Beside him were two more scouts-snipers. One, North, was dead, shot through the head. The other was Rindfleisch, whose arm was injured badly.

McFall appeared beside Ragland, dragging another slow-moving, dazed figure beside him. It was Seissinger. A close mortar blast had sent him into the "shock" list.

TURN PAGE



RIDGE (continued)

In spite of his injured arm, Rindfleisch managed to take Seissinger with him back of the lines.

Ragland and McFall scuttled through the open area to Huff, and the still body of Jones.

It seemed a couple of years later that Huff got most of his remaining men together, most of them in and around a large hole surrounded by plenty of sandstone. They kept down out of the path of Jap machine guns. Ragland was placed in command of the second squad.

All the time, McFall, a worried expression on his face, was wrapped around his walkie-talkie trying to establish contact with the regimental CP. Finally he got a response. He looked up, swallowed painfully at the remaining scouts-snipers. Their faces, bearded with whiskers, dirt and blood, looked silently at McFall.

"We resume the attack," McFall said simply. "At 1330."

They all glanced at Huff. "Okay," he said. "If we could only see the bastards."

Machine gun fire kept them pinned down.

"We need that right flank machine gun working," said Huff. "I think the gun's okay. The men are gone, that's all."

HUFF went up out of the hole and ran for the machine gun emplacement. Others had the same idea as Huff. Marines came in beside him dragging ammo. Major Miller came up to the scouts' position and talked to Huff. "There's a gap in the lines there 75 yards wide with only 12 men to cover it."

The major told Huff to report with him to the company CP a little behind the front lines for orders. It was a long run. They never stopped for cover. They just staggered, crouched and ran low when they could.

A sniper had grazed Huff's side with a bullet and the slug got the major in the shoulder.

Huff stayed in the CP until some tanks were ready to move up. He had been told that he wouldn't have to shift his platoon's position; that others would close in to fill up the gap. Meanwhile McFall's walkie-talkie had given out and Huff went back to his platoon's position. His return sprint was more perilous than before as the Japs seemed to know another advance was gathering, and were intensifying their fire.

When Huff reached his men this time, he said quickly: "Spread out. We're going to attack." At that minute a runner came up and told Huff that their orders were changed a bit. They were to advance, closing in against the platoon to their right. As Huff got up and started to place his men, a line of machine gun fire hit him. He could feel a blow against his back like a hammer. He saw PFC James McCollick of Bristol, Pa., flattened in a little hole and Huff yelled. "I'm hit!"

McFall heard Huff's cry. He said, "I'll get him." Ragland, who had been beside McFall, caught McFall's walkie-talkie as it was tossed to him. McFall crawled toward where Huff had fallen into a foxhole, dragging the butt of a tommy gun along beside him.

Ragland tried to yell as he saw little puffs of dust and splintered rock run along across the ground toward McFall. Then the path of bullets traveled across the small of McFall's back. The sergeant raised up, mumbling something toward the Jap lines, and fell backwards firing his tommy gun blindly.

McCollick got to Huff's side, and the latter thought McCollick was trying to administer first aid as he fumbled around behind him. McCollick's hand came out holding a blunted Jap bullet. "What's that?" mumbled Huff.

"It got your poncho, tore it to pieces," said McCollick, "but it didn't touch you."

Huff felt sick.

"It got your field glasses, too," added McCollick.

Huff felt a big emptiness in his belly as he thought of McFall who had died trying to save him because of a wound he didn't even have.

There was a 50-yard gap there and his men couldn't fill it. Pvt. Marion Saucerman of Sullivan, Ind., Pvt. Pat Rion of Clemmons, N. C., and Pvt. Frederick McCarthy of South Portland, Mich., were the only three men left in front of Huff.

Huff pondered on what action to take. Machine guns and snipers covered them. No one could seem to locate any of the nests. And, if they did, while you tried to advance on them with guns, grenades and flamethrowers, you were caught in the cross-fire from other emplacements. This was what the Division faced along the island's right flank out-

Huff got orders to edge up to the right. McCollick moved up front to pick up Rion and Saucerman.



One of the jobs of the scouts-snipers was to probe and mop up areas where the Japs were hidden out. Grenades are thrown into emplacements, enemy is burned out with flamethrowers

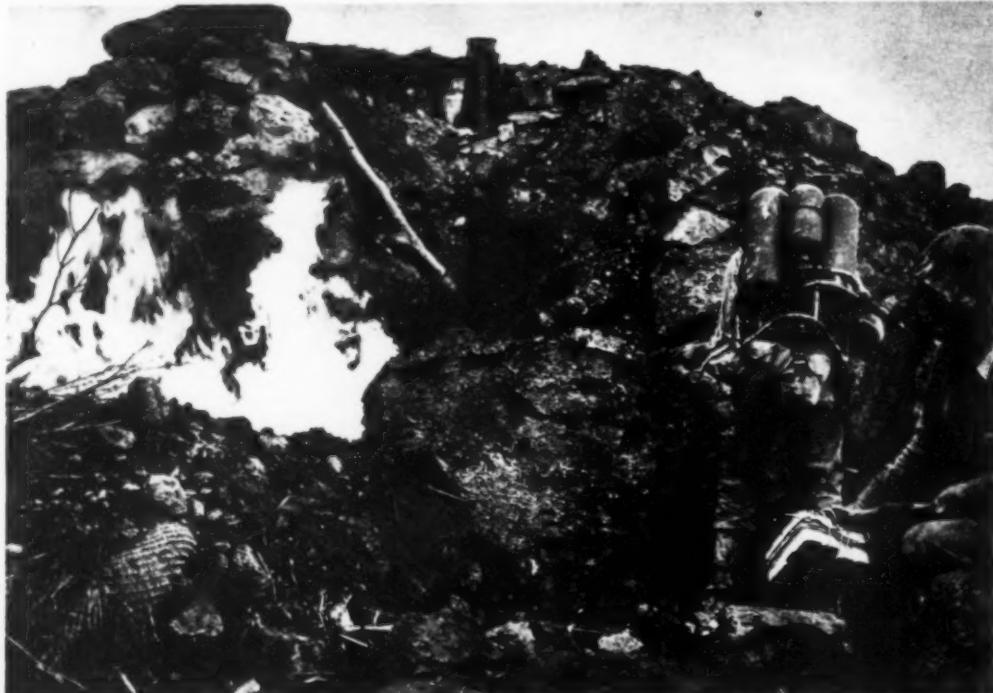
In all their time on the front lines the scouts could recall seeing only one live Jap in daylight

gave them the orders and, as he tried to run back, a sniper got him in the right arm. The bullet caught him in midair as he jumped toward a foxhole.

The scouts crept through fire and the scarred, body-strewn area toward the right and found some deep holes. A mortar exploded close to a hole in which Pvt. Henry Sellers of Wilmington, N. C., had dug into. He was injured, badly, by the mortar and Huff and Ragland applied 12 battle dressings. A shell fragment from the same mortar wounded Corp. Robert Pounders of Birmingham, Ala., in the back. Huff sent Sellers out on a stretcher carried by Rion and McCollick. Pounders managed to walk with them toward the evacuation station.

Nine were left on the line. The first night up here they had occupied 10 foxholes, now they did well to fill up three.

Some of the Japanese positions on Iwo Jima were given the flamethrower treatment. After that demolition men set off charges to seal caves, diggings in which Japs might still be hiding



Huff dug in that night with Ragland and Saucerman. A Jap sneaked up behind Saucerman who shot him with his BAR. The Jap threw up his hands and flopped backward into a hole.

That was the only live Jap they could really say they saw in the clear light of day during that entire time.

The next morning, the scouts-snipers were relieved by C Company of the 25th Regiment. The scouts went back to the 24th regimental command post.

Only Huff, Ragland, Pounders (whose back wound wasn't serious), McCollick, Rion, Owens, Saucerman, Corporal Albert Tarola of Bethlehem, Pa., PFC Frank C. Hatch of Glenmore, La., and Pvt. Earl E. Richards of Philadelphia, Pa., of the original 35-man patrol, stood ready to go back to the ridge in their regular capacity as scouts-snipers. END

What Does a Marine Look Like?

SERGEANT JOHN R. McDERMOTT, a Marine combat artist who is owner of one of the handsomest sets of whiskers in the Western Pacific, has been pondering, somewhat doily, over the alarming differences of opinion among illustrators and cartoonists as to just what a Marine should look like.

Sergeant McDermott thinks this may lead to a lot of confusion a century from now when people may look back at all of these drawings and wonder what the hell.

"The longer I stay in the Marine Corps," said McDermott, whose enlistment dates back to early 1942, "the more all combat Marines appear alike to me. So, it distresses me to find so many schools of thought among the artists on how to draw a realistic-looking Marine."

To make a thorough study of this problem, McDermott has drawn himself a chart (shown on this page) displaying various artists' versions of Marines.

McDermott finds the most to admire in Marines drawn by the late, great Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., and by Lieutenant Colonel Donald Dickson. Colonel Thomason's Marine, or rather the one in McDermott's chart, seems to be of the Central America campaigns vintage, while Colonel Dickson's boy is undoubtedly one of those ragged fellows who fought for so many months in the lower Solomons without taking time off to draw another utility suit.

Just as raggedy is Sergeant Fred Rhoads' Gizmo who, apparently, has been stubbing his toes a lot on the coral.

THE "Virgil Partch Marine" troubled McDermott the most of all. Personally, we don't see much to get alarmed about. Probably, Mr. Partch dislikes research, for his Marine is just the usual big-headed, bug-eyed Partch monster with a helmet stuck on top of his brachycephalic head and with USMC initialed along his belly button. Partch's Marine has seven fingers on his right hand and only six on his left, and he seems to be wearing ice skates.

Mr. Partch and his civilian colleague, Steinberg, belong to about the same schools when it comes to drawing a Marine, though Mr. S. makes one concession to realism and sketches a rather authentic-looking dungaree jacket with two or three strokes of his pencil.

The Milton Caniff model looks like an illustration in a training manual for left-handed grenade-throwers.

Disturbing, too, to McDermott is the artist's conception which he calls "the woman's magazine Marine." This guy bears some resemblance to a Shubert chorus boy. He always wears well-fitting dress blues complete with several rows of campaign ribbons and he seems to be on a sort of perpetual furlough. We think McDermott has mis-named this type, though, for he is more often seen in the magazine advertisements, particularly the tooth paste ads. And we used to know a first sergeant at the Brooklyn Navy Yard who owned an ancient set of blues and made some tidy sums posing for the advertising artists and photographers.

Sergeant McDermott, who most recently made combat sketches on Guam, thinks this chart will be valuable if artists will remember to keep the people pictured here out of their drawings.

SGT. F. X. TOLBERT



Here's Sergeant McDermott's chart for studying contrasting interpretations of leading artists in sketching Marines. The "woman's magazine" conception is most annoying to Analyst McDermott.

The Misadventures of JOHN K



He tried to open the bottle of beer by hitting it on the helmet

The yarn of an ape who

FOR a number of months, a cross-eyed monkey called John K. Ribenbark was mascot on one of the Pacific Fleet's submarines. We heard about the monkey, John K., from a chief machinist's mate.

John K.'s story is one which the temperance societies might prize as an object lesson in the troubles that can come to a drunkard. Usually, object lessons are dull stuff but the career of John K. is a fairly interesting exception. He served all over the Pacific war theatre and he was a very gallant little fellow. He evidently started out with the Imperial Navy Landing Force (Jap Marines). Then he served with the United States Marines and with the Pacific Fleet before he wound up on the beach.

According to the story that was making the rounds, John K. spent his childhood in Sumatra. While still a juvenile monkey, he was captured by the Nips and he became the pet of an officer in the Nip Marines, a passed midshipman. The men of the passed midshipman's outfit were unusually hearty drinkers, even for Japs, and the passed midshipman was the biggest rummy of them all.

It was the passed midshipman who made an alcoholic of John K., and since then the monkey has got drunk in some of the damndest places and on every kind of drink from bottled in bond Kentucky bourbon to Japanese Scotch-type whiskey (Mac-Yamamoto brand).

On his benders, the midshipman would give John K. (who was known as "Yuki-Yuki" among the Nips) a big assortment of drinks. And the ape acquired a taste, in fact a craving, for all Japanese liquors and wines with the possible exception of Chishima Island raspberry-flavored gin.

The midshipman seemed inordinately fond of John K. for he often spoke to his friends about the animal with flowery phrases. Most of these conversations were about the monkey's impressive capacity for liquor.

This particular battalion was transferred to New Guinea. It was here that the monkey drank three quarts of Bee brand wine in an hour without showing any ill effects other than a tendency to walk on his hands most of the time. Then they went on to the Admiralties, but John K. had little recollection of this place for the saki was flowing freely at the time.

From the Admiralties, the Nip Marines moved on to New Britain where they ran into disaster in the form of the American First Marine Division. After getting hemmed up by a big patrol of the First Marine Division, the monkey's outfit spent a night drinking all of the bottle goods they had with them and by dawn they were well-fortified for a banzai charge. John K., innocently thinking that it was just a regular Saturday night blowout, got pretty stewed, himself, and even a little sick for they ran out of everything else in the early morning hours and were drinking Chishima Island raspberry-flavored gin just before the banzai charge.

THE passed midshipman made a pig of himself, as usual. He drank three quarts of saki and a fifth of MacYamamoto Scotch and two dozen bottles of Kirin beer and then wound up with several coconut-shell drams of raspberry-flavored gin. John K. drank right with him. Just before dawn, John K. began to get the idea of what was going on. He was liquored up but not enough to be doing any banzai charging. He stayed far in the rear, carrying a bottle of Kirin beer, when the Nippers galloped toward the American line.

The passed midshipman and every man in his battalion were killed on the banzai charge. About mid-morning, a big, red-headed Marine found John K. The monkey was still pretty intoxicated but the liquor was wearing off and John K. was developing a case of "hot pipes." All morning he had been trying to open the bottle of Jap beer by striking it on the helmet of the fallen passed midshipman. But John K. was so bleary-eyed that his aim was bad.

The red-headed Marine, whose name was PFC Chidester P. Ribenbark, was pleased by the sight of a monkey trying to smash a bottle on a Nip's head (he misinterpreted John K.'s motives in swinging the bottle at the helmet). So the Marine adopted the monkey on the spot and christened him John K. Ribenbark in honor of his grandfather, a retired Duluth detective. In so naming the ape, PFC Ribenbark intended no disrespect. It was just that he was overcome by nostalgia when he saw the monkey swinging the bottle. It brought back pleasant memories of his grandpop, a renowned bar-room battler who often hit people on the head with bottles.

Author's Note: This story is told by men of the Second Battalion, 27th Marines. Principal narrators are PISgt. James Gibson, Jr., PISgt. Steve Herschberger, Sgt. George Smallwood, GySgt. Jess W. Craft, Sgt. Harold E. Carr, Sgt. Robert R. Cavin, Sgt. Wilson A. McClain, Capt. William J. King and Lt. James P. Ronan.

WE WERE in the first wave on Red Beach, with the 28th Marines on our left toward the volcano, the First Battalion of our own 27th Marines on the right. Beyond them the Fourth Division landed.

We hit the first pillbox half-way up the hill, 150 yards from the beach. There were about 20 Nips, and they opened fire from a trench. Corporal Joseph E. Hotovchin became our first casualty.

The Nips were on the left. We lay on their flank and fired. Sgt. Donald R. Beaudet brought his machine gun crew up. We wiped out enough of them so Easy Company could come up to bayonet or shoot the rest. They lost a platoon guide, but PFC Bernard J. Best — he won the Silver Star when he was a Paramarine — got the two Nips who shot him. He jumped in the trench and clubbed the Japs over the head with his rifle.

We headed for the first road near the airfield, getting plenty of mortars and cross-fire from the Japs. Only half of the platoon was left when we got there, and the platoon leader was lost. The tanks came up, and we organized a line and jumped off, squads filling the gaps between the tanks. We gradually made a right turn around the airfield, with flankers out. We had visual contact with the First Battalion (that was Manila John Basilone's outfit, and this is the push in which he was killed).

When we had gone 200 yards, we hit a series of three pillboxes and an ack-ack gun emplacement. The Nips were foxy. There were six or seven of them in the gun position. We threw in a demo charge. Some of them weren't killed and waited until the reserve squad came up, then threw grenades. They knocked out a corporal — shrapnel in both feet.

Sgt. George A. O'Keefe fixed up an oversize satchel charge and finished off one big pillbox that had given us a lot of trouble. We were held up there about an hour. We had opposition on our left flank, and Easy Company was in trouble. About 200 yards up from the pillboxes, just about on line with the airfield, we were pinned down again. Finally, after we had gone about 1200 yards from the beach, we tied in with the First Battalion and dug in for the night.

There was heavy mortar fire while we were digging in. One man was killed when he got up to look at a Jap who was calling as if he wanted to surrender. The Jap held a hand grenade to his chest and blew himself up.

We were relieved by the 26th Marines the next morning, and they hit shell fire 200 yards ahead.

Our first platoon, on the left, hit a lot of the same stuff as they moved up on D day. The third platoon,

Carbine in hand, a Marine moves forward on Iwo Jima, keeping a careful watch of the situation



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They Called It DEATH VALLEY

by Sgt. Bill Miller

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

in reserve, lost seven men under the Jap mortar barrage, including the platoon leader and the platoon sergeant. They were hit so hard by mortars in the reserve position that they were glad to move into the front lines when the tanks came up.

We remember guys like Corp. Richard G. Bolger, who took over a squad when his sergeant was hit. He made a dash for the front lines, bypassing a bunker on his right. Bolger had a boil on his right hand, and the captain was going to leave him on the ship, but he came ashore anyway. He traded his M1 for a carbine so he could carry it, and he did a great job of leading his squad, with good control all the way.

That's how Fox Company got up by the airfield on D day. Easy Company got it worse on the left.

We cut across the island back of the airstrip, hitting pillboxes and Nambus. By the time we got to the west side, we had lost contact with the 28th Marines. A lot of men were hit coming up the hill, but we pushed on and hit a lot of Japs in a pocket on the bluff above the west beach. There were five blockhouses on our left. We were pinned there, and the tanks couldn't get down to help us. We were trying to get out, and a lot of us were hit.

We were getting mortars, Nambu and sniper fire, but the Japs couldn't reach us with their grenades. They were all underground, except for a few in open trenches. When we pulled out of that, we swung to the right and joined C Company, 26th, for the night.

Next morning we moved up and joined the rest of the battalion at the regimental objective.

With us were three squads, about 24 men, of the second platoon, 15 men of the third platoon and one squad of the first platoon. The others had turned right on the high ground above the Jap pocket. We reorganized next morning, when we dropped back in reserve.

Our company commander was hit in the neck on D day. The exec took over, but he was hit on D plus 4. Then Major John B. Salmon was sent up to lead the company. The only officer we had, Lt. Frederick Kellogg, was promoted from platoon leader to exec. Now we had three buck sergeants leading the platoons. GySgt. Jess W. Craft, the only staff NCO left, took over as first sergeant when the Top was hit. Craft is an old First Division man, a veteran who has been just about everywhere Marines go, and was once heavyweight champion boxer of the Asiatic Fleet.

Dog Company was in reserve for the landing, but the word reserve became a ghastly joke on Iwo that first day.

We landed all along Red Beach 1. Some of our tractors hit Green Beach. Lt. James P. Ronan pushed ahead with his platoon until he hit the first Jap resistance, a Nambu at the lip of the hill. All that bypassed area was hot, and the mortars and cross-fire were heavy. The front line companies were pushing fast and were at the regimental objective when we caught up. Lt. Ronan's platoon was with Fox Company, and part of Easy was with us.

We were all spread out, and it took a long time to get organized. When we were beyond the road, in the turn to the right, we sent the third platoon up to support Fox Company and Ronan. The third platoon tried to straighten the line, and we started to bring the rest of the company up.

Sgt. Fred E. White led his squad into the thick terrain there, the wooded area on the slope above the beach, to flush snipers. He was killed, and another man was hit. We lost all but two of our squad leaders, and each was hit while he was doing his job, as White was.

We were on line that night, with two platoons overlooking the west beach. Fox was on our right, and the 26th tied on from us along the bluff and on back.

Two of our men, Corporals Robert Waner and Paul E. Chelf, were on watch that night in a foxhole. Waner saw a moving shadow, grabbed his rifle and fired. Another shadow loomed in the darkness, closer in, and Chelf fired. Next morning we found the bodies of two Japs, one an officer with a sword in his hand. That was our first time on line at night, and the men behaved like veterans. They weren't trigger happy. When they fired they hit Japs.

Next morning the 26th pushed through us for quite a distance. We were in reserve that day and night. On D plus 2 we went up to the front and were hit hard by mortars on the way.

Just as we started, shells killed two men, a platoon sergeant and a corporal. Every man in the company knew the corporal's wife was expecting a baby. We kept going and lost three men in half an hour. A little further up we lost all but three men of a squad.



An officer signals to the men of his platoon during an advance over the rugged terrain of Iwo Jima.

They had come up near one of our tanks which had been disabled, a tread knocked off. Jap mortars were ranging in on the tank, and our men were caught in the barrage.

The natural tendency is to stay down under fire like that. PISgt. Robert Harkness and Sgt. Claude E. Lauderdale, acting platoon sergeant, would get up immediately and lead their men forward. They were a terrific morale factor. There were others, men like Corpsman Richard F. Wood and Sgt. Nolan M. Garrett. No one can name them all.

We went up to the secondary position, then crawled into the wooded sector to avoid observation. It was our most peaceful night until 0300, when word came that the Japs had broken through A Company of the 26th. Our orders were to get up there, so we left our packs and took off through the darkness.

We had about 300 yards to go and got there in 15 minutes. A guide led us into position, filling gaps in the front lines and supporting just behind. It wasn't a breakthrough; just Japs infiltrating. It was bad terrain, and several Japs were killed behind the lines that night.

We were with A Company all that day, and that night we reorganized, combining A and D Companies. We straightened the lines and pulled back. A Company was said to have only 80 effective men left. It rained, and we had no ponchos and little else except our weapons.

The next day was D plus 4, when the 28th raised the flag on Mt. Suribachi. We were in the lines in a "holding attack" when the word came over the radio that "the American flag flies over Suribachi." Everyone turned around to look, and men ran out of their holes under fire to pass the word along.

Next day, Easy and Fox companies moved through us for the big push. We pulled back to our original positions in the wooded area, finding our packs, ponchos, souvenirs gone.

The Japs were giving a lot of trouble beyond the west boat basin road, and Lt. Ronan was ordered to take his platoon down there by a sulphur blow-hole. His platoon was on line, covering 450 yards of the beach, and got 26 Japs, 25 killed and one prisoner. Most of the Nips had sneaked through from Suribachi, trying to reach their lines to the north. They were carrying grenades.

So they came to the Valley of Death.

That's what we called it — Death Valley. We were on the extreme left flank, toward the west beach, and had contact on a line all across the island. Two battalions of the 26th were on our right. The Third Division was in the center, the Fourth Division on the east flank.

We were on high ground, and the valley was in front of us, a soup bowl of open, sandy lowland. The Japs could look down on us from a jagged, rocky ridge full of caves and artillery. They had pillboxes and blockhouses in the valley, most of them hidden.

We tried to knock out the enemy positions on the ridge and in the valley with mortars, air strikes and naval gunfire. Then we attacked, in a column of battalions, guiding on the 26th. The push started around 1415 that day, Saturday, February 24.

We were the last to jump off. One of our platoons gave overhead machine gun fire when the 26th moved. The Japs were firing everything they had,

and casualties were heavy in both of our companies. Fox Company's commander was hit. Mortar fire killed Corp. Joseph C. Hawkins and PFC Charles Ward, wounded PISgt. Robert C. Zimmerman. Easy Company lost a platoon leader just as the push began. Mortars got 16 men in Easy Company that afternoon.

Fox Company made a beautiful charge across 200 yards of open ground and hit the first pillboxes. We moved up 75 yards, and the right flank platoon swung to guide, hitting an open space. Nambus opened up from the front and from the left, where the Japs had dug into the undergrowth.

PFC Leonard S. Nedervelle sighted two of the Nambus on the ground, cross-firing with the pillboxes 50 yards ahead. He wanted to take his BAR and shoot it out with the Nips, but his sergeant wouldn't let him. We were pinned down until dark, out in the open, taking cover in shell holes and trenches. Forty men of Fox Company were hit, five of them killed. One squad in Easy Company lost seven men. We couldn't keep contact.

Sgt. Jack Graham and four other men led the tanks up. They went ahead to knock out the machine gun positions and pillboxes. Corporal Jerome Michael Clary led one tank in the center. Sgt. Robert R. Cavin led one on the left, and the others were with F Company on the right. Cavin's tank hit a huge pillbox which traversed a wide area. The Japs had tanks buried in the ground, with only the turrets sticking out, and were using them for pillboxes. Corporal Melvin E. Eaton was in there helping the tanks knock out Jap positions.

Sgt. Graham helped destroy a large Jap ammo dump and gun emplacement. A phosphorus grenade blew it sky-high. Nedervelle hurled one of these phosphorus grenades into a Jap trench. That was the turning point of the action, and things began to cool off. The tanks were on to clear the ridge, making it possible for us to withdraw.

Dog Company relieved us at dark. We brought our casualties out in ponchos. Stretcher bearers worked until 2200 that night. The mortar section put their weapons down and carried wounded. Fox Company's third platoon, which filled the 100-yard gap alongside the 26th, had only 16 men left, but they stayed on line all night and rejoined the company in the morning. Easy Company didn't pull out, but stayed in there three more days and pushed up 700 yards. Dog Company was on line until D plus 10, when the whole Second Battalion went into Corps reserve. At that time their casualties were one-third of the original strength.

Two was a succession of Death Valleys, but all of them were crossed. It took men like Corp. John F. Brennan to keep things going.

It was the day before Dog Company was relieved, D plus 9, and we were getting near Hill 362. Brennan was leading a squad forward and asked someone if there was any cover up ahead. "No," was the emphatic reply.

"Hell, there's plenty of cover," Brennan said. "Watch me go like a streak of s—."

He got up 100 yards to a shell hole, where he took cover. Then he stood up and waved for his men to follow him. The Japs shot him through the head.

MALARIA MAN



THERE is no telling what quirk fate is apt to play on a Marine. Now take the case of Harvey Peterson. A nice guy. Wavy blondish hair. A trim mustache. Neat.

He's a master tech. NCO of the Anti-Malaria Section for the III Phib Corps in the South Pacific. Takes his job seriously.

He can spell off the Latin names of all malaria-bearing mosquitoes. He can say, without blinking an eye, *mosquitotus stingus* or whatever the Latin cognomen may be.

Once a day, at the mess-table, he takes an atrabine pill. Not conspicuously, you understand, but nevertheless with a certain precision of movement that catches the eye.

Peterson will look up, smile almost apologetically and say with matter-of-fact casualness:

"Nothing like these little pills to keep malaria shooed away."

Of course, you'd feel like a perfect heel if you didn't immediately follow suit and down one of those yellow pills, too.

Every evening around 1530 Peterson takes a casual stroll down the alleyways of tents. He'll stop inside one, tuck in a mosquito net whose fringes protrude improperly. He'll smile and say: "It doesn't do much good to put up a mosquito net to keep the mosquitoes out if you invite them in through the back door, now does it?"

Naturally, you'll look around to see if your net is on OK, and if it isn't you'll correct it.

Another thing that Peterson is fond of is posters. Posters with mosquitoes 100 times bigger than life and with words that say "Beware of Malaria." He goes around tacking up these posters or calling attention to them.

"You know, we lost eight times as many men to the malaria germ on Guadalcanal as we did to Jap bullets," he'll say underlying his words with significance.

Movie time will find men in a hurry. In their anxiety for the better seats, they'll speed right through the gate where the man stands with the mosquito repellent. The hands they extend to him become whirling propellers as they rush by him.

Here again, Peterson sets the good example. He comes to a distinct halt by the man. Deliberately he extends his hand. Deliberately he waits for the drops of the repellent. Then he deliberately rubs it over his hands, then his neck and face.

A conscientious guy, this Peterson.

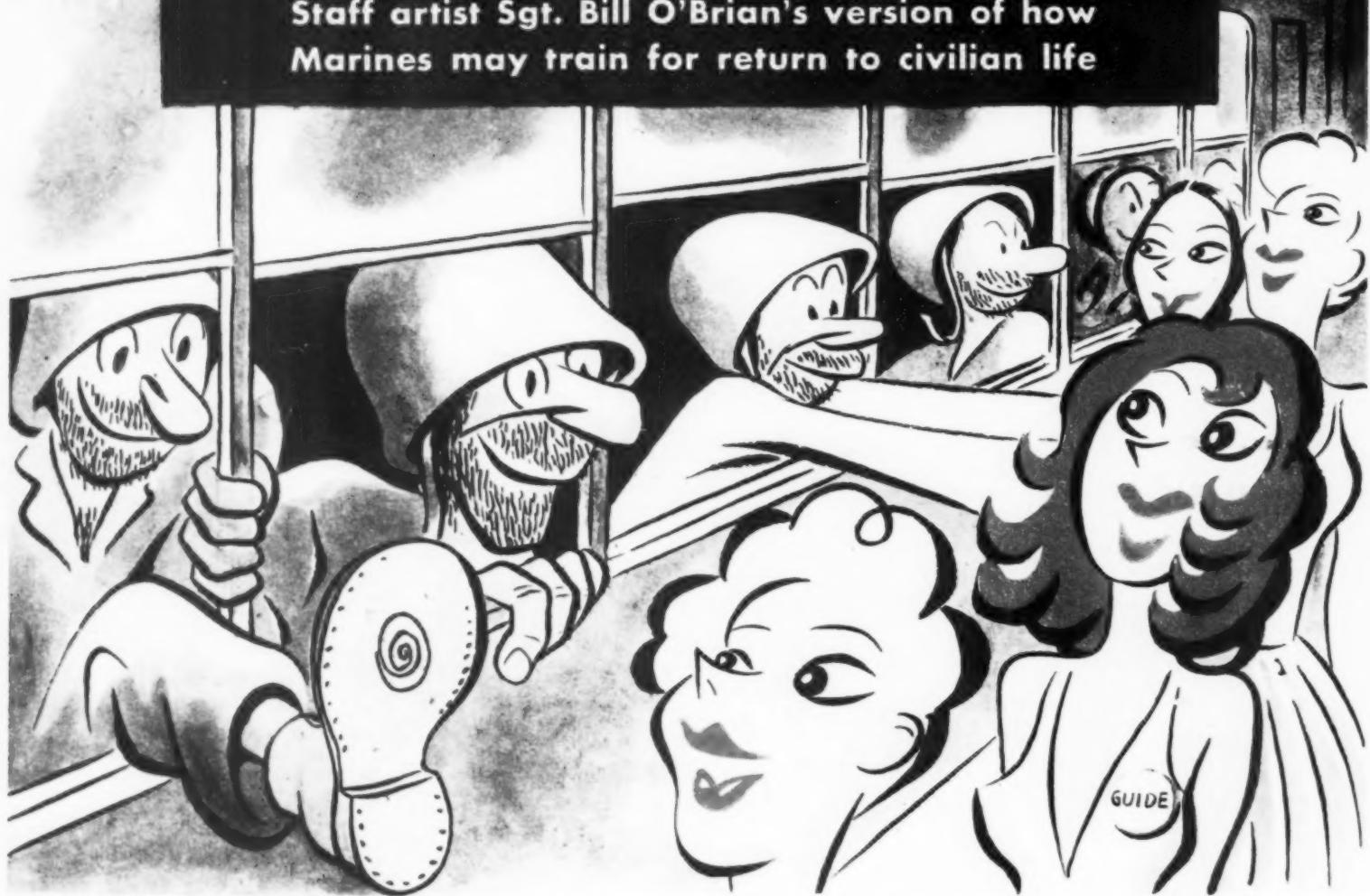
Really doesn't deserve the kick fate has given him.

But it's the truth nevertheless — he's caught malaria three times.

SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

BOOTS AGAIN

Staff artist Sgt. Bill O'Brian's version of how
Marines may train for return to civilian life



What a reception at this boot camp. A gorgeous welcoming committee to shout "You won't be sorree"



The DI greets the boot with "Charmed, I'm sure"

Chow! "Salty" in the background even uses a menu



Forced to get a boot camp haircut and a manicure

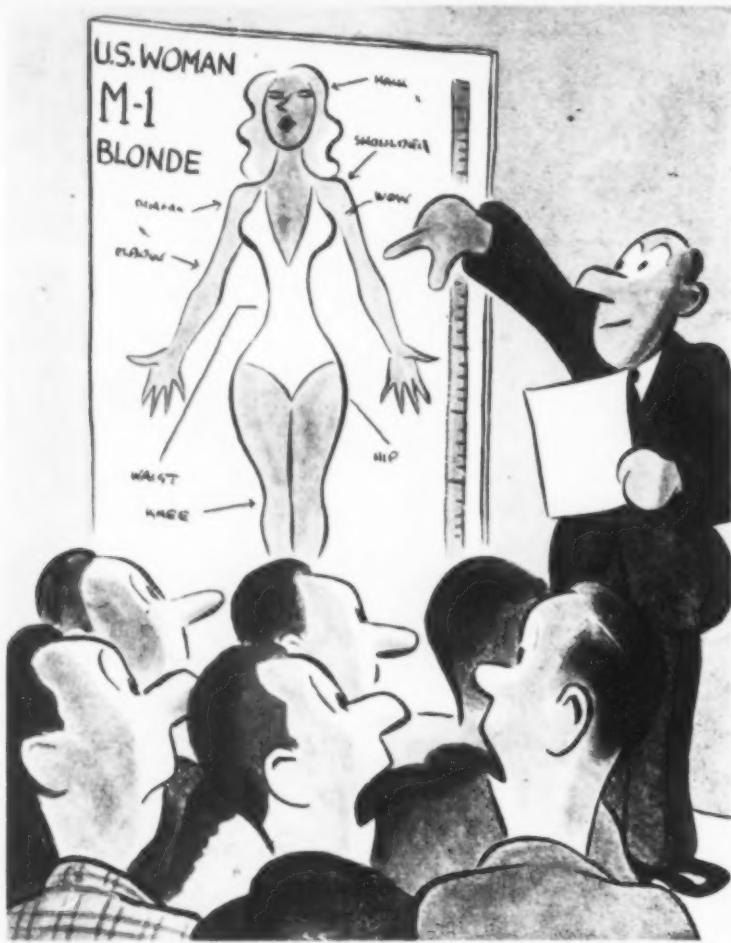


Drawing CI (Civilian Issue) clothing. They also fit



"No order drill" is entirely voluntary. Stay in the sack if you don't care to join in, says the DI

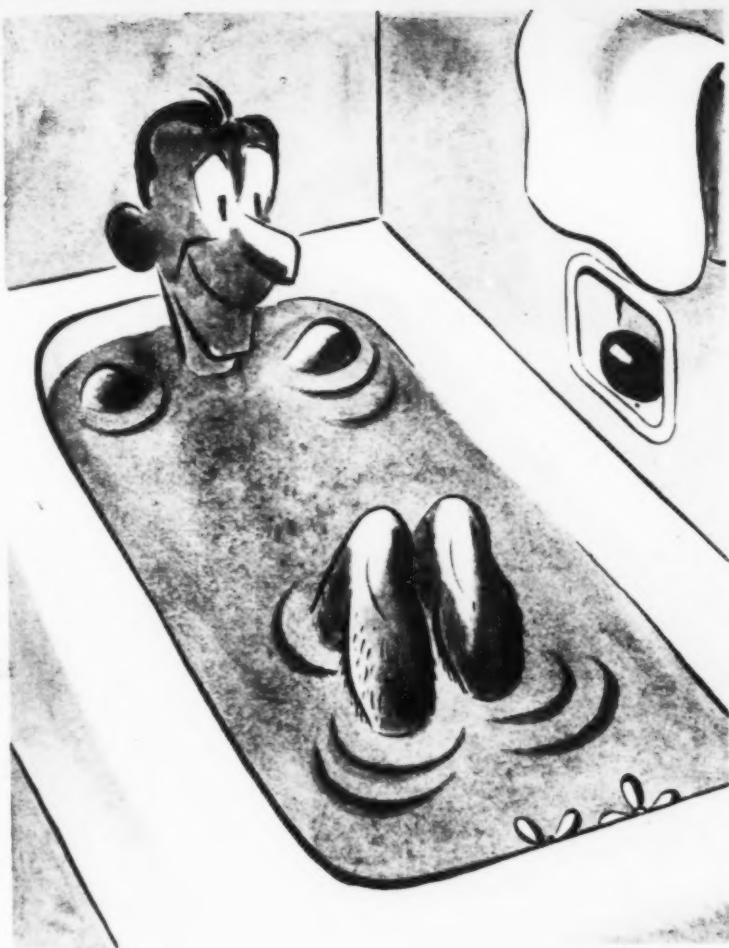
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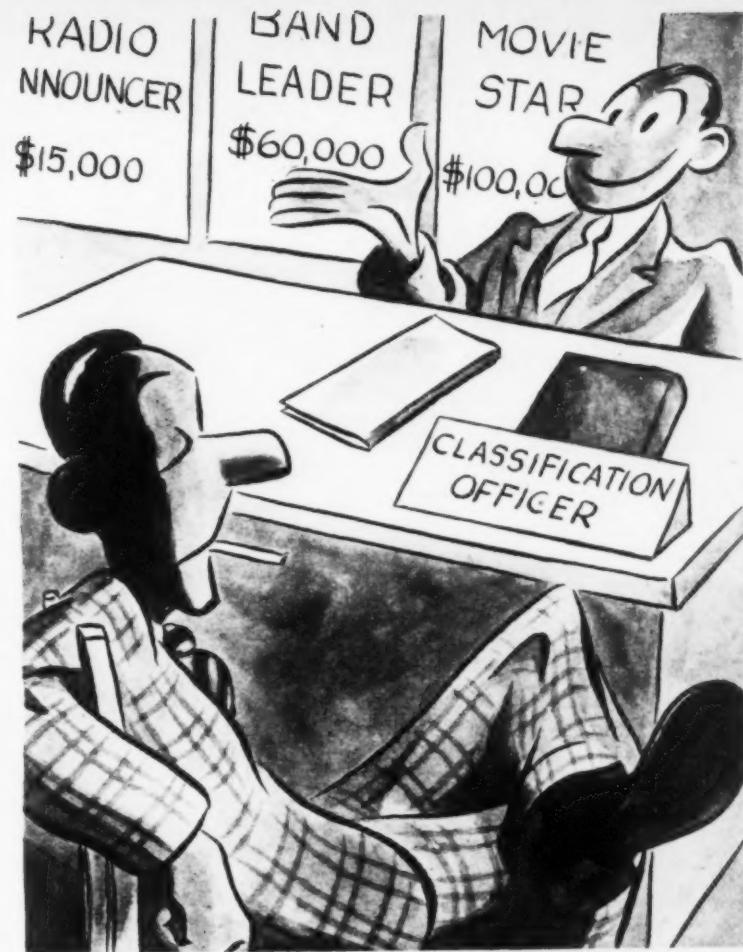
Nomenclature, woman. Field stripping not allowed All qualify at Judo School. Dummy runs are forbidden



The obstacle course is really rugged. One boot ran the course in 57 seconds and 30 days—in sick bay



No nice muddy rivers. Just clean water and privacy



"The hours are too long and the salary too short"



Boots
including a touch of rain.
Plus the special moisture.
"Honey", made from the
in the natural moisture.

Boots are the only civilians by now, these two senior boots appraise a group of new arrivals

Try a pack . . . and see what

ALERT

that
smile,
pal!!



Easy does it mister, and in one simple operation.

Just take your tooth brush in hand, apply either Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder, and set to work to the pleasant task of cleaning your teeth to their natural brightness.

As you brush your teeth with either of these Phillips' dentifrices—both containing a high-polishing agent to help remove dingy, dulling surface film—remember, that *at the same time*, you help protect teeth and gums against harmful mouth acids. You see, both Phillips' Tooth Paste and Tooth Powder are made from *Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia*. The milk of magnesia helps combat harmful mouth acids on contact!

Brush your teeth regularly with Phillips' dentifrices. Take your pick—they both have what it takes. But be sure you get the genuine Phillips' products in the familiar red and blue packages. On sale at your drugstore or PX.



**PHILLIPS' MILK OF TOOTHPASTE
MAGNESIA TOOTHPOWDER**



Our First Landing on Okinawa

ALTHOUGH the fact is not widely known, the recent landing on Okinawa was not the first visit of US Marines to this island. That occurred 92 years ago, under circumstances which were very different—yet not so different as they might have been had the Japanese chosen to contest the recent landing.

The occasion was the visit of Commodore Matthew C. Perry's squadron, en route with credentials from the President of the United States to force, more or less, a treaty upon the Japanese Emperor, opening Japan to world trade.

Perry had touched at several Chinese ports to gather information, pick up interpreters, and lay in supplies, and Okinawa was a logical stopping point en route to Japan proper. It was not called Okinawa then, but as phoneticized by the compiler of the official narrative, "Great Lew Chew," or the largest of the Lieou Kieou, or Luchu islands. These various renditions stem from Chinese, China having exercised a sort of loose suzerainty over the islands for many centuries. In fact, the Chinese to this day claim that the present name, "Ryukyu," is simply a phonetic corruption of Luchu, resulting from the notorious inability of the Japanese to pronounce the letter "L."

The small US squadron dropped anchor in the harbor of Naha (then called variously "Nahpa" and "Naia") on 26 May, 1853. After various diplomatic preliminaries, they were honored by an official visit by the Regent, an elderly man of considerable dignity, whom Perry was at some pains to impress. The narrative of the voyage describes what took place. (All quotations are from the "Narrative" complied from original official sources by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., published in 1857.)

"The Marines were in uniform, and every preparation had been made on board to show them respect and produce impressive effect. . . . Six or eight other officers and some subordinates followed the Regent to the deck. A salute of three guns was then fired, which so startled some of the Lew Chew officers that they dropped upon their knees."

Their reaction to American naval gunfire 92 years later does not appear to have been essentially much different.

With more or less friendly relations established some officers went ashore on liberty, and a small party set out to explore the island. Some of their reactions are interesting.

"The inhabitants appear to be naturally not unamiable, but the experience of our officers does not altogether sustain the glowing accounts of the simplicity, friendliness, and contentment of the people (which had been described by an earlier visitor). . . . The system of government, of which secret espionage forms a distinguishing feature, must beget in the inferior classes cunning and falsehood, and these our officers certainly found. . . . They have, in the whole, many excellent traits, and their worst vices



Naha harbor on the island of Okinawa as shown in a lithograph printed in 1857, four years after the visit of Commodore Perry

TURN PAGE

Why be Irritated?



Light an Old Gold!

**Apple "Honey" helps guard O. Gs.
from Cigarette Dryness**

You walk off with a prize—when you discover Old Gold's extra pleasure and its special protection from cigarette dryness! . . .

For here's a delightfully mellow blend of many choice tobaccos—including a touch of rare, imported Latakia leaf for *extra flavor*. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent which we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps guard against cigarette dryness*.

Try a pack . . . and see why Old Gold's popularity has tripled!

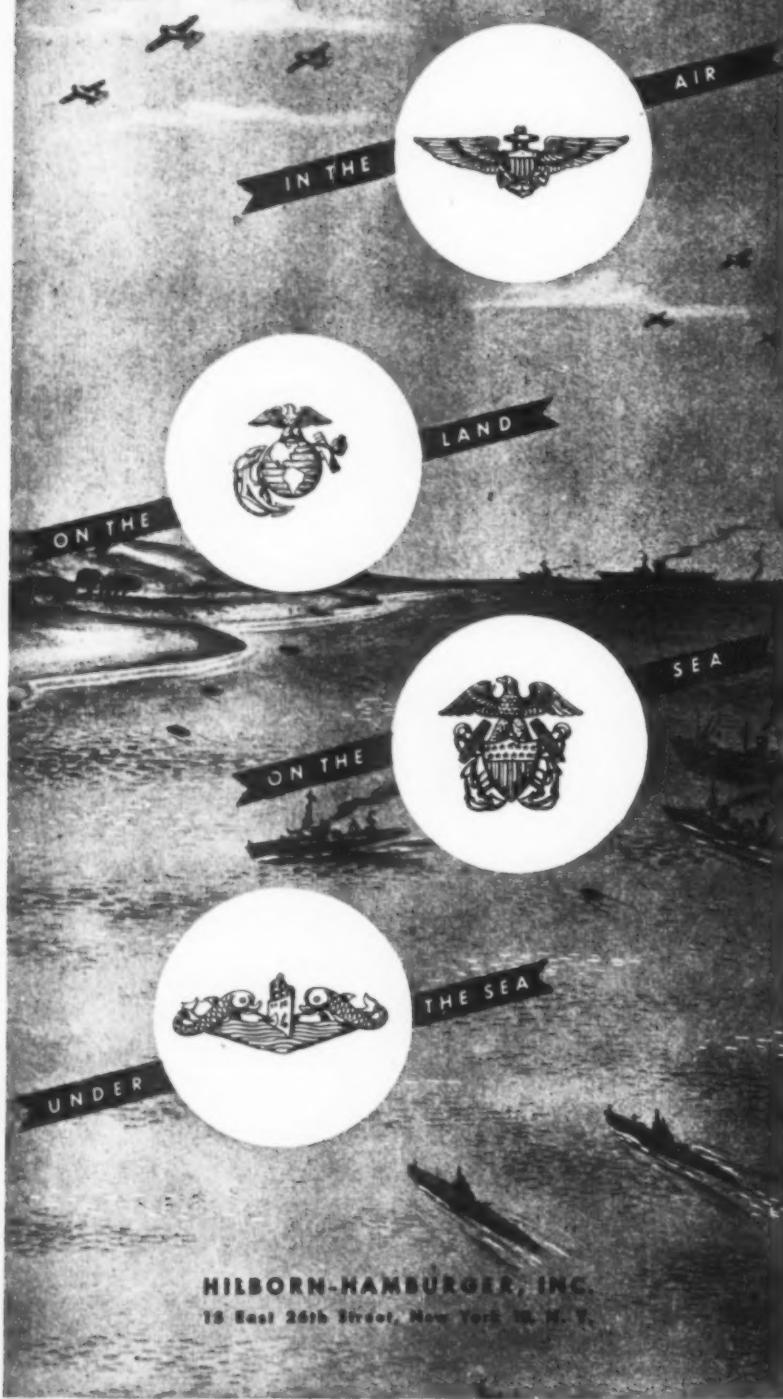


LISTEN TO
WHICH IS WHICH?
Wednesday Evenings CBS—and
THE COMEDY THEATRE
Sunday Evenings NBC

"THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PRECIOUS METAL"



Military Insignia OF Quality



HILBORN-HAMBURGER, INC.
18 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIRST LANDING (continued)



The Marine contingent of the Admiral's squadron calls at the Castle of Shui. Two may be seen at right in uniform of that date

are probably the result, in a great measure, of the wretched system of government under which they live."

While many officers disported themselves ashore, the enlisted personnel were kept occupied.

"Boat exercises in the harbor formed also part of the occupation of the several crews; while the Marines were on shore, drilling under the charge of their officers."

As the narrator points out: "These things indicated that the Commodore was determined to have every department in the highest state of discipline, that he might be prepared for any event."

The particular event for which he was preparing was his return of the Regent's official visit, at the royal palace of Shui, the capital. This occurred on 6 June, and must have been quite a spectacle. The main feature consisted of the Marine detachments of the several ships, in their not inconspicuous uniforms, marching in two companies, at head and rear of the procession, with two others in attendance on the Commodore as a guard of honor.

Again, the reaction of the natives might have indicated the pattern of things to come:

"The natives clustered thickly on the sides of the road to gaze at the glittering novelty, while crowds of them hung in the rear of the cortege. They did not manifest the smallest apprehension, notwithstanding the presence of the Marines under arms, and evidently were pleasantly excited by the spectacle before them."

The official visit was featured by a dinner of 12 courses, seven of which consisted of soup in one form or another. Quantities of the native stimulant were produced, and the Americans made the agreeable discovery that the "Lew Chewans" were familiar with the custom of drinking toasts, then popular in Occidental countries.

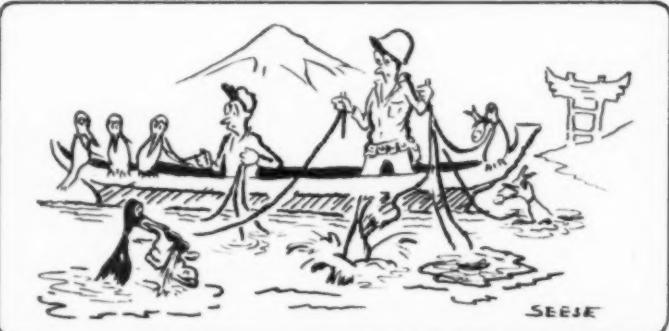
Not to be outdone, the Commodore invited the leading dignitaries to visit him on the flagship a few days later to sample the American idea of hospitality. He had a fine meal for them, and plenty of it, but he also produced another feature which they seemed particularly to enjoy.

"They had given the Commodore some of their saki, and he was now resolved to give them a taste of the saki made in all parts of the world. So there were French and German wines, Scotch and American whiskey, madeira and sherry, and the gin of Holland, winding up with the sweet, smooth, strong maraschino. . . . They smacked their lips and shut their eyes at each sip . . . and, in short, showed but a very sorry appreciation of the virtue of temperance."

With the guests safely poured over the side, official contacts ceased. Commodore Perry sailed shortly afterward to more important adventures in Japan proper. On the whole, his impressions of Okinawa, or "Lew Chew," were very favorable, as were those of most of his people. Later it was one of several places here he recommended that the United States obtain advance bases for commercial and possible naval operations in the Far East.

Now, after 92 years, it begins to look as though he is about to get some action.

CAPT. FRANK O. HOUGH
USMC Public Relations Officer



SEEJE

HERE'S WHY AUTOMOBILE MEN ARE *"Watching the News from GRAHAM-PAIGE"*

Automobile men have learned that they can expect great things from the new organization at Graham-Paige. Strengthened by the experienced leadership of board chairman Joseph W. Frazer, this organization has been proved in the crucible of war production. Read Mr. Frazer's revealing statement about the job Graham-Paige will do when its war work is finished.



by Joseph W. Frazer

Automobile men are sure of one thing. They know that Graham-Paige will

be a definite factor in the automobile world of tomorrow. Here's why they feel so certain of that fact.

They know the kind of job Graham-Paige is doing in this war. How we have been entrusted with ever-increasing responsibilities by both the Army and the Navy, until today we are among the nation's leading producers of "Alligator" amphibious tanks, landing craft, and connecting rods for super-bombers.

They realize that making high-precision parts for bomber engines sharpens our skills for the production of automobiles; that our manufacturing know-how in tanks and landing craft can be applied directly to building farm tractors and equipment.

These automobile authorities also know the men we have gathered here

on our working staff; men who have been identified with the great successes of the automotive industry. They know these men have not joined us "just for the duration," and they know something of the post-war plans these men will help us carry out. Here are just a few of these plans:

An Unusual Car

1. The car we will build here after the war will be new from the ground up. It will be exciting, beautiful, different, yet not bizarre; it will be roomy enough for six passengers, yet smartly sleek and compact. Powered by a new and revolutionary six-cylinder engine, this car will be a triumph of engineering, styling, and design.

New Farm Equipment

2. We will produce a line of modern agricultural equipment, including a general-purpose tractor with several exclusive advantages;

also other unusual farm implements, with patented features that will save time, labor, and operating costs.

The Amazing Rototiller

3. We will manufacture and sell the Rototiller, the amazing power-tiller that does the work of plow, disc and harrow, all in one operation. We will make several models, suited both for small acreage and for large farms.

Yes, automobile men know this whole story. They know the strong personnel, leadership and backing that are teamed up here. They know these factors assure us a prominent place in America's post-war picture. That's why they are *watching the news from Graham-Paige!*

Chairman of the Board
GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION

Makers of Landing Craft and "Alligator" Amphibious Tanks for Navy, Precision Parts for Super-Bombers, and Essential Farm Machinery

Keep Watching the News from Graham-Paige!



"As an audience we are easy past the point of being pathetic. Even Monogram Productions have failed again and again to drive us back to our tents, which proves we sweat out anything"

Mr. GOLDWYN, Include Us Out

by Sgt. Duane Decker

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

UT here in the Pacific where life occasionally is rugged, usually inconvenient and always a bore, I have yet to see a movie bad enough to make an audience fold up the camp stools and leave the area. We even sit through those lower-racket "B" jobs, the ones I always suspect Hollywood produces for use during theater fires — you now, to check panic and coax audiences to file out in an orderly manner.

At the most, maybe five per cent of the customers the islands will chuck in the towel on a really hopeless turkey — seldom that many, never more. As an audience, we are easy past the point of being pathetic. Even Monogram Productions have failed again and again to drive us back to our tents, which proves that we sweat out anything.

And when we see them, these bad pix are even more hopeless than when they originally left the assembly line. Because audience vision is complicated by ultra-bright moonlight, the flash of lights from passing jeeps and six-by-sixes, and glare of unshaded bulbs burning in adjacent tents or Quonset huts.

It may be of no particular interest to Hollywood, but Pacific echelons scenes laid against dimly-lighted backgrounds are practically a waste of age. That haunted house business, the cellar scene where international spies occasionally sack the night, or the country club terrace sequences — ears kissing or quarreling in the moonlight — are the types of scenes that we only can hope end about later, in a pony edition of *Time*.

The sound tracks don't manage to keep us up well on what's happening, either. Frequently it fade to a whisper and sometimes they just go together for a while. I remember one picture, a large opus which seemed to be taking place almost entirely in a shipyard at night. Nobody could see the dim figures on the screen well enough to figure out what was going on up there. Meanwhile, the sound track began to act as though it had been

hit by a stray mortar burst. Everything leveled down to a whisper, then faded out completely. As a result, we'd reached the point where we neither could see nor hear a thing. But did we leave?

Hell, no. A PFC near me, it developed, had read the original story on which the picture was based, in *The Saturday Evening Post*. So he gave us the scoop. When the sound track came back to active duty and the characters quit roaming around at night, we were right back on the ball. Everyone agreed after that it had been a fine picture.

No, island audiences are the most patient and tolerant in the world. But there are certain scenes, certain pieces of plot business that — for the moment — put Pacific audiences in a mood to fix bayonets and charge.

Number One on the list that gets a really sour reception out our way is the scene where the hero (usually an officer) is told to report to Washington for vital duty on research or intelligence. He flies into a rage at this terrible news. He is dying for combat. Even Radio Tokyo is received more pleasantly around here than that one.

Then, of course, there's the Kindly Colonel sequence. In this, the Kindly Colonel (after gruffly spluttering, "This is a bit irregular, but I'll see what I can do") puts through a call from San Francisco to Pvt. Joe Blough, somewhere in the Marianas, so that his sweetheart can tell him she's not going to marry the Other Guy after all, having come to her senses during a small hurricane in Florida. Pacific audiences can't take this one even with aspirin.

Following closely on the unpopular heels of these two is the Bashful Hero scene. Here island film fans go stark, staring nuts. I hope somebody tells Hollywood pretty soon that Bashful Heroes, like buggy whips, definitely are on the way out.

In this familiar scene, a predatory female corners our Bashful Hero in some secluded nook. She reeks with sex and is laying it all over the place with a Flit gun. Our Bashful Hero keeps back-pedalling and

finally leaves with no progress made beyond a tentative luncheon date at Childs' for the following Tuesday.

This scene is really brutal when viewed out here. It takes an awful lot out of everybody. And after the ordeal of going through such an utter waste of opportunity, everyone is left limp with frustration. There was one case, after a particularly grueling Bashful Hero scene, where a corporal beat it back to his tent and slit his throat. However, this is infrequent.

Let us not overlook the *Trivial Problem* picture, while we're busy not-overlooking things. That is one, for instance, where the characters in it all but take to the cliffs in the course of coming to grips with some problem such as the officers' housing shortage back at Camp Blotto in the States.

Due to this shortage, the eager young bride sees her marriage with the young lieutenant headed for the rocks right from the start as a result of the fact that things are so war-time topsy-turvy in their crowded little home. She is even unable to whip up a respectable cheese souffle to tickle his discriminating palate, what with not enough ration points and this bum stove they have to put up with. Their lives crumble for five reels, everything hopelessly beyond their control. In the end, he swears off cheese souffles and the thing is ironed out. But the morning after a *Trivial Problem* picture, sick bay out here usually is crowded with ailing troops; rabies, mostly.

Then there's the scene in which people sit around vast estates which feature hot-and-cold-running butlers, having a marvelous time. Suddenly, some character who has returned from an overseas tour breaks away from a gorgeous doll he's been tangoing with, lays down his Scotch-and-soda and says very solemnly: "It's hard to realize in these surroundings that this very minute men all over the world are going through a veritable hell. God, how I'd like to be back with the troops."

Then he gulps down the rest of his drink to forget it all and bravely tangoes off into the shadows with this gorgeous creature. For some reason which I have never been able to put my finger on, one of these characters annoys the daylights out of a Pacific audience.

HOLLYWOOD'S island customers get pretty restless at a lot of little things that might amaze people back in California. Actors in movies, for example, who set out to explain What We Are Really Fighting For. That line that says all GI Joe is really fighting for is apple pie, the corner drugstore and the old swimming hole is only a grunt-getter, as nobody gets annoyed seriously at pure corn. But it's not easy to maintain order in the area when the characters start to throw the big words around and attach cosmic significance to the fact that a guy drew a low number in that big 1940 raffle.

Then there's the Overseas-Happy character. He's the guy in the movie who keeps repeating over and over to the heroine: "Do you realize you're the first white girl I've talked to in almost a year?" The reception this line gets is really terrific, especially by the guys watching the picture who haven't talked to one in two or three years and currently are sporting beards down to their knees.

There are an awful lot of little sequences in the movies which, all unknown to Hollywood, drive the boys to drink. (Tuba or Aggie, of course.) There's the returned serviceman who always wants to do the dishes for the little woman. And the weary swing-shifter who keeps up their sagging morale by holding deluxe Junior Proms in huge ballrooms with name bands on revolving stages to bolster them up with jive. There are Marines who go to USO dances in dress blues. There are many little touches like these that do not quite come off out here.

But anyway, what I started out to say in the beginning, was that I have yet to see a movie bad enough to make an audience fold up the camp stools and leave the area. However, if Mr. Goldwyn or somebody could wrap up all the sequences I've just listed in one big super-package of entertainment, he would absolutely turn the trick. I mean that among his potential audiences, he could very definitely include us out.

END

GALE ROBBINS

Our pin-up choice for this month is the lovely Hollywood star, Miss Gale Robbins. How do you like her?



WE THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Henry Felsen



Mail — prized by Marines in battle — was landed on Iwo Jima ten days after D Day. Here Sgt. B. D. Bryant of Spartanburg, Pa., prepares post office while Corp. K. E. Hales of Pasco, Wash., watches

Whistle Stop

There are probably some spots on this globe, muses SSgt. J. B. T. Campbell Jr., USMC combat correspondent, where whistling is considered a social accomplishment, but that spot was not the Iwo beachhead. There, where whistling has been done mainly by Jap shells, a little tableau illustrated the prevailing opinion about puckering up and making with a shrill noise.

A Marine whistled to gain the attention of his buddy. Two other Marines standing nearby hit the deck. One of them bounced back to his feet, stepped over to the whistler, and launched a size 11 boondock shoe at the seat of the whistler's utility trousers.



"You have invented very powerful weapon, Matsumi, but I feel you should give a little more thought to the recoil"

We Saw Them Go

(This story, author unknown, first appeared in a newspaper published by a Seabee battalion at an advanced Pacific base.)

The day was beautiful, but hot for marching. The men who swung into view around a bend of the road were sweating and begrimed. It was evident they had walked far and were tired.

A jeep preceded the column. We caught a glimpse of officers — old young men who, without sweating, had the same look of weariness as the men on foot.

We thought they were a Marine patrol on maneuvers, but they continued to appear . . . 50, 100, 500, 1000. Alike and yet not alike.

We noticed their equipment. This was no patrol. Every man carried a full pack and wore a camouflage suit. His rifle was strapped to his pack.

A troop movement.

We stood silently at first. A friendly hand wave, a smile, a "Hi, Seabee," broke the ice.

"What outfit, mate?" someone asked.

"The ——th Marines."

"What's cookin'?"

"We're shoving off."

"Where y' goin'?"

"We don't know."

"A tough one?"

"You ain't kidding."

Still it was impersonal. Just men marching by.

Again we studied their equipment. It was the same as ours. But there was a subtle difference. Theirs looked used. There were mudstains, patched tears. Rifle stocks were dark with oil, scarred and bruised.

Every man carried a sheath knife. Here there was a note of individuality. They were all kinds and all sizes. All looked big and ugly.

The line ahead stopped. The halt ran back like a ripple and suddenly the military machine became a crowd of individuals. With their packs laid down and their helmets off, they were just a lot of good-natured kids.

"Where can we get a drink, buddy?"

"Hell, my cigarettes are all sweatied up."

"Thanks, buddy."

Our mess cooks opened up. No order was given, but tubs of ice water appeared, a line of Marines formed and filed through the galley. Every scrap of pie and cake in the kitchen appeared and disappeared in a twinkling.

The Marines were grateful. They seemed to think we ought to be thanked! We, who merely gave them a drink and a bite as they marched off to battle.

They were impressed with our camp and said so. It made us a little ashamed of our comfortable surroundings. We couldn't thank them for what they were doing. But it was in our hearts.

"Let's go!" an officer sang out.

The line formed and became a machine again. This time it was a machine we knew. It still moved inexorably forward but for a few moments at least we recognized a face here and there. There's a fellow whose canteen we filled. There's the tow-headed kid who told us how he wished he could get home. There goes the beanpole lad who said he was hungry. He's still eating the cake we brought him.

We went back to our area and stood on a knoll overlooking the valley, where the road winds down to the shore.

An army of men moved in a column of two's, like a huge thousand-legged worm. Five miles away we could see the head of the column as tiny dots on the ridge while rear units still streamed through camp.

At sea, outside the harbor, transports and LSTs circled with their destroyer screen. Overhead a great formation of planes swept by. . . . The vast invasion armada strained for release.

It was impressive. We were awed by the might of our nation's forces.

But somehow we kept thinking of the tow-headed kid who wanted to go home. We wish we could know he will get there.

(The island objective was Iwo Jima.)

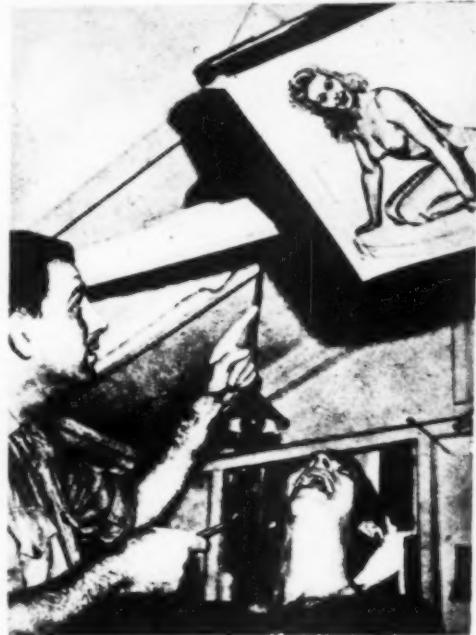
Dental Dalliance

A Marine veteran of Guadalcanal, Saipan, Tarawa and Tinian, who had been blown off an LST and wounded on Tinian, jumped out of a dentist's chair one day before he was touched.

"Send me back to the front lines," he cried, "but please leave my teeth alone."

That was typical of combat men who faced the enemy without flinching, but who quaked when they sat down in the chair for Lt. Irving Bonime to start work on their teeth.

Then, Lt. Bonime, who has a kindly nature, was struck by what has proven to be a brilliant thought. He had an appealing picture of a beautiful young woman drawn, and hung it over the chair. Now, Marine patients open their mouths without being told, and seem oblivious to pain. In fact, Lt. Bonime is now plagued with Marines who come around and want their teeth pulled when there is nothing wrong with them.



LT. BONIME'S ANESTHETIC
Marines feel no pain here

Incident

In the darkness, writes SSgt. Alvin M. Josephy USMC combat correspondent, the Marines couldn't see the enemy pillbox. They were tired and they went to sleep in a shell crater.

At dawn, a Jap came quietly out of the pillbox, his long bayonet thrust ahead of him. He moved slowly toward the sleeping Marines. Something caused one of the men to stir. He opened his eyes and saw the Jap standing over him, ready to lunge.

The Marine grabbed at the shiny steel, his hand closing over the blade. In an instant the other man was awake. Reacting instinctively to battle training, he grabbed his rifle and fired. The Jap toppled over on them.

The Japs in the pillbox saw what happened. A second Jap rushed out, throwing a grenade at them and dashing past, to be shot down by other Marines. The grenade exploded in the foxhole, filling the legs of the two Marines with fragments. Other Marines demolished the pillbox. As corpsmen carried the two wounded Marines away, the one still clutched the bayonet that had almost killed them both.



"Why is it you guys are always asking why I didn't join the army?"

Hair Raiser

For three days, 2nd Lt. James Kelleher of Lawrence, Mass., a tactical air observer was pinned down in a foxhole, "wishing" mortar and artillery shells away from his position.

During a lull, says 2nd Lt. Richard T. Wright, a PRO, Lt. Kelleher turned to an infantry man and remarked, "My hair is extremely tired today."

"How so?" the infantry man asked.

"It's been standing up for the past three days," Lt. Kelleher replied — and he meant it.



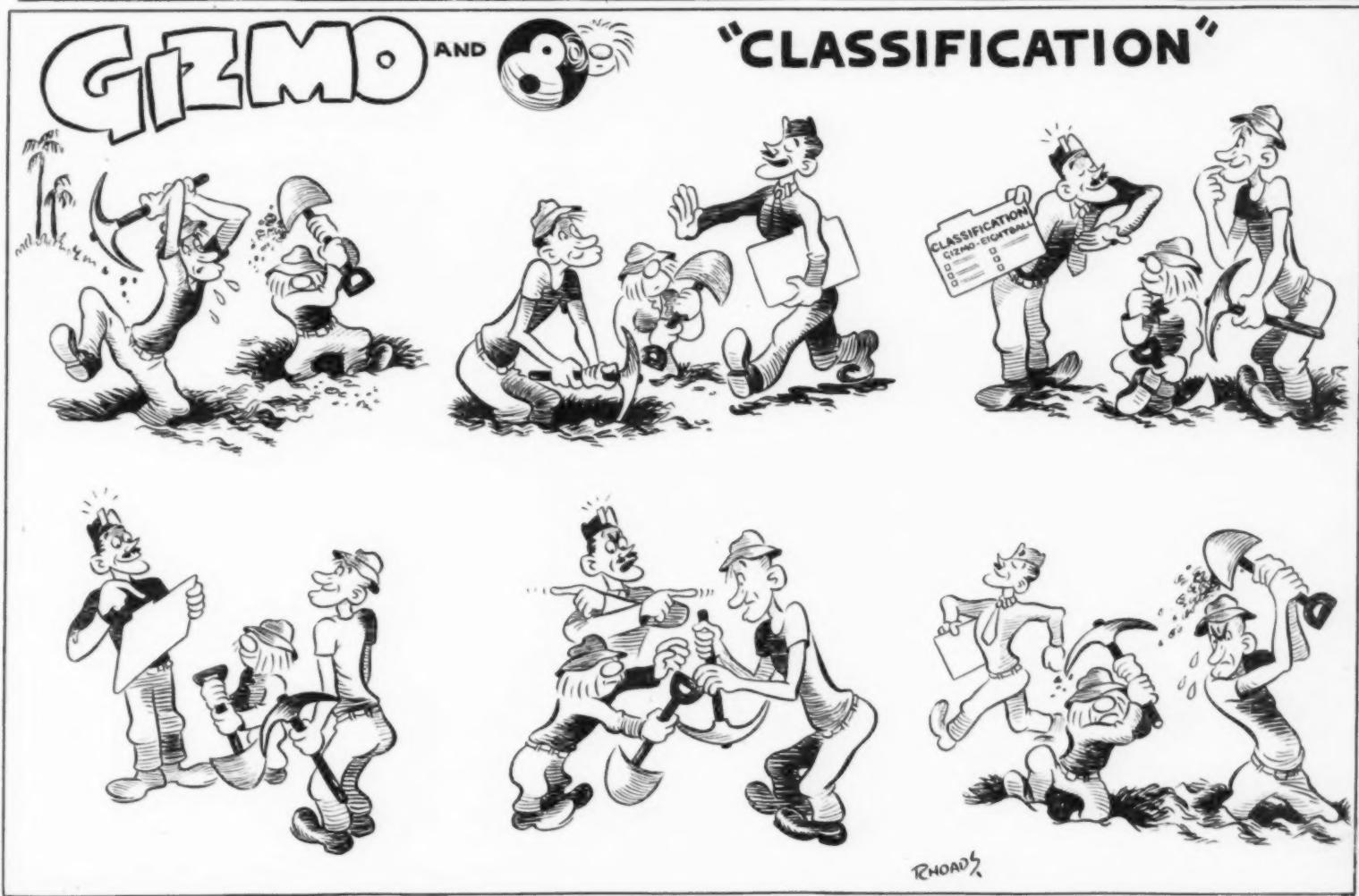
FOUR FIGHTING MEN — THEY WORKED TO SAVE LIVES

Rescuers

During the short withdrawal to establish the lines on a ridge for the night, these four Marines dropped their weapons to go to the rescue of wounded buddies. They are, left to right, Sgt. Robert Blondell of Detroit, Mich., PFC Jack Ketter of Danville, Ind., Corp. Laverne Lindstrom of Joliet, Ill., and Corp. Arnold Meadows, of Charleston, W. Va. Another Marine, PFC Peter May of Boston, Mass., was with them, and wounded while helping.

After rescuing one wounded man, Lindstrom and Meadows found and carried out a Marine who had been in a concealed place, his eyes bandaged, since the day before. His position had been in advance of the Marine lines and no one knew he was there until he was seen trying blindly to get back by himself. Ketter, Meadows and an unidentified sergeant rescued still another wounded Marine under heavy Jap fire. Blondell, a machine gunner, covered the others in their efforts.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)



Seats were free as PFC Natalie Slack (left), of Frenchtown, N. J., and Corp. Dean L. Stidham of Huntington, W. Va., teed off in a match of fisticuffs. Bout was staged on a transport in Pacific

Hide-and-Seek

One reason for the slow progress made on Iwo is given in a story from Sgt. Dick Dashiell, USMC combat correspondent.

For days, he writes, a big Jap artillery piece had made the northern end of Motoyama airstrip No. 1 an area of death. Marine field pieces were called up to deal with the Jap gun, but it could not be located.

Then a Marine focused his field glasses on a certain spot of the wooded area from which the fire had come, just as two huge camouflaged steel doors opened and a gun poked out its snout and fired.

At that point 14 Marine 105 mm guns sighted on the doors and waited. In 20 minutes the doors slid open again, but before the gun could fire, the 14 Marine pieces were in action and the position was blown to pieces. One more point had been taken care of.

Yankee Infield

Pvt. Vincenzo G. Crispino of Long Island City, N. Y., thinks he and a buddy could qualify for the Yankee infield any day, writes SSGt. David Dempsey, a USMC combat correspondent. The only trouble is, they would have to include a certain anonymous Jap soldier whose services no longer are available.

As Crispino and his buddy were moving up, the Jap dashed for a foxhole. Crispino let fly with a grenade. The Jap snagged the gronder and whipped it into another hole where the other Marine was crouching. The Marine scooped it up and got rid of it.

Three times Crispino pitched a fast one to the Jap, who fired it back at the other Marine. On the fourth throw, Crispino waited a few seconds before lobbing one in. The Jap is credited with an error at second.

Dishes One Out

The Iwo operation was nearing the middle of its third week when a bleary-eyed, dirty and bewhiskered ambulance driver stopped his vehicle near one of the Third Division artillery emplacements.

The driver walked up to the gunner and asked, "Where's the trigger that shoots this cannon?" The gunner pointed to the lanyard.

"If it's okay with you guys," the driver said, "I'd like to pull it the next time you fire. The Japs have been shooting at me for two weeks now, and I'd like to give them something in return."

The gun crew nodded in approval, says USMC combat correspondent Bill Ross, and the driver grasped the lanyard in both hands. At the signal to fire he gave a mighty pull. Then, having given the Japs "something in return" he turned away without a word and went back to his ambulance and drove off.

The Unbeatable Engineers

To Company C of the Fifth Engineer Battalion, writes Sgt. Henry A. Weaver III, USMC combat correspondent, goes a major "assist" in the seizure of Mt. Suribachi.

Credited with killing 600 Japs, three times their own number, the engineers, under 1st Lt. Kenneth L. Caskey of Weatherford, Tex., moved in front of the infantry smashing pillboxes, blockhouses, mine fields, tank traps and emplacements.

With explosives lashed to their backs and dangling from their belts, the engineers knocked out more than 165 concrete pillboxes and blockhouses. They blasted 15 strong bunkers and naval gun positions and dug up or exploded about 1000 mines and booby traps. They filled in 200 caves with bulldozers, trapping more than 100 Japs in one cave alone. Some of the caves were three stories high and blocked by heavy reinforced steel doors.

In addition they evacuated hundreds of wounded Marines, buried more than 200 Japs, built more than 1500 yards of roads and tank paths around the crater, saved six trapped tanks in one day, built retreat roads for the tanks with broken ammunition cases, strung barbed wire at night, kept illuminating flares soaring over the enemy, and patterned protective mine fields about Marine positions.

All this was done by a force of less than 200 men, working day and night under constant fire.

Reunion

It took a hot spot like Iwo to bring two brothers together after three and one-half years. They are, left to right, Sgt. Jacob W. Hoecht and PFC Ted Hoecht, of Buffalo, N. Y. Jacob, overseas for 26 months, landed with the Third Division. Ted, with 27 months of overseas service, came ashore with the Fifth Amphibious Corps.



JACOB AND TED HOECHT
It's good to see you, brother



Marine pilots Lt. Byron W. Mayo of Portland, Ore., and Lt. William H. May of Meridian, Miss., take time out between flights from Iwo's Motoyama airfield No. One to play a "quick" game of chess

DEEP SIX

Iwo Japs rate the effectiveness of our weapons in the following order: Naval gunfire, artillery, mortars, and a toss-up between aerial bombardment and rockets. The reason the Marine and his rifle don't appear in this tabulation, we assume, is that they leave no survivors alive enough to fill out questionnaires. . . . Says Marine Major W. G. Shoop of Freeport, Pa., "You must credit the leadership, initiative, and resourcefulness of the non-commissioned officers of the Marine Corps for the final success of this (Iwo) operation." . . . A Jap officer charged a tank with his sword and hacked away at it like a blacksmith at his anvil. Crewmen didn't dare expose themselves to sniper fire and get rid of him. Another tank dusted off the swordsman. . . . Among Iwo names, "The Million-Dollar Pimple," referring to the cost of ships, shells and supplies used in taking it. . . . Leonard Lyons, the New York columnist, tells about the Marine who walked into the dining room of an exclusive New York hotel with his girl. When the head waiter approached, the Marine, who wore a First Division patch, confessed, "I haven't got a reservation." The head waiter ushered the Marine and his girl to a table. "You made your reservation before Guadalcanal," he said.

When do Japs quit fighting? One dashed out of a pillbox just sprayed by a flame-thrower, his flesh and clothing one great flame. In each hand he held a grenade, and managed to throw both before he died. . . . A water-soaked Marine walked into his office and said, disgustedly, "I just lost the 'Battle of the Marianas.'" He'd fallen off a gangplank while carrying the motion picture of that name and it was on the bottom. . . . Jap "super-snipers" at Iwo carried knee mortars and grenades in addition to rifles. . . . Irene Dunne, the actress, is the good luck charm of the Third Division. Before both Bougainville and Guam, a movie of hers was the last to be shown. When, on the eve of Iwo, it was announced the movie for the night was "Together Again," starring Miss Dunne, the boys jammed in to see it. . . . Camp Pendleton has the first WR fife, drum and bugle corps. . . . Major General Julian C. Smith has been appointed Companion of the Distinguished Service

Order of Great Britain. . . . The first street named on Iwo Jima was "Maui Boulevard" honoring the Hawaiian island of Maui.

About 50 Japs broke into the front lines of Fourth Marine Division infantry one morning, and one yelled in English, "Why don't you guys give up. We'll let you surrender." . . . Four brothers from Shreveport, La., were in at Iwo. They are Marine Sgts. Russel L., William G., and Vincent L. Cooksey, and navy brother, Homer V., who was a seaman aboard a control boat. Close behind them were the three Crawford brothers, from Peoria, Ill. They were Corp. Rogers L., and PFC Orvall C., Marines, and navy Gunner's Mate 3/c Lee W. A. Fourth Crawford brother is with the navy in the Atlantic. . . . 2nd Lt. Howard B. Hosmer of Rockville Center, N. Y., had a purpose in running through the mortar fire, and it wasn't all self-preservation. He was after a chicken that he finally caught and started fattening up for a feast the day the island was declared secured. . . . First pilot to land on the Iwo strip was 1st Lt. Harvey Olsen, Marine observation pilot from Seattle, Wash., who put his tiny plane down before artillery fighting for the strip had ceased firing. . . . First US traffic cop on "that island" was Corp. Elza F. Haynes, of Seattle, Wash.

Veterans of the Fourth Division had a song title to fit each type of shell that passed overhead. First, and most obvious, "It's Mortar, He Says." Nightly air raids and ack ack called for "Mighty Flak A Rose," and the sound of our own artillery shells whooshing over brought on "Going My Way." . . . And the fighting didn't prevent Marines from mailing 20,000 letters a day to the folks back home. . . . In 29 months overseas, Corp. George C. Hieronymus of Hamilton, Mont., has won three Presidential Unit citations at Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and Saipan-Tinian. Marine flame-throwers were moving up cave by cave. Knowing they were next, 150 Japs stormed out of their cave in a perfectly executed rush to avoid the attack. It was perfect except for one flaw — two companies of Marines with rifles, BARs and such tools were waiting for them to appear at the exact place they did.

There was a saying, after the first few bloody days at Iwo that went, "Stick around the hospital, and you'll meet everyone you ever knew." . . . And a lieutenant colonel back from the front lines commented, "If the Germans had fought like these Japs, they'd still be in North Africa." . . . Marine Capt. Robert C. Carney, Jr., of Washington, D.C., got a letter at Iwo from his father, Admiral Robert B. Carney, telling about the excellent shooting he had enjoyed while vacationing in Georgia. Commented Capt. Carney, "The shooting's



"Is it still raining out, you guys?"

been pretty good around here, too." . . . PFC Robert B. Ritterskamp of Indianapolis, Ind., considers himself an authority on how tough the Japs are. He shot one eight times and bayoneted him twice before the Jap died in the act of throwing a grenade. . . . 2nd Lt. Richard E. Gilmore of Santa Barbara, Cal., isn't embarrassed because he sprinted for a foxhole during a shelling. It was what happened as he legged for safety. "Enroute to a foxhole," he says, "somebody passed me like a streak and won out by several lengths. Now that wasn't particularly unusual — except that this fellow had his leg in a cast and was on crutches."

And to show that nobody likes them, the first tank disabled on Iwo was "EARBANGER." . . . Mt. Suribachi was defended by 108 pillboxes, 40 machine guns, 25 anti-aircraft guns, 22 covered artillery emplacements, 14 blockhouses, 12 light mortars, six dual purpose guns, and a scattered assortment of other heavy and medium pieces. And that was only a tiny part of the island defense.

TURN PAGE

HASHMARK



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Happy Hour

For about an hour of the night of 18 March, Iwo Jima was one of the happiest spots on earth, writes Sgt. Frank Devine, USMC combat correspondent. Machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, carbines, rifles and pistols roared the local jubilation. The war in Europe, they just had heard, was over. Germany had surrendered unconditionally.

Then came the truth.

An army walkie-talkie operator, bored in a solitary foxhole, decided to play radio announcer with his buddy in another foxhole. Close by, inside a truck, another operator was typing military messages from San Francisco. Somehow the frequencies became tangled, and from the official set inside the truck came the message: "Germany has surrendered unconditionally."

The operator spread the news, and in 10 minutes the word was at all stations and ships. The foxhole lad, worried about the commotion, reported the mistake to his CO, in a classic in understatement, beginning, "Sir, I think I've done something wrong . . ."

Parents Free

Sgt. William Ross USMC combat correspondent, interviewed PFC Charles C. Morgan, Jr., of Macon, Ga., on Iwo Jima. Morgan's father and mother, Major and Mrs. Charles C. Morgan, the former an army doctor, were prisoners of the Japanese in Manila and were released recently and returned to the States.

PFC Morgan joined the Corps after finishing high school in the hope he would play a part in liberating his parents. He is an artilleryman.



ROSS QUESTIONS MORGAN
He joined to help free parents

Don't Do It, Darling

From SSgt. Gerard D. Gordon, USMC combat correspondent, we pass on to wives and prospective brides of Marines overseas a small list of important "don'ts" for the time when shooting the breeze has replaced shooting the Japanese.

Don't suggest taking a trip to the seashore. He's been looking at nothing but sand and seawater for two years or longer.

Don't say anything about going on a picnic. He's been living in tents, brushing away flies, insects and other vermin for most of his tour of duty.

Don't suggest going to a picture show — for a while at least. Movies being the only form of recreation he's known, he's seen many two or three times.

Don't scramble his eggs. That's the way all dried eggs are cooked.

Don't serve luncheon meats.

Don't throw cold water on any of his plans, such as making a swing of the hot spots or of spending six months in a cabin in the mountains. He's been planning such things for a long time.

Kindness Repaid

When Pvt. Harry Fein of Chicago, Ill., fell ill with dengue fever on Guam, he found some good Samaritans in Francisco Cruz, a native Guamanian, and his four sisters, Maria, Joan, Jean and Jane. They took Fein into their simple home and helped him recover by feeding him from their meager supply of fresh eggs and meat.

When Fein went to a rear base, reports USMC combat correspondent Herman Kogan, he wrote to the dress company where he had worked before enlisting, told the owner what had happened, and asked for a dozen dresses for the girls. When they arrived — evening dresses, afternoon dresses and sportswear, Fein said, "They hadn't had any decent clothes since the Japs took over. They've had a tough time of it and I know what new dresses mean to girls, whether they live on Hamlin Avenue or on Guam. If it makes them happy, I'll feel I've partly repaid them for their kindness."

Sleepy Time Demolition

Sgt. Malon H. Shreve of Washington, D. C., led a squad of his engineers to the front lines at dawn, where they had an assignment to blow up several Jap caves.

An infantry officer holding that section of the line, reports Sgt. Jack Vincent, a USMC combat correspondent, offered to shell the area before the engineers moved out.

"Oh no you don't," Shreve said hastily. "I don't want you to wake those monkeys up."

Salvage

SSgt. Lloyd E. (Gypsy) Diltz of Fallbrook, Cal., was kept busy on Iwo's beach sorting salvaged equipment. Throughout the battered island, salvage crews picked up gear dropped by Marines who have been hit or were otherwise forced to abandon it. The salvage was brought to the beach where the quartermaster's salvage and reclamation crews prepared it for shipment and re-issue.



AFTER THE BATTLE
Gear for another time and place

Woof Woof

Corp. F. X. "Red" O'Donnell of Nashville, Tenn., and former sports editor of the Parris Island Boot, remembers this corner of THE LEATHERNECK and sends along a little Pacific bit.

"A platoon of Marines," Red says, "was en route to a transient camp in a duck. On the way they stopped by a soldiers' camp. Some of the Gyrenes started making noises that sounded like canine barks. The soldiers absorbed the 'ridicule' for a minute and then a clean-shaven, well-dressed T-4 countered with, 'You guys ought to bark. You live like dogs.'"

Boom Broom

An officer in a Marine torpedo bomber outfit, fresh from the States, was trying to sleep one night when disturbed by a Jap prowler foraging for food.

Infuriated at being aroused the officer leaped from his cot, seized the nearest weapon, which happened to be a broom, and charged through the door, mosquito netting draped around his head. "Get out of here, you blankety-blank-blank!" the officer bellowed, swinging his broom at the straggler. The Jap, says TSgt. Chester D. Palmer, Jr., a USMC combat correspondent, took one look at the attacking apparition and made tracks.

Expensive Chick

Seabee Michael L. Koeber of Cleveland, O., still is trying to figure out whether a good tender chicken dinner is worth \$30, even in the Marianas.

Koeber, a butcher, proclaimed that it was impossible to produce a tender chicken unless the Navy issue fowl was first parboiled. He chose one ancient specimen and wagered the \$30 that it couldn't be cooked so that human teeth could more than dent it.

The cooks covered his bet, and a few hours later Koeber sat down to a chicken dinner that he admitted was tender. He paid.

The cooks didn't parboil the chicken — in the regular fashion. But before roasting the bird they hung it up by one leg and sprayed it with live steam for 40 minutes.

Keep Off

Marines, we hear from TSgt. Nolle T. Roberts, USMC combat correspondent, were forbidden to trespass on Iwo's second airfield by written orders from the Japanese Ministry of the Navy.

A neat three-by-four white-painted sign, lettered in both Japanese and English read:

"NOTICE: Trespassing, surveying, photographing, sketching, modelling, etc., upon or of these premises without previous official permission are prohibited by the Military Secrets Protective Law. An offender in this regard will be punished — law."

The word just before "law" had been shot away.



The latest in "sitzkrieg" fighting is ably demonstrated by Sgt. Rinaldo Martini of Ft. Myers, Fla., as he draws an expressive bead on what is now an ex-Iwo Jima Jap during a cave-to-cave battle



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POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES

Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 8

Weather Personnel of Air Forces Can Expect Peacetime Employment

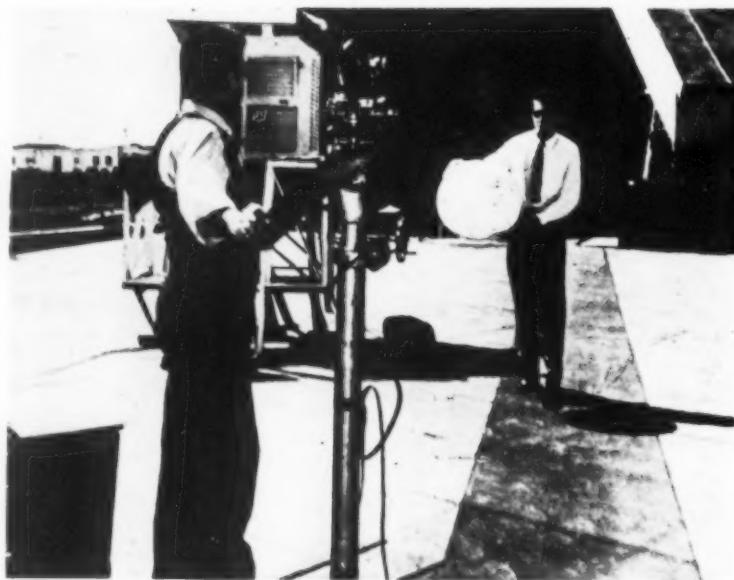
Globular expansion of air travel has brought an increased need for weather stations and reports throughout the world. This need, together with commercial demands, may be expected to utilize the war-trained skill of many service observers, aerographers, forecasters, et al.

WEATHER BUREAU

Most obvious opportunity for post-war job hunters is in the Weather Bureau. Most stations established during the war may be expected to continue in operation after victory to provide essential postwar service.

Positions with the Weather Bureau fall into two major categories. One, the professional branch, calls for a college degree in meteorology. The other, or sub-professional, consists of taking weather observations, making and editing weather maps, putting weather information on the teletype circuits, etc. Their duties correspond to those performed in the service by Navy aerographers and Army observers.

A job as sub-professional with the Weather Bureau calls for a high school education, including courses in mathematics and physics. But it has been pointed out that servicemen who are qualified for the work and have had meteorological experience in the military undoubtedly will stand a good chance of employment although they may lack some of the formal educational requirements.



Weather Bureau officials preparing to make pilot balloon observation. A Civil Service activity, the Weather Bureau will offer employment to many.

POSTWAR EXPANSION

The scope of operations of the Weather Bureau after the war will depend to a large extent on the expansion of commercial air travel. Although the airlines maintain their own advisory meteorological staffs, they are still dependent on government observations for all basic data.

WHAT'S IN IT

For men interested in meteorology, the Weather Bureau offers steady employment with Civil Service annuity rights. In Civil Service examinations

for government positions, honorably discharged veterans receive a bonus preference of five points. An added incentive for some will be the fact that men may have their families with them on all but a very few of the most remote stations.

OTHER CHANCES

Returning weather personnel may find still another field of employment, according to some officials. Large utility and power companies are already employing meteorologists, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that insurance concerns and like organizations

to whom the weather is of financial concern will enter the picture.

For example, storms cut down on daylight and when they spring up suddenly the extra drain on electrical equipment often causes power losses. Accurate forecasting will save money by enabling concerns to anticipate abnormal usage. Water companies are interested in forecasting rain and snow fall which directly affect the amount of water available to them. Storm damage to equipment often occurs which might be averted with proper warning. While the government provides as much information as possible to such commercial operation, the post-war demand is expected to exceed the supply.

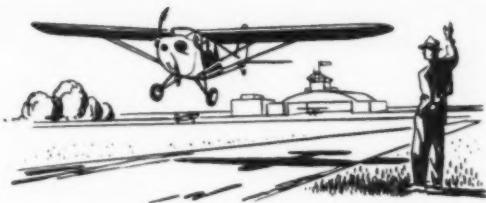
The job potential with airlines is rather small. There will be expansion after the war but personnel interested in hooking up with the airlines should expect to find employment somewhat limited.

The eighth in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcome, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address—Aviation Dept., Union Oil Company, Room 700C, 617 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles 14, California.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT
UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA



Fighter Pilots Plan their Post-war Careers



EMPLOYERS in post-war civilian aviation will find no problem in placement of returning Marine fighter pilots. Results of an informal poll of 100 of the Fourth Marine Air Wing fliers indicate that the majority have no intention of remaining in the aviation field when the war ends.

A total of 71 do not plan careers in aviation. Staying in are 16, of whom seven plan to remain in Marine Corps aviation. The latter seven are captains and majors in responsible positions—already military aviation career men. Thirteen of the hundred chose to be "undecided," but they show a definite preference for aviation, civilian or military, "if there is a chance for a good future . . . though not necessarily as a pilot."

Strictly unofficial, the poll was tabulated during casual conversation with Marine Corsair pilots ranging in age from 21 to 28 and from the rank of second lieutenant to major. Twenty of the fliers are married; 80 are single.

From squadrons with a total of 84 Jap planes shot down, most of them are veterans of combat over Rabaul, Kavieng, Bougainville and Munda with the First and Second Marine Air Wings in the South Pacific, and in the central Pacific with the Fourth Marine Air Wing. Each pilot has an average of about 50 combat missions.

Of the 71 leaving aviation, 45 have no jobs to return to, although 18 of these are determined to continue their interrupted educations. Of the 45 jobless, most of whom have college degrees, 27 have nothing particular in mind, but are confident they will find good jobs outside of aviation after the war.

Pilots with jobs awaiting them number 26. Some are married, and a few have children born since they have been overseas. Others with jobs usually plan to marry "the girl" and settle down as soon as they return.

One farmer-flier from Indiana will return to the farm, but he admits:

"There'll be a few acres cleared so I can land my light plane near the house."

Another, a 28-year-old they call "Dad," is going back to complete his schooling for a degree in engineering, and return to his original choice of vocation.

A MAJOR with nine planes on his tally has been a highly successful commanding officer . . . he knows there can be no better choice than to continue his career in military aviation.

A 21-year-old-pilot, just after having shot down his first Jap plane, remarked: "The only thing we've flown since training has been the fast fighter. I don't suppose there'll be any room in commercial aviation for the man who is strictly a fighter pilot."

But the majority opinion seemed to be this:

"Most of us have had enough hours in the air to last a long time. But don't get me wrong—we like flying, can't help it, but I think most of us plan to make it a sideline after the war. A man who loves flying, and has been trained as we have, isn't going to stop. It won't be as easy as that. But, if we have the time and money, we'll probably make a fine bunch of 'amateur' Sunday afternoon light plane pilots."

And these hundred are the men of whom one incautious writer penned:

"Fighter pilots today are just those kids we knew as the scatter-brained reckless drivers, the jitterbugs . . . boys without a serious thought in their heads."

But they have aged beyond their years. And that is no drawback. Technical training demanded a high degree of versatility and teamwork. It has made them into an unusual youth group who should be easy to employ in any progressive American business. They are young, not too serious, but they know the meaning of discipline, and have had to take a few knocks and disappointments in stride. They won't be "unemployables."

No one needs to worry about the returning Marine fighter pilot after the war. He'll take care of himself—and very well.

TSgt. CHESTER D. PALMER, JR.
USMC Combat Correspondent

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Club For the Air-Minded



TWO hundred veterans of the First Marine Division now serving somewhere in the Pacific as ground fighting men are making plans to participate in post-war aviation as soon as they swap their uniforms for civilian togs.

Utilizing most of their "spare time," meeting voluntarily two nights each week and taught by a few of their number who have had aviation experience prior to entering the Marine Corps, the group represents a cross-section of the United States.

Almost every state in the union is represented. Former welders, tobacco salesmen, farmers, mechanics, raw youngsters fresh from high school and college, plumbers and telephone workers, compose the group.

Their aviation ambitions are just as varied. Most are interested in flying for pleasure. Others hope to use aviation (light planes) for transportation in connection with their business.

A few of the group — those with previous flying experience — hope to enter commercial aviation. All are excluded from Marine aviation for various reasons, the usual one being that their experience and capabilities make them more valuable in their present assignments.

The club was organized by Marine PFC Joseph Gillis, Jr., 22 years old. Gillis was with the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1941, and with the US Army Air Force as a pilot in 1942. He entered the Marine Corps on December 10, 1943, and was assigned as an amphibious tractor operator.

The club's instruction program, as planned by Gillis, is based upon the following ambitions:

1. To stimulate interest in post-war aviation.
2. To help those who plan to participate in post-war aviation.
3. To organize licensed pilots and mechanics, expand their knowledge, maintain their "touch" with current events in aviation.

In the opening session, Gillis was blunt, admitting the program's restrictions and pointing out that the club "cannot actually teach you to fly — but it can pave the way."

The instruction subjects are as follows:

1. New air rules and regulations.
2. Navigation and meteorology.
3. Plane structure and theory of flight.
4. Mechanics and maintenance.

Instructors are obtained from the ranks of enlisted men who have had previous experience in those subjects.

Interest shown in the first Marine Division program despite the handicaps that obviously exist leads Gillis to believe that other divisions may follow along the same lines and conduct similar programs.

"The Civil Aeronautics Authority has offered to provide us with necessary supplies," Gillis told the club. "If this class goes as well as it is planned, the American Red Cross, which is sponsoring the club and providing a meeting-place, will attempt to organize other such organizations."

"If so many men with so little in common — other than a desire for aviation knowledge — can give up so much of their precious time, then post-war aviation certainly can expect new blood after Tokyo and Berlin," Gillis summarized.

CORP. JIM GALLOWAY
USMC Combat Photographer



"What the Hell you knocking for, stupid?"



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The Morale Building GOAT

THE outfit hadn't been on the rock 48 hours before Sergeant O'Brien realized that the morale of PFC Elmer Brown, his 40-millimeter gunner, was not what it should have been. The man had quit talking about being rotated to the States, he ate "K" ration without complaint, and didn't curse the heavy tropical rains which nightly flooded every foxhole.

The sergeant wouldn't have worried about some men at such a time, but Brown was a homely, lanky farm lad who was usually the soul of good cheer, and one of the hardest working men on the gun crew, although the sergeant thought him a bit on the dumb side at times. Too, O'Brien liked to think of himself as a combined big brother and father confessor to his men, who was always on the alert to pump up a case of deflated morale.

"What's eating you, Brown?" he asked. "You been walking around on your knees ever since we hit this rock. You got troubles at home? Your grandmother sick, or did your girl marry a 4-F?"

Brown shook his head sadly. "I guess I'm just homesick, sergeant. It just comes over me sometimes. I miss the goats."

"Goats," gulped the sergeant. He was from New York City, and goats were the last thing in the world he would ever associate with the word "Home."

PFC Brown tried to explain. He had been raised on a goat dairy farm in Illinois. After the war he wanted to own a goat dairy himself. "I just get lonely for the goats," he said. "I guess I understand goats, and they understand me. Here, look at this." He pulled out his wallet, and handed a picture to the sergeant. It was of a white, bearded goat, its legs braced and head held high. "That's Marigold," he said. "She took first prize at the State Four-H show."

The sergeant scratched his head. "Jeez, what you don't run into," he told himself. He had heard heart-rending tales of broken homes, of girls who up and married army fly-fies, but this was a new problem. His own experience with goats had been limited to an occasional glimpse of some in the Bronx Zoo, and his opinion of the animals could be succinctly put in two words—"They stink."

The sergeant had his hands too full to give much consideration to the problem of a man wasting away with nostalgia for a goat. The infantry slowly was pushing back the Nips on the rock, and the AA guns were being moved about as the situation demanded. At night there was the bothersome problem of visits from Hirohito's air force. Finally Sergeant O'Brien's gun was ordered set up at the southern tip of the island, and the men were busy filling sandbags, building emplacements, and bringing gear ashore.

In due course of time it was announced to the world that the island had been secured. Newspapers all over the United Nations printed that fact on their front pages, and commentators proclaimed it over the air in a dozen languages. People at home gave a sigh of relief, and turned their eyes to other fronts.

Unfortunately, the surviving Nips on the island didn't get the word that their particular part of the war was over. They persisted in popping out of caves, battle debris, and from behind trees to snipe or toss grenades. Almost every night one or more of the Sons of Heaven tried to get close enough to the 40-millimeter gun to blow it and its crew sky high.

Things being in such a state, it was not remarkable that PFC Brown was a bit excited when, one morning just at dawn, he was

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awakened by the sound of something moving inside of the shelter tent covered shell hole in which he lay. He realized instantly that it could not be his tent mate, for he had relieved Brown on the gun watch. He made a wild grab for his knife and carbine; found himself staring into the dignified and bearded face of a goat.

Perhaps it was chance that led the goat to PFC Brown, or perhaps, as he later claimed, the animal knew instinctively that there was a lover of goats in the vicinity. However it so happened, Brown, after his initial surprise, gave a yell of sheer happiness.

He was a new man that morning. His eyes sparkled, his spine straightened and there was a spring in his walk. He talked to the animal, as he had to his goats back in Illinois, but this goat, having been born and raised amid the hissing of Nipponese, only raised one shaggy brow and looked puzzled. The Marine offered him half of his breakfast, "K" ration. The goat took one sniff of the tinned pork and egg whites, curled his upper lip, and gave forth with an emphatic snort of disgust. But Brown was not discouraged by these linguistic and gastronomic differences, and he and the goat soon reached a mutual basis of understanding.

Sergeant O'Brien's reaction to the goat was abrupt and vigorous. "Get that Jap goat out of here; it stinks," he yelled as soon as he saw the animal. In spite of his concern for the morale of one of his men, he could not bring himself to welcome this strange, bearded and fragrant animal into the midst of his gun crew.

Elmer protested at great length that the odor of a goat was surpassed in beauty only by a short snort of "Evening in Paris" worn by a blonde. The sergeant did not look as though he were impressed.

Brown, knowing the sergeant of old, tried another tack. "Goat milk," he said, "is very delicious, and full of vitamins and things."

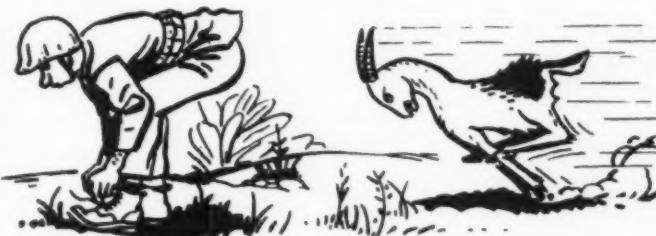
"Goat milk," the sergeant yelled, pointing to the obviously masculine animal, "from that?"

"There's probably a female around," Brown answered. "If we keep him, she'll soon show up. Then we can have goat milk. There will be kids, too, young and tender, which are very good barbecued."

The sergeant paused to consider. As he pondered over the matter, he saw long lines of boxes marked "K Ration," "C Ration," and "Dehydrated." It was a revolting picture.

But he would not beat too hasty a retreat. "That's a Jap goat," he said. "You don't know anything about Jap goats. Maybe they aren't like American ones."

"Goats are goats," replied Brown. "They're the same all over the world. Know one goat, and you know them all."



So the animal stayed at the gun, and as Brown had predicted, soon was joined by a slim nanny goat. No milk was immediately forthcoming, but Brown attributed its lack to the shock effect of naval gunfire, and assured the sergeant that it was only a matter of time before it would begin to flow in abundance. "She's nervous," he said. "Could you give milk if you'd been bombed for days, and then shelled with 16-inch guns?" The sergeant had no reply.

The PFC spent all his spare time working on the two animals, brushing and combing them until their coats were smooth and glossy, and finding for them the best food available under the circumstances. After lengthy and serious consideration he named the male goat "Zeke," and his mate, "Betty."

As Brown worked with the animals his homely face wore a look of content and bliss. He gripped about the chow until enamel chipped from his teeth, he cursed loudly at the rain, dust, heat, and life in general. He was, in short, a contented Marine.

Sergeant O'Brien was pleased to see the improvement in Brown's morale, and almost came to believe that he was himself responsible for the appearance of the goats. "Nobody can say that I don't take care of my men," he told himself. It was a case of killing two birds with one stone, too, for did not his gun now possess the only potential source of fresh milk on the island? The sergeant, in addition to being a morale builder, was a promoter and he had an idea that a canteen cup full of milk would be a great help in obtaining certain items such as plywood, screen wires and other niceties of life on an island. All in all he considered the goat an excellent idea. When the colonel came around to inspect the gun position he wrinkled his nose, de-

TURN PAGE



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GOAT (continued)

manded to know what was dead around the place. The sergeant replied that only that morning, some Seabees had been bulldozing nearby and had unearthed two dead Japs.

Life might have gone happily on its way, had it not been for the fact that Zeke had one very bad habit. For some reason buried deep inside his goat brain, the sight of a human posterior filled him with an ungovernable fury, and he forthwith proceeded to take off at high port and butt hell out of the object of his wrath.

PFC Brown, dreading what might happen if Zeke ever so treated the sergeant, whose temper was quick and violent, endeavored to keep a close watch on the animal. One day, in spite of all his precautions, it happened. Sergeant O'Brien bent down to tie his shoe, just as Zeke hove around the corner of the gun pit. The animal squared away, pawed the sand for a moment, and let the sergeant have it.

O'Brien spat mingled bits of coral and profanity as he arose. "Get that Jap goat out of here," he bellowed. "He's just like all Japs, *treacherous*. They probably trained him to go around butting Marines. Get him out of here on the double, and that other one with him."

Brown was indignant at these slurs upon the patriotism of his beloved goats, but a look at the purple face of the sergeant showed him the futility of argument. He caught Zeke and Betty, and led them away to the boondocks.



He could not, however, bring himself to turn the animals loose to forage for themselves. He remembered horrible stories of Japs in China who had cut steaks out of a cow while it was still alive, and shuddered when he thought that some wandering Nip might slash at Zeke or Betty and leave them wandering around minus a sirloin. So he led them just out of sight—and smell—of the gun, and tied them to coconut palms with long lines. "I'll come back this evening and take you for a walk," he promised as he scratched Zeke between the ears.

That evening, just before dusk, Sergeant O'Brien was returning to the gun position from a nearby beach where a ship was being unloaded. In each hand he carried a large can of pineapple. His carbine was slung across his back.

The path took a turn as it neared the gun. As the sergeant turned the corner, his mind clouded with visions of sweet pineapple juice, he found himself face to face with a Nip!

It was a toss up as to which of the two was the more surprised. They stared at each other for a long second, and the sergeant's startled eyes took in the fact that the Jap carried a long, curving samurai sword naked in his hand.

The sergeant recovered first, and with all his might heaved a can of pineapple. The Nip ducked, and he prepared to toss the second can.

There was no need for a second shot. As the Nip bent over to duck, there was a flash of white, and the Mikado's little man measured his length on the deck.

When the dust had settled, there was Zeke, calmly munching on the battered tin can, pineapple juice dripping from his whiskers. The Jap lay sprawled on the deck. His head had hit a rock, and he was out like a light. And surveying all was PFC Brown, holding in his hand a short length of line, frayed and broken at the end. The rest of the rope was around Zeke's neck.

The sergeant and the PFC stood facing each other in silence. Brown spoke first. "You see, Zeke isn't a Jap, either. He's as good a Marine as you are." The sergeant gulped. "Oh God," he thought, "if the outfit ever hears about this."

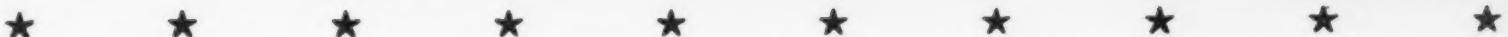
"Er, maybe I was a bit off the beam there. On second thought, I guess you can bring the goats back." He paused. "And Brown, er, I hope, that is, it wouldn't look so good if . . ."

"That's all right, sergeant," Brown said. "I won't say anything, and Zeke here can't speak English, anyway."

The sergeant put his arm around Elmer's shoulders. "You're a good man, Brown. I wouldn't be surprised if you made corporal soon. If there's anything I can do for you, just ask."

"Well," said Elmer, "I sure would like to have a Jap sword. It would go swell over the mantel at home, between the pictures of my prize goats." The sergeant sighed, picked up the sword from beside the unconscious Jap, and handed it to Elmer. This guy ain't so dumb, he reflected.

CAPT. FRANK SNEPP



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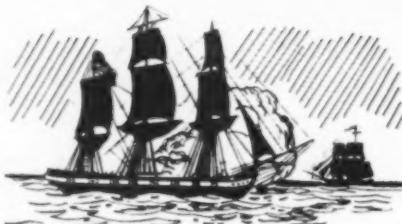
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Founders of Our Navy



ALTHOUGH there is no precise definition of the term "founder of a Navy," the many men who were conspicuously associated with the origins of our Navy might be regarded as its "founders."

The first naval forces under Continental pay and control were those established in the spring and summer of 1775 by Generals Arnold and Schuyler on Lake Champlain, and by General Washington near Boston. The Lake force saw no important service for nearly a year when under General Arnold it was defeated by a greatly superior British squadron, although the Americans had gained a vital strategic victory by delaying an invading British army.

The so-called "Washington's Fleet," however, was effectively employed at an early date. When General Washington took command of the army before Boston in July, 1775, the extreme shortage of powder and arms persuaded him to commission several vessels in advance of Congressional approval to prey on the sea communications of the British army in Boston, in the hope of capturing munitions. The first of these vessels was the Schooner *Hannah* which sailed on 5 September 1775, under Captain Nicholson Broughton and brought in a prize within two days. Commodore John Manly commanded the little fleet of seven vessels that during several subsequent months were very active off Boston and made other valuable prizes of British ships carrying munitions.

Meantime, under the leadership of John Adams, Congress resolved on 13 October 1775, that two Continental ships be fitted out. This was the legislative birth of the permanent Continental Navy. A Congressional Naval Committee was appointed, consisting of Silas Deane, John Langdon, Christopher Gadsden, Stephen Hopkins, Joseph Hewes, R. H. Lee, and John Adams. This committee laid the foundations of the Continental Navy. It directed the purchasing, outfitting, manning, and operations of the earlier ships, prepared the legislation organizing the new naval service, and drafted admirable rules and regulations to govern its conduct and internal administration. The latter was chiefly John Adams' work.



Esek Hopkins was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet and had general charge of its preparation at Philadelphia under the supervision of the Congressional Committee. The work of structural alterations needed to transform the purchased merchant ships into men-of-war was placed under the naval architect, Joshua Humphreys. The re-rigging and outfitting of the ships were under Captain John Barry. The matter of obtaining crews was given the special attention of the Commander-in-chief, Hopkins, who was necessarily so much occupied with the affairs of the fleet as a whole that the preparation of his flagship, the *Alfred*, fell largely to the lot of Lieutenant John Paul Jones, the second in command aboard.

The captain of each of the other ships attended to various wants of his own ship more particularly. These captains, in the order of rank, were Dudley Saltonstall, Nicholas Biddle, Abraham Whipple, John B. Hopkins, John Hazard, William Hallock, William Stone, and Howstet Hacker.

The first Continental Fleet put to sea under these officers in February, 1776. It proceeded to New Providence (Bahamas) and there landed and captured a large stock of munitions which was taken to New London, Connecticut, for the Army. Captain Barry was not in this fleet but remained in Philadelphia and soon was put in command of the *Lexington*

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THE MEN IN THE SERVICES

THE X-RAY



In 1895

"WE are sick of the Roentgen rays. Perhaps the best thing would be to corner all the equipment in the world and to whelm it into the middle of the ocean. Let the fish contemplate each other's bones if they like, but not us." That was the embittered statement of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1895.

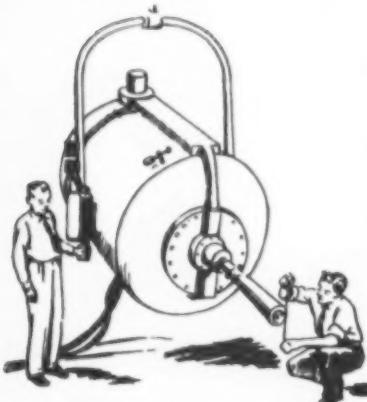
A gullible populace of the 19th century was afraid of the new "wonder rays" discovered by Roentgen, rays that could "see through almost anything." Laws were even being passed in one American state forbidding the use of X rays in opera glasses.

But others realized the real significance of the Wurzburg scientist's discovery. When a reporter asked him what he thought the new ray was the first time he saw it, he said, "I did not think; I investigated, but it was not light—nor electricity in any known form."

"What was it?"

"I don't know."

Called "X" because it was the unknown quantity, the ray was used two months after its discovery to make the first radiograph of a human hand.



In 1945

But this is 50 years after the X ray's discovery—100 years after Roentgen's birth.

Worthy of his memory is General Electric's two million-volt X-ray unit. It's the first one powerful enough to see through twelve inches of steel, a thickness opaque to other units. And it can radiograph a piece of eight-inch steel casting 78 times as fast as the smaller giants of

one million-volts—and that means 3½ minutes instead of 4½ hours.

It weighs only 5000 pounds and is mounted on a crane. It has the advantage over lower-voltage X rays not only of greater radiographic speed, but it allows a greater range of metal thickness to be read on one radiograph without time-consuming complications. *General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York.*

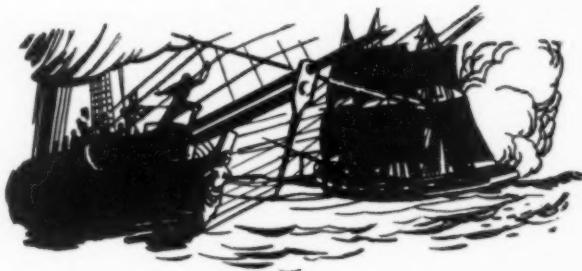
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OUR NAVY (continued)

which did service guarding the Delaware River and its sea approaches.

Following these initial operations which virtually "launched" the American Navy, other ships were put in active service on the home coast and overseas. There were frequent combats in which the "fighting edge" of the Americans was proven to be the highest. Among the more conspicuous who might be said to have fathered the fighting spirit of our Navy in this way was Captains Lambert Wickes, Nicholas Biddle, John Paul Jones, John Barry, Gustavus Conyngham, James Nicholson, and Joshua Barney.

After the Revolutionary War the Navy went out of existence completely. It was not re-established until 1794, when Congress provided for the construction of six new frigates, and appointed six captains to supervise the work and to command the vessels when completed. These men were John Barry (who was the senior in rank), Samuel Nicholson, Silas Talbot, Richard Dale, Thomas Truxtun, and James Sever, of whom four: Barry, Nicholson, Dale, and Sever, were former Continental Navy officers.



In 1798 we went to war against the French at sea, hastily buying more ships and appointing more officers. In the subsequent three years of quasi-war, Captain Thomas Truxtun especially distinguished himself in two successful and severe actions in the *Constellation* against French frigates. Lieutenants John Shaw and Charles Stewart also fought brilliant engagements in smaller ships. Among the squadron commanders were Captains John Barry, Alexander Murray, Silas Talbot, Thomas Truxtun, Thomas Tingey, Stephen Decatur, Sr., and Richard Dale.

Closely following the quasi-war with France came our Barbary Wars in which the most distinguished high ranking officer was Captain Edward Preble. He established an enviable fighting tradition in several hard fought attacks on Tripoli by a squadron of 14 vessels under his command, with the frigate *Constitution* as flagship. Under Preble's leadership the loosely-knit Navy of that day became a unified fighting force for the first time, and this unification has lasted until the present time.

All of the persons named in the foregoing, from Washington to Preble, may be said to have had an important part in the founding of the Navy. There were also others who might be included in a group designated as the founders of the American Navy. For example, Benjamin Franklin when acting as our diplomatic representative in France, was largely instrumental in creating a squadron of American ships for operations in Europe, and there was a period late in the Revolutionary War when the Continental Navy would have disintegrated but for the aid of Robert Morris.

CAPT. DUDLEY W. KNOX, USN (Retired)
 Office of Naval Records and Library

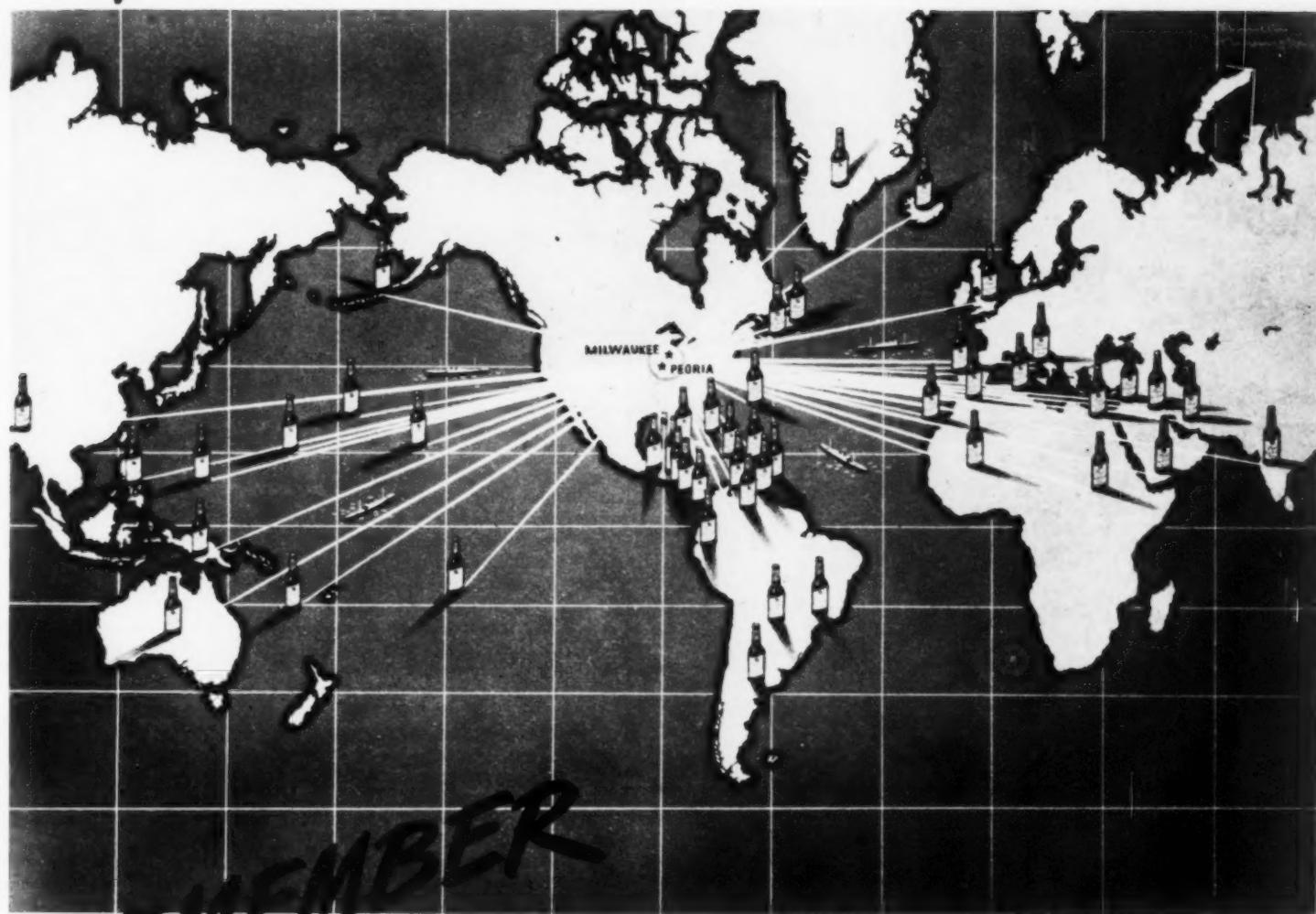


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 Satisfied Marines say
 it can't be beat!



AM-TRACS ON IWO



Black smoke hangs over embattled shores of Iwo as am-tracs from Coast Guard-manned LST's carry troops into the battle

THE two valiant amphibian tractor battalions which carried the veteran Fourth Marine Division ashore on Iwo Jima had 46 of their tractors sunk in the battle against the Japs, but kept operating to spell what many said was the difference between victory and defeat for the American forces.

The 10th battalion lost 15 of the 12-ton land-sea vehicles in the choppy waters off the island. The 5th battalion had 31 sunk.

At times, the two battalions were fortunate if they had 85 of their original am-tracs in operation, so hard were they hit. The Marine drivers of the lumbering vehicles stayed on the job around the clock keeping their tractors going, although all of them, without exception, were 100 hours past the overhaul period.

The going always seemed to get worse instead of better as time went on. Just when it looked like things were secure the Japs would send over shells, or a tractor would hit one of the enemy's many land mines.

On the first wave, a tractor was lost when it bellied down in the deep sand. Later, the Japs put a mortar shell in the middle of the driver's cab; not to the right or the left, but right down the middle. The tractors were prime targets for the Jap artillery and mortarmen. Without fail the enemy tried to pot them as they moved into the beach from ships or traveled from the beach across the island to the front lines. Often, too, they tried to sink them as they were returning empty from the beach to ship to pick up another load.

After carrying the first waves of troops ashore, they brought in everything from sandbags to heavy artillery ammunition. Trips to the front, many times at night, often were made through mine fields.

The beach was so sandy that other vehicles like the big six-by-six trucks normally used to haul supplies bogged down and could not move. As a result, it was the amphibian tractors which did all of the hauling, particularly during the early days of the campaign. On D-night, word was sent back to an LST where the



"Gentlemen, it has become apparent that present plans show sad lack of horse sense, so . . ."

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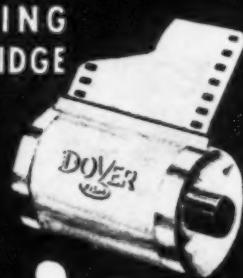
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Another wave of am-tracs loaded with Marines about to go into the bitter assault plows through the waters off Futatsune Beach

tractors were based that a Marine regiment would have to retreat if it did not get ammunition. The LST moved to within 400 yards of the beach and the am-tracs took ammunition to that regiment. All the while there was a hell-fire of mortar and shellfire. The tractor drivers did not pay much attention to enemy machine gun and sniper fire.

Frequently tractors would come back and their crew chiefs report that "so and so" was killed or missing, or that they were carrying wounded crew members. The am-tracs not only carried ammunition ashore and to the front, but also carried gasoline, 100 octane stuff that would blow sky-high if hit; water, food, lumber, barbed wire, sandbags, other supplies needed to carry on modern warfare. On trips back, they carried casualties; or dud mines and shells to dump them overboard at sea where they were harmless.

The first three days the sea off shore was very choppy, and intermittently it poured rain. There wasn't a single member of an am-trac crew who did not get soaking wet despite foul weather clothing, who did not spend long miserable hours both at day and night shivering from a cold which seemed twice as bitter as the 63 degrees thermometer reading.

Despite this, they carried on. As fast as one tractor was knocked out another would be repaired and ready. But never were there as many as half of our tractors operating. Those that sunk were lost when their motors conked out because of damage. The waves swamped others when bilge pumps failed to work.

The beach, until it was better organized, was cluttered with war rubble so that tractors had difficulty in finding space to touch treads to land. During this period the drivers were ordered to smash stalled and wrecked small boats on the beach so they would break up and their timbers be washed out to sea.

On D-plus six, we had 85 tractors operating out of two battalions. Forty-three were ashore, inoperative. Repair crews were put to work salvaging what they could.

SGT. JACK VINCENT
USMC Combat Correspondent



"Rose sure is a lot louder than she used to be"

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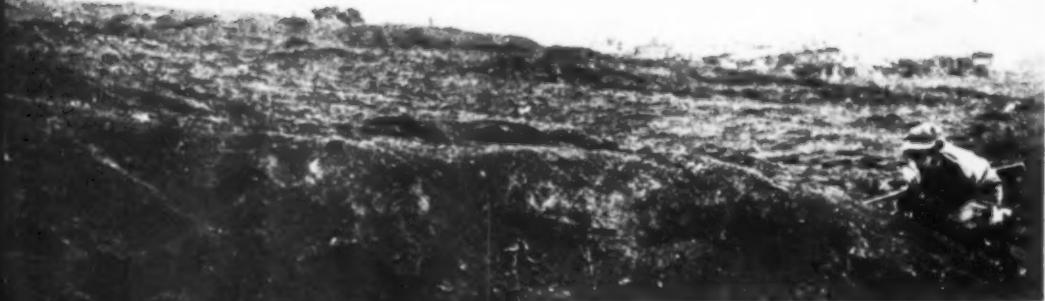


1ST JAP PRISONER CAPTURED ON IWO JIMA

PHOTOS AND STORY BY
SGT. LOUIS LOWERY

This Jap lay buried in a shell hole for a day and a half before seen

THIS Jap lay for one and one-half days only 100 yards from the front lines of the 28th Regiment, Fifth Division. He had charge of a Jap machine gun crew which was hit by one of our artillery shells, killing the four other men in his outfit. He lay partly buried and played dead when any Marines used the shell hole for a fox hole. Finally one of the Marines noticed that he was breathing faintly. The Jap had a live grenade about five inches from his right hand and we were afraid at first that he was just waiting for the chance to use it. After knocking the hand grenade to the bottom of the hole, the Marines still were afraid he might be booby trapped underneath. After the Jap promised an interpreter that he would offer no resistance they threw him a rope and dragged him free of the earth covering him. Then a stretcher was thrown down and he rolled on it and was taken from the shell hole. He had minor wounds on his legs.



Marine suspects he's booby trap

70



Note grenade by Jap's right hand



Jap motions he'd like a cigaret



Nip has promised no trouble so he is given fag



In case Jap is mined he's unearthed with a rope



Fearing Jap fire the Marines proceed rapidly



And remove prisoner to aid station on litter

END

ATTENTION!

Marine Organizations

THE LEATHERNECK is anxious to complete a file of the names and addresses of the various organizations composed of former Marines, the parents and relatives of Marines, and so forth. While we have on file the names and addresses of many Marine Mothers' Clubs, Marine Fathers' Clubs and other organizations, we feel that our file is far from complete.

Will all such organizations please register with THE LEATHERNECK giving us the complete address of your headquarters, names of the various officers, number of members and a general explanation of your present activities.

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BOX 1918, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

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CORNET MAN



SGT. GEISSBERGER

TSGT. OTTO ERNEST GEISSBERGER (Otto for the boys, Ernest for the girls) has tooted a cornet for the Marine Corps so long that it is said no matter what you may blow into the instrument the first song always comes out "From the Halls of Montezuma, to the Shores of Tripoli."

Otto, 49 years old, has been tooting on his cornet for more than 21 years now, which makes him just about the oldest field music in the Corps, both from the standpoint of service and age. Otto says that he is going to go ahead and blow his cornet for another eight years or so, until he has 30 years in the Marines, and then he is going to retire and put his cornet so deep in mothballs that it will look like an Iwo Jima pillbox.

All but a year or so of Otto's more than two decades in the service has been spent overseas. Otto's music has blown across the snows of Iceland, the hot plains of San Domingo, Haiti, Hawaii and Puerto Rico and the noisy, twisting streets of China. Now his tooting, as you may have guessed, is occurring against a background of coconut trees and jungle vegetation, a South Pacific post.

Although Otto never has married, he is far from anti-social. He belongs to several overseas Masonic clubs. He is globular-minded where girls are concerned and they all call him Ernest. He gets tired of hearing the fellows call him Otto, so he tells the girls his name is Ernest, which he considers probably a little more dignified anyway.

Otto took up the cornet not so much because he was fond of Beethoven or Bach, although he had nothing against them personally, but for health reasons. He had been gassed in World War I, which had left him with a bad lung and he blew into the cornet for the sake of building up the lung as well as for any possible musical cohesion.

Otto built his lung back to normal, but he still has bad headaches occasionally and every now and then it looks like he may have to be surveyed out. But Otto says he isn't worried about it, that both he and his cornet are "30-year men," and that it is going to take more than a pill purveyor with a stethoscope to get them out.

In addition to his cornet tooting, there is something else of which Otto is proud: He had one of the first encounters with the Japs.

Otto was in the Marine band attached to the American Legation in Peking in 1937. That was the year, you'll remember, that the Japs came in and took over the city from the Chinese.

Otto got on top of this particular bit of history. He was there with his camera, shooting pictures of the little brown men as they goose-stepped down the street.

CORNET MAN (continued)

Suddenly a Jap officer atop a horse wheeled in front of Otto. A group of Jap foot soldiers surrounded him. The officer said: "You will have to give us that camera." Otto said: "Nothing doing." The officer said: "Then give us the film." Otto said: "Nothing doing." The officer smiled sardonically. "Then we will have to take you with us." They began marching Otto away. Otto said: "I demand you take me to the Japanese legation." The officer gave out with a toothy grin: "I'll be happy to oblige that request." Otto said: "I perceive that you do not know the legation's location. I will tell you how to get there. Turn to the right and go two blocks, then turn to the left and go three blocks, after which you turn to the right and go two blocks, then you turn to the left and go a block and a half."

THE Japs, as is their wont, followed these directions with literal fanaticism. And wound up at the command post of the Marine Corps.

"So sorry," grinned Otto. "Must have got my directions mixed."

Col. Marston (he is a major general now), with a certain amount of amiability but also with a good deal of firmness, insisted that the Japs leave Otto with him.

"You see, he's a very good cornetist," Col. Marston explained with a bland smile, "and the band really needs him."

Otto, whose home town is Union City, N. J., joined the Marine Corps on August 17, 1923, and the reason he did was because he had a certain amount of wanderlust in him and had read on a poster in front of a post office that if you joined the Marines you saw the world.

About 10 years ago Otto decided he was fed up with the ways of the Corps and got out. He didn't know what else to do so he bought himself an old car and began traveling about the country, from California to Maine and then back again, and, suddenly, around about Tucson, Ariz., he decided that as long as he was going to spend his time traveling around he might as well be in the Marines. He re-enlisted within three months and so there is no official break in the continuity of his service.

But when he gets out this time, after his 30 years, Otto says he is going to stay out.

"I'll be 57 years old then," he says. "I figure I'll be old enough to marry and settle down."

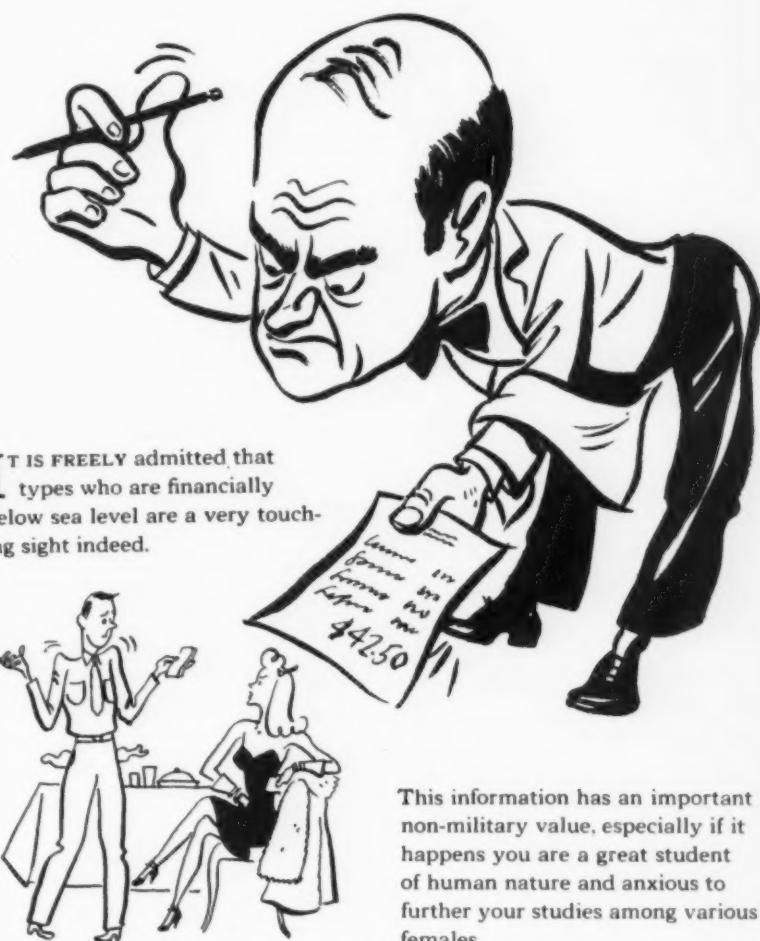
SGT. HAROLD HELFER
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



"What has other chow halls got that ours hasn't got, besides chow?"



Is "Pink Tooth Brush" worse than No Dough?



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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

A Marine in Two Wars



TSgt. Summers is 53 years old, but no one would know it when he puts his hand on a balky propeller at a base in the Pacific

MANY Marines are serving with the Corps today who have spanned two or even three wars, but few have had the colorful fighting career of Technical Sergeant Jack ("don't call me 'John'") Summers, 53 years young, propeller mechanic at an advanced Marine air base in the Philippines.

Filling in the interval between World Wars I and II, the former member of a British "Suicide Corps" was bodyguard for the grandsons and granddaughters of the famous Teddy Roosevelt, children of the late Kermit and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Just before talking himself into an enlistment for overseas duty with the Marine Corps early in 1942, Summers was comparatively settled down, for him, chasing smugglers as a chief of the State Border police in New Mexico. This was pretty tame stuff for a holder of Britain's second highest award for valor, The Distinguished Conduct Medal.

To most of the boys in his outfit, the graying sergeant is "Pop," but his story reads like a chapter out of "Lawrence of Arabia" and, strangely enough, Pop did fight with Lawrence in Arabia, while that colorful figure was operating around Bagdad in 1917.

A few weeks ago, Lieutenant R. H. Sanders, naval chaplain from Temple City, Cal., attached to the Marines here, was telling the amusing incident of the three Arabian Sheiks who represented their country at the Paris Peace Conference of 1921. Staying at the fashionable Hotel Crillon, they were so intrigued by the bathroom faucets that they stole them, thinking what handy gadgets they would make in the desert, just to turn a handle to get running water! It is an oft-told tale, and actually happened, but there was a stir in Chaplain Sanders audience that day, and after the service Jack Summers stepped up to the chaplain and said he was rather interested in hearing it away out here, because he knew the Sheiks and proceeded to name them. They were leaders of the powerful desert tribes which Lawrence had led against the Turks and Germans, and Pop was there, driving the light-armored British Rolls Royces that darted about the desert harrying and upsetting enemy tactics.

Son of a veterinary surgeon, Jack Summers was born in Chislehurst, Kent, England, on October 16, 1892. At the age of 22, when war broke out in Europe, he found that the fastest way he could get to the front was by driving an ambulance for the British Red Cross.

After ten months of pretty rugged duty, the young Britisher returned home and signed up with a motorized machine gun outfit, dubbed the "Suicide Corps" for their high casualty expectancy. Driving these motorcycle side-cars about the campaigns of France in 1915 and 1916, was just a preliminary warm-up for bigger things to come, when the MMG was shipped "somewhere east of Suez" to Mesopotamia.

After spending Christmas of 1916 in Alexandria, Egypt, Summers found himself plunged into the hot campaigns, literally and figuratively, of the Arabian desert. This time the Suicide Corps

had changed to Rolls Royces, each mounting two Vickers .30 caliber machine guns, and they were known as the "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Here it was that lance corporal Summers was promoted to sergeant and received the DCM at the same ceremony in which Kermit Roosevelt, then a Captain in the British Army, received the Military Cross. (Roosevelt later transferred to the American forces in France.) Pressed as to the reason for his award, Pop gets pretty shy about the whole thing, and the best he will say is, "Oh, you know, what they all say, 'for gallantry and good work in the field.' " And that is all he will tell you.

Pop recalls that it was in Bagdad that he first met Victor McLaughlin, of more recent movie fame, who was a British Major and Provost Marshal of Bagdad.

The "wolves," having cleaned house pretty well by the summer of 1918, were recalled to France in time to get in against the last German drive which ended so disastrously for them. With the signing of the armistice in the fall of 1918, Pop headed for home and a well-deserved rest from Ypres, Belgium.

A great admirer of Kermit Roosevelt, it was arranged for Summers to come to the United States on the staff of Joseph E. Willard, then retiring Ambassador to Spain. There was no question in Pop's mind when he reached the States that here was where he would stay, and he took out his first citizenship papers while assured of a position with his friend and former officer, Kermit Roosevelt.

Summers was associated with the Oyster Bay Roosevelts for more than 12 years, travelling extensively with them and keeping his eagle eye on their strenuous offspring. He was considerably saddened by the death of Kermit, while a major with US forces in Alaska during this war, and of Theodore, Jr., beloved Brigadier General in France last fall. Colonel Archie, a third son of the famous Teddy, was wounded at Biak, New Guinea, not long ago. It will be remembered that Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest, was shot down in World War I, while flying with the Lafayette Escadrille. Pop might not have had any business in this war, either, but it was hard to convince him.

The Marine Sergeant married at Albuquerque, N. M., in 1935, where he and his wife lived for a time until his duties in the State Border Patrol took him to the port of entry of Hobbs, N. M. He enlisted at Phoenix in June, 1942, and was stationed at Mohave, Cal., as a mechanic at the air base there until he came overseas in March, 1944.

Mrs. Summers came to California with Jack and is working at the Rohr Aircraft Company near San Diego. As she says, "I'll be right here doing what I can until you get back, then we'll settle down again in New Mexico."

Meanwhile Pop has been right in the thick of it all the way, at New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, and now is one of the first Marines to reach the Philippines with the First Marine Air Wing.

Before Pop does settle down again in New Mexico, his post-war plans include a visit to his mother in Wembley Park, Middlesex, England, whom he hasn't seen in 12 years. His father died in 1931.

Meanwhile he's pretty busy, and well along on that "road to Tokyo."

Photo by PFC Wm. Woolum

SGT. E. PAYSON SMITH, JR.
USMC Combat Correspondent



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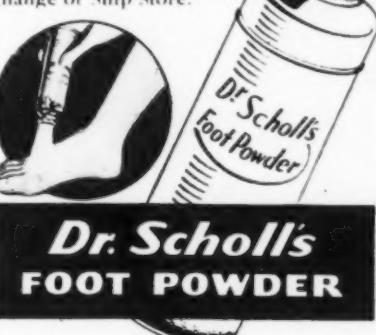
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Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press from March 16, 1945, through April 12, 1945.

SAFE FROM MISSING

LOUISIANA
PENTON, Gibb G., Corp.

SAFE FROM POW

ARKANSAS
LINHARDT, Leroy M., PFC

TEXAS

THOMPSON, Jack E., PFC

WYOMING

WINTERHOLLER, John, 1st Lt.

DEAD FROM MISSING

INDIANA
BROWN, Raymond, Corp.

TEXAS

BOSTICK, James W., 2nd Lt.

DEAD FROM POW

CALIFORNIA
FELLOM, James B., PFC

COLORADO

BARTLETT, Jess A., Corp.

DEAD

ALABAMA

ABBOTT, Nathan R., Corp.
BARNETT, Alfred C., Pvt.
BRANDON, Morgan M., PFC
BYNUM, Henry B., PFC
CHISM, Teddy, PFC
CLARK, R. P., PFC
GLAMMEYER, Daniel P., Pvt.
GRAY, Ross F., Sgt.
GREEN, Robert R., PFC
GREER, James A., Jr., PFC
GULLEDGE, Charles W., Pvt.
HAAS, Ralph, Lt. Col.
HATHCOX, Wallace R., Jr., 2nd Lt.
HERRING, Alvin S., ACK.
HILL, Charles L., 2nd Lt.
HOGAN, Huel C., PFC
HOUSTON, Lawrence H., PFC
KENNEDY, Louis A., Jr., PFC
KORNEGAY, James W., PFC
LINDSEY, Jacob W., Corp.
MADDOX, Erskine L., Tsgt.
MOTLEY, Elmer, Corp.
REID, Orville C., Jr., PFC
RILEY, Newton J., Corp.
ROBINSON, Preston, PFC
SMITH, Thomas F., PFC
STEWART, Archie D., Corp.
TORREY, Andrew H., Pvt.
TULLY, Hugh L., Jr., Pvt.
WALLACE, John W., Tsgt.
WILSON, Knox, PFC

ARIZONA

BECK, Harold Henry, Sgt.
DARK, Charles E., PFC
FANCHETTE, Robert Q., Pvt.
HARDY, George A., PFC
JUAN, Herman C., Pvt.
SEDILLO, James C., Sgt.

ARKANSAS

CALVERT, Robert W., Pvt.
CUNNINGHAM, James W., Major
HAILEY, Festus L., Corp.
HICKS, Thomas F., PFC
IZELL, Weldon L., Corp.
KING, Ernest P., PFC
LAMKIN, John K., Sgt.
LANE, George L., PFC
MILLS, Jack, Pfc.
NASH, Edward C., PFC
ROBINSON, Roy E., Pvt.
SANDERLIN, Henry E., Corp.
SPIVEY, George B., Pvt.
STRONG, Wilson E., Corp.
THOMPSON, Aubrey R., Sgt.
TILLMAN, Norman M., 1st Lt.
TOLAND, Clinton P., Jr., PFC
TRIVITT, Carl S., PFC
WILKINS, Lawrence W., Corp.

CALIFORNIA

ADAMSON, Delbert G., Sgt.
ALLEN, Curtis P., Pvt.
ALLMOND, Spencer E., PFC
ANDERSEN, Emlie, Sgt.
ANDERSON, Elvin E., Pvt.
ANDERSON, John S., Tsgt.
ARMITAGE, John T., 2nd Lt.
ATCHINSON, Eiden, PFC

BASILONE, John, GySgt.
BEGLEY, Belton T., PFC
BERNARD, Morris J., Corp.
BERRY, George W., 1st Lt.
BRESNAHAN, Allen R., PFC
BROWN, Richard C., Corp.
BRUMBELOE, Robert A., PFC
BURKE, John E., Corp.
BURNS, Orville D., PFC
BUTLER, John A., Lt. Col.
CABRAL, Francis P., Jr., 2nd Lt.
CADMAN, Robert C., Jr., PFC
CARROZZA, Vincent J., PFC
CARVER, Clarence J., Sgt.
CHAMBERLAIN, Reid C., Sgt.
CLARK, Raphael D., PFC
CLOUD, Thomas L., Corp.
COHEN, Erwin R., 2nd Lt.
CONWAY, Donavane W., PFC
COX, Gerald L., Sgt.
CROW, Joe R., Sgt.
DARNELL, Floyd L., Sgt.
DEAN, Thomas E., Sgt.
DERRICO, Michael J., Corp.
DeLORIMIER, Arthur J., 2nd Lt.
DOUGHERTY, John M., Corp.
DOUGLAS, Charles E., 2nd Lt.
DRISCOLL, Frank J., Jr., Pvt.
DUNN, George A., PFC
DVORAK, George F., MTsgt.
EDWARDS, Lawrence A., Jr., PFC
ERB, Edward E., Corp.
FIXEL, Frank J., Corp.
FORD, R. B., PFC
FOX, Marshall L., Corp.
FRANCO, Manuel, PFC
GERAGHTY, Ennis J., WO
GERARD, Edward T., Jr., Pvt.
GOULSON, Douglas A., Corp.
HALL, Richard W., PFC
HINKLE, Robert E., PFC
HOAGLAND, Garold W., Corp.
HOLMES, Frederick D., 1st Lt.
HUSTON, Donald L., 1st Lt.
IVERSEN, Stanley D., Corp.
JACOBS, William A., Pvt.
JOHNSON, Chandler W., Lt. Col.
JONES, Harold B., Pvt.
KILEY, Roger G., Corp.
LATHROP, Glenn E., Sgt.
LAWRENCE, Adelbert J., Pvt.
McCRARY, V. T., Corp.
MAHONEY, Thomas G., 1st Lt.
MANGUM, Herbert B., 2nd Lt.
MARICONI, Nello, Corp.
MEARS, Dwayne E., Capt.
MISLEY, James R., 2nd Lt.
MONTOYA, Jesse R., PFC
MOODY, William G., PFC
MORRISON, Orval J., Corp.
MUSTAIN, Hollis U., Lt. Col.
NEAL, Joe Y., Corp.
NESLEN, Arthur G., 2nd Lt.
OMAN, Dale E., Corp.
PADDOCK, Richard E., Corp.
PAICH, Frank J., Corp.
PANTAGES, Basil G., 2nd Lt.
PAPPAS, Gus A., Corp.
PEASE, Bartley W., PFC
POTTS, C. E., PFC
PRICE, Robert A., Corp.
RAWIE, Robert L., Sgt.
REHM, Darrold J., Corp.
ROBARTS, Donald L., Corp.
RODRIGUES, Francisco, Sgt.
RYAN, Wayne E., PFC
SAYRE, Glenn W., 2nd Lt.
SCOTT, Warren A., Corp.
SOFFIOTTO, Nicholas B., Corp.
STEINBERG, Edwin E., WO
STEVENS, William A., Jr., 1st Lt.
STONE, Hicks L., Capt.
SULIS, Ralph N., Corp.
SULLIVAN, Clarence H., Pvt.
SYLVESTER, Robert J., Pvt.
TERRY, Robert C., Corp.
TROTTI, Tom M., Lt. Col.
URIBE, Frank, PFC
VENTON, Frederick C., Corp.
WALKER, William D., Capt.
WHITE, Fred E., Sgt.
WINTERS, David E., Corp.
WOODWARD, John W., 2nd Lt.
YARBERRY, Albert D., Pvt.
YORSET, Tony L., PFC

COLORADO

BILSTEIN, Robert R., PFC
CHRIST, Arthur L., PFC
ELMER, Rollie E., Corp.
FITZPATRICK, Edward G., PFC
HORVAT, Anthony D., Corp.
HUFFMAN, William E., ChCk.
KEROS, George, Corp.
LINDBLAD, Carl J., 1st Lt.
LIPPOLD, Jack E., Corp.
LONG, Paul B., Sgt.
RAUSCH, Warren A., PFC
SCHWARTZ, Leonard E., PFC
WARE, Otis C., PFC
WILKINS, Aaron G., Capt.

CONNECTICUT

CHAPMAN, Henry S., PFC
DeVECCHIO, Albert J., PFC
DOYON, Odell E., Pvt.
EZEPCHEK, Edward, PFC
GARDINER, John S., Pvt.
GEARHART, Joseph L., Pvt.
LaTORRACA, Enrico Jr., Sgt.
LEWIS, Gordon R., 1st Lt.
MALIZEWSKI, William A., PFC
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OLMSTED, Roger W., 2nd Lt.
RIORDAN, Joseph C., Corp.
ROTH, George Jr., Corp.
SMITH, Charles E., PFC
SOKOLI, Walter, PFC
SPARKOWSKI, Edward F., PFC
STOLZENBERG, William R., Corp.
THOMPSON, Raymond D., PFC
WOOSTER, Harold C., PFC
YAKUPCO, John J., Corp.

DELAWARE

JURSKI, Peter J., PFC
SIMMONS, Lewis E., PFC
SOBIECH, Stephen J., Sgt.
STRONG, George M., Pvt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ANDERSON, Charles C., Jr., Sgt.
CHEVIGNY, John E., 1st Lt.
DALY, Francis P., Major
FENNELL, Alloysus S. Jr., 2nd Lt.
FOWLER, Robert P., Sgt.
SHEEN, Lyle C., Corp.
TOWERS, Francis F., 2nd Lt.

FLORIDA

ARAGON, Adolph E., Jr., PFC
ARNOLD, Huber A., Corp.
BAUGH, James T., 2nd Lt.
CHAFFEE, Norton E., Corp.
DOMNITZ, Robert W., Corp.
ETTY, Charles T., PFC
GAY, William R., 2nd Lt.
GLASS, Robert L., 1st Lt.
GORDON, Stanley, 1st Lt.
HENDRIX, John H., PFC
HILL, John J., PFC
HINSON, Howard B., Corp.
KIRBY, Gerald O., Capt.
LOWRY, Francis W., 2nd Lt.
MCNEAL, William T., PFC
NICHOLS, Paul L., Jr., PFC
PAULK, Robert V., Jr., PFC
POPE, Will C. Jr., Corp.
SHEFFIELD, William A., 2nd Lt.
STUMP, James B., Sgt.

GEORGIA

BROWN, Arlyn G., Corp.
BURKHALTER, Durell B., GySgt.
BUVENS, Felix H., 1st Lt.
CASEY, Gerald R., Sgt.
CAUDELL, Burch E., Pvt.
CLINE, Jasper L., Jr., 1st Lt.
COOK, Leroy, PFC
COTTER, John H., PFC
DORSEY, Ashley W., PFC
GARDNER, Jack L., PFC
GERRALD, Bill M., PFC
HARPER, Tom B., Jr., PFC
HARRIS, John R., Pvt.
HERRINGTON, Robert C., PFC
HIGGS, Charles W., Jr., PISgt.
HINDMON, Jesse C., PFC
HISE, James W., Corp.
HOLBROOKS, Roy J., Pvt.
JAMES, Fred R., Corp.
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SKELTON, Loy D., PFC

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HOVES, George P., 2nd Lt.
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FISCHER, Fred P., Pvt.
GLENN, Harold C., Corp.
HOVERMALE, James R., PFC
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NELSON, Luther M., Pvt.
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ALLEN, David R., Pvt.
ALTHAMAR, Harry F., Corp.
BALDUCCI, Paul, PISgt.
BARRETT, Alf O., PFC
BATEMAN, David W., Corp.
BECKER, Maurice, 1stSgt.
BIELSKI, Chester S., PISgt.
BOE, Melvin A., PFC
BRINK, Raymond E., PFC
CAMERON, Clarence Warren, Corp.
CLINEBELL, Willis E., Corp.
COFFIN, Robert C., Corp.
CROCKER, Donald R., Pvt.
DAWSON, Harry S., Corp.
DeGLOPPER, Raymond A., PFC
DISHINGER, Francis D., 1st Lt.
DONOFRIO, Arthur P., Sgt.
DUFFIELD, Donald J., Corp.
DUGO, Frank P., Corp.
ERSKINE, Wendell A., 2nd Lt.
FLEISCHER, Lloyd, PFC
FRINT, Donald I., PFC
GADOMSKI, Arthur R., PFC
GAULTNEY, David J., PFC
GEDDINGS, John W., Corp.
GIOE, Joseph P., Pvt.
GONZALEZ, David, PFC
GORANSON, Jack K., PFC
GROB, Raymond J., PFC
GRGVE, Kenneth Richard, Corp.
HAASE, Arthur L., Pvt.
HALFIELD, Filmore E., Pvt.
HESSE, Lewis M., Corp.
HLAVATY, Charles, PFC
HUBLER, Charles T., Corp.
JACKSON, Robert F. W., PFC
JAREMA, Chester A., Corp.
JARVIS, William R., PFC
JASTROW, Mylon L., PFC
JOHNSTON, Walter E., Pvt.
KALUZA, Louis F., PFC
KAZMER, Walter J., PFC
KELLER, Kenneth L., Corp.
KNUTSON, Charles H., PFC
LAHOTKA, George J., PFC
LAMBIRD, Harold, PFC
LANGBEIN, Ernest T., PFC

LEINEN, Albert C., PFC
McADOW, Jack Howard, Corp.
MCANAN, Charles H., 2nd Lt.
MAVERHOER, Sylvester, PFC
MOSBACHER, Eugene C., Corp.
MYERSON, Edwin S., Jr., PFC
NORDMOE, Eugene L., PFC
NORTON, Robert L., Corp.
ONESTO, John R., Pvt.
OSWALD, Warren M., Jr., Pvt.
OTTON, Robert A., Jr., Pvt.
PEEVER, Leroy W. T., Sgt.
PHARHER, Louis H., Pvt.
POULLOS, Louis, Pvt.

PULKOWSKI, Joseph J., PISgt.
ROMERO, Edward J., Jr., Corp.
SCOTT, Duncan R., 1st Lt.
SHARP, Ernest J., PFC
SHIELDS, Jerry J., 2nd Lt.
SMITH, Donald K., Pvt.
SOBOTKA, Edward J., Corp.
SUGARO, Vincent D., Corp.
SUMAN, Henry P., PFC
TERMINI, Carmelo A., Pvt.
THODE, John C., PFC

THOMAS, David R., PFC
THOMAS, Melvin L., PFC
TITONE, Frank T., PFC
VENERI, George T., PFC
WALKER, Laurence J., Pvt.
WEINBERG, Joseph L., PFC
WELLS, Maurice E., PFC
WILSON, Richard T., Pvt.
WINKLER, Richard C. Jr., Sgt.
WROBLEWSKI, Stanley J., Corp.
YOUNG, Louis H., PFC
ZIMAN, Joseph J., PFC

INDIANA

BARKER, Roderick L., PFC
BENJAMIN, Clarence A., PFC
BIRUM, Richard D., Sgt.
BOHEIM, George R., PFC
CARPENTER, Alonso T., PISgt.
CSICSKO, John, Sgt.

DALE, Thomas V., PFC
DAY, Virgil F., Pvt.
DILLON, Robert Wilbert, PFC
ENDICOTT, George W., Corp.
GUNDERGAARD, Lester O., PFC
HAYNES, William F., Corp.
HOFFMAN, Noble Jr., Corp.
HURLEY, Roland L., ACK.
HUTCHISON, John S., PFC
HYLAND, John T., Corp.
JAKELICH, Julius C., Sgt.
KARIE, Robert J., PFC
KUHL, Lawrence Jr., PFC
LACY, Frank R., Corp.
LEWIS, William D., Corp.
McDONALD, George B., PFC
McFADDEN, Maurice E., Pvt.
OGG, Samuel R., Corp.
PIERCE, Warren H., Sgt.
RAK, John J., PFC
ROBINSON, Charles K., Corp.
ROGERS, James C., Sgt.
RUSH, William E., Sgt.
SCHEETZ, Howard A., PFC
SHELBY, Earl R., PFC
SIMPSON, Garret R., Corp.
SINAL, John F., Jr., PFC
TARGONSKI, Paul E., Pvt.
THORNTON, Harry J., PFC
TRIMPE, Ernest A., PFC
WELSE, Melvin L., Sgt.
WHITE, William H., PFC

IOWA

ACKERSON, Delbert J., PFC
ALCOCK, Elwin I., PFC
BAKER, Ralph R., Corp.
BLECHINGER, Daniel D., 2nd Lt.
BREAKENRIDGE, Hugh W., Capt.
BROOD, Jacob P., PFC
BURETTA, Gene S., PFC
CARTER, Joel F., PFC

DOWNEY, Donald W., PFC
FRIDELL, Maurice H., PFC
GARMAN, Warren H., PISgt.
HARPLEY, Donald E., 1st Lt.
JACOBS, Wayne E., PFC
JACOBSON, Robert C., Corp.
KIMBALL, Gene B., Pvt.
McDERMOTT, Howard J., Corp.
MAEDER, Albert H., Sgt.
MATHEWS, Robert W., Ssgt.
PADGET, Jack L., PFC
PETERSON, Marvin G., PFC
SEABOLD, Ralph E., PFC
WAGAMAN, Lyle E., Corp.

KANSAS

BALAFAS, Paul C. A., Pvt.
BECKER, Elmer D., Pvt.
BENSON, Paul, Pvt.
BRENTON, James F., PFC
DUGO, Frank P., Corp.
COFFEE, Marvin E., Pvt.
DYSART, Edward C. Jr., Corp.
EATON, Earl E., PFC

EBERHARDT, Fred C., Capt.
FLINN, Dewey J., Sgt.
FLOYD, Howard A., Pvt.
GRIFFIN, John J., Jr., 2nd Lt.
HOOVER, Henry W., PFC
KAMMERER, Jack D., Pvt.
KING, Walter W. Jr., PFC
LOGGAN, Darrell E., PFC
MCDERMOTT, James S., Capt.
MILLER, Richard L., PFC

ROHAN, John J., Jr., Sgt.
ROLLINS, Marshall E., PFC
SCONDRA, James, 1st Lt.
VEAR, Fred, Corp.
WALKER, Ernest G., 1st Lt.
WALSH, Alain R., Corp.
WEAGLE, Richard E., Ssgt.
WILDER, Loren C., 1st Lt.
WORREY, Herbert S., 1st Lt.

KENTUCKY

BEARD, Wilbur G., Corp.
BIVENS, Lyndell, Sgt.
BLANTON, Louis E., PFC
COMBS, Bemis, PFC
FAULKNER, Frank X., Corp.
GLASS, Lewis R., PFC

GREENE, James M., PFC
HADDAD, Mitchell, PFC
HENNESSEY, John W., Sgt.
HISLE, Edgar K., PFC
JOHNSON, Carl H., Pvt.
JONES, William A., 1st Lt.

Louisiana

KLINGER, Robert A., Corp.
KREIMBORG, Robert H., PFC
LAY, Ralph, Pvt.
McDOWELL, Jack, PFC
McREYNOLDS, J. D., PFC
MAINS, Charles K., PFC
MILLINER, Clarence O., PFC
PAGE, Sidney B., 2nd Lt.
PENNYCUFF, Cecil R., PFC
RILEY, John M., PFC
SEIPP, Charles H. Jr., PFC
SHOFNER, Stanley H., PFC
SNAPP, Virgil O., Corp.
SOULEYRETTE, Roy L., PFC
SWANSON, Granville, Corp.

TUDOR, Lloyd, PFC
TWINAM, William R., PFC
UNDERWOOD, Eugene H., Pvt.
VAUGHN, William R. Jr., Corp.
WOODYARD, James L., PFC

LOUISIANA

BALMER, George C., PFC
BREAUX, Wilmore J., PFC
BRIANT, Hamilton L. Jr., PFC
CINQUEMAN, Roland O., Pvt.
DEAN, James M., PFC
HILMAN, Joseph T. Jr., PFC
ISACKS, Leonard S., Jr., 1st Lt.
LANGSTON, Ira Jr., PFC
LASSEIGNE, Elton J., PFC
LEMEO, Odile L., Pvt.
MEYERS, Albie C., Pvt.
PROVOST, Barney J., PFC
REMIDEZ, Henry, Pvt.
ROUNDREE, Donald H., Pvt.
SMITH, Lloyd, PFC

MAINE

COURI, Arthur R., 2nd Lt.
CUCCIARIA, Louis A., PFC
CUMMINGS, Richard J., PFC
GRAVEL, Alfred M. Jr., PFC
GRAVES, John T., PFC
HARRY, Eugene B., Jr., Corp.
READY, Kenneth J., PFC
TITCOMB, John A., Capt.

MARYLAND

AUGUST, Jerry J., Corp.
BAILEY, Daniel T. Jr., PFC
BROCKMEYER, Edward P., Corp.
CARTER, Marion B., PFC
CRANE, Albert L., Corp.
DAVIS, Edward S., Corp.
DRUERY, Carroll L. Jr., PFC
FLUKER, Grant E., PFC
GENOVESE, James F., Pvt.
HORN, John A., Sgt.

MONAHAN, Harold J., PFC
ROBINSON, Guy F., PFC
ROTH, Ervin D., PFC
WALSH, James T., Corp.
YOUNG, Joseph E., PFC

MASSACHUSETTS

A'HEARN, Joseph J., Pvt.
ALBERT, Joseph E., Pvt.
ALMEDA, Leonard, Pvt.
BARTH, Charles W., PFC
BAXTER, George J., PFC
BROWER, John W., 1st Lt.
CAMPBELL, Ernest P. Jr., PFC
CORCORAN, John M., PFC
CORMIER, Gerard J., PFC
DEEB, George, PFC
DEVINE, Robert F., PISgt.
DOWNY, Thomas G., PFC
EVERS, William C., Capt.
FLAGG, Charles O., PFC
GAUDREAU, R. E., Fid Corp.
GILLOOLY, Francis H., PFC
GOUDREAU, Maurice D., PFC
HJELM, Roy E., Capt.
JACKSON, John W., PFC
KELLY, Gerald L., ACK.
KELLY, Henry J. Jr., 2nd Lt.
KNIGHTS, Charles H., Sgt.
LADAGO, George, PFC
LANE, Francis B., 2nd Lt.
LAROSE, Alfred F., 1st Lt.
LAYZON, Frank S., PFC
McCarthy, William J., PISgt.
MAGUIRE, Theodore F., Pvt.
MICHELSEN, Raynor A., Corp.
MORAN, Joseph F., PFC
NAIMO, Frank D. Jr., Pvt.
O'BOYLE, Thomas R., 2nd Lt.
O'BRIEN, Raymond F., PISgt.
OPALENIK, Steve H., 2nd Lt.
PEACOCK, George R., Corp.
RACICOT, Gerard J., PFC
REIGNER, Robert E., PFC
REYNOLDS, Nelson L., PFC
ROHAN, John J., Jr., Sgt.
ROLLINS, Marshall E., PFC
SCONDRA, James, 1st Lt.
VEAR, Fred, Corp.
WALKER, Ernest G., 1st Lt.
WALSH, Alain R., Corp.
WEAGLE, Richard E., Ssgt.
WILDER, Loren C., 1st Lt.
WORREY, Herbert S., 1st Lt.

MICHIGAN

ADOMITIS, Charles G., Ssgt.
BAIER, Myron J., PFC
BONKOWSKI, Leonard, PFC
BROWN, John E., Sgt.

CANDIFF, Joseph F., PFC
CARVEY, Wendell G., Corp.
CAUFFMAN, Frank O., Pvt.
DISSE, Frank E., PFC
DOZORC, Steve, PFC
FERGUSON, Warren G., PFC
FISHER, Earl G., PFC
FOGELSONG, Wilfred H. Jr., 2nd Lt.
FRY, Harvey P., PFC
GREGEL, Wallace, Corp.
GUBALA, Frank S., PFC

HACKENBERG, Randall O., PFC
HARRISON, Don W., Corp.
HAYDEN, Russell E., PFC
HENDEE, Glen E., Jr., Sgt.
HERCULA, Andrew J., Sgt.
HUCHECHEK, Cyril M., Jr., 2nd Lt.
HUDSON, Howard H., Corp.
JONES, Warren H., Sgt.
JUNTUNEN, Paul W., PFC
KAMMER, Russell G., PFC
KENNELLY, William J., PFC
KOOI, Jack A., PFC
KRUSELL, James E., PFC
LAMEAU, Walter Patrick, PFC
LONGHINI, Andrew, PFC
LYONS, James E., Corp.
McDONALD, Allen E., Sgt.
MITCHELL, Russell C., Sgt.
OHLMACHER, William S., PFC
PETERSON, Robert I., PFC
PFLEGEOR, Jen R., PFC
PHILLIPS, James J., PFC
PINKERTON, Dwayne C., PFC
PORTER, Jim M., PFC
PURDY, James B., PFC
RADZATZ, Donovan R., TSgt.
RALLS, Nicholas, Corp.
RAPACZ, Andy J., PFC
RYAN, Mark P., Sgt.
SCHNITTKE, Frederick, Corp.
SHUTTES, Frederick W., PFC
SILLS, William Jr., PFC
TICKER, David A., 2nd Lt.
WALLACE, Kenneth A. G., 1st Lt.
WILKINS, Robert J., PFC

MINNESOTA

ANDREE, Eugene M., PFC
BECKEL, Donald L., Corp.
BEDAHL, Roy W., PFC
BIGELOW, Donald L., PFC
BIXBY, Glen A., Corp.
BLOOMSTRAND, Edward A., PFC
CHRISTOPHERSON, Robert W., Pvt.
DOBERVICH, Sam, 1st Lt.
GOFF, Robert L., PFC
GRANT, John Oscar, Corp.
HOLMES, Ralph E., Corp.
KUESTER, Harlan R., Corp.
JASKOWIAK, Richard, PFC
JOHNSON, Harvey A., PFC
JONES, John F., Jr., FldCk.
LARSON, Virgil C., PFC
LIEN, Milan C., PFC
MCGRATH, Francis J., GySgt.
MARBOE, Russell F., PISgt.
MOSIER, Roland M., PFC
NIETZEL, Richard M., Pvt.
NORLIN, George N., 2nd Lt.
OLSON, Carl R., PFC
ST SAUVER, Peter J., PFC
TACKE, Donald F., Corp.
WESTERBERT, Bill D., Pvt.
WINMILL, Frederick E., GySgt.
ZUKOWSKI, William B., PFC

MISSISSIPPI

BAILEY, Kennon G., ACk.
BARNETT, William B., Corp.
BEACH, Revis C., Sgt.
BYRD, James M., Pvt.
CARROLL, Wilber O., Pvt.
CATHCART, William C., PFC
DEPRIEST, Stanley E., 2nd Lt.
GILBERT, Otto C., PFC
GRISOM, Bruce B., Pvt.
HILL, Bryant J., Sgt.
HILL, Emmett, PFC
JONES, Charles T., 2nd Lt.
JONES, Roy E., Corp.
KEIGLEY, Louis H., 2nd Lt.
KITCHENS, Clovis W., PFC
LAMB, Aury L., PFC
MCARDLE, Benjamin J., Corp.
MAURER, Jack G., Sgt.
OMNESS, Lawrence E., PFC
PLATZER, Robert P., Corp.
RAYBURN, Lyndon L., Pvt.

MISSOURI

BRITT, Hugh A., Jr., Corp.
BUCHHOLZ, Vernon J., Sgt.
CARROLL, Robert D., Jr., Corp.
COTTE, William W., PFC
DOUGHERTY, Robert J., Pvt.
FISHER, Robert Jr., 2nd Lt.
FOSTER, Lester O., Corp.
GOEKE, Kenneth C. J., PFC
HAYWARD, Gerald W., PFC
HOFFERD, Robert E., Sgt.
HOLMES, Robert D., 2nd Lt.
HUMMEL, James J., PFC
KELLOGG, William M., PFC
LAYTON, John W., Pvt.
MEIER, Donald L., Sgt.
MONTGOMERY, Clinton H., Jr., PFC
NUNAMAKER, William D., PFC
STOKEY, Russell R., Sgt.
STRAUB, Willard C., Corp.
TEMPLE, Leonard L., PFC
TROLL, John D., PFC
TUTHILL, George H., PISgt.
ULRY, Robert R., PFC
WILHAUCK, David, Pvt.
YOUNG, Charles W., PFC

MONTANA

ANGERMEIER, Edward J., 2nd Lt.
BENDER, William S., Sgt.
CASSIDY, James W., 1st Lt.
DOMBROSKI, Edward, Pvt.
GIBSON, John R., PFC
GREENE, Lee W., PFC
HOLLIBAUGH, Raymond L., PFC
KRISTENSEN, Kris Jr., Corp.
LIPPERT, Russell W., GySgt.
STAHLCKER, Dumond D., Corp.

NEBRASKA
ANDERBERG, Martin L., PFC
ANDERSON, Charles R., Jr., 1st Lt.
BIELFELT, Edgar H., Pvt.
CLINES, Thomas W., WO
EMERY, Donald R., Corp.
GLOVER, Harley G., PFC
GREISEN, Robert H., Corp.
HATCH, Frank E., FldM Corp.
HOLUBAR, Laddie W., Sgt.
NELSON, William E., Pvt.
PRATT, Robert L., PFC
PURSLEY, Junior C., PFC
SCHRADER, Herbert H., Jr., PFC
WINTER, Robert M. M., Pvt.

NEVADA

CONNORS, Jack, GySgt.
PATTERSON, William A., Sgt.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SELLMAN, Bertil L., PFC
MASSICOTTE, Paul L., Sgt.
MIEURE, Raymond A., SgMaj.
SHAW, Clifton C., PFC
TOLAND, Benjamin R., 1st Lt.

NEW JERSEY

BAKLEY, Earl S., Pvt.
BARBERIO, John, Sgt.
BENNETT, Ralph H., 1st Lt.
BIBIGHAUS, Linwood M., PFC
BRATTON, Joseph C., Jr., PFC
BUDD, Frederick D., PFC
CIFARELLA, John J., 1st Lt.
CRITCHLOW, William G., Jr., PFC
DAWSON, Henry K., PFC
DECANIO, Rudolph M., Corp.
DREGER, John A., 1st Lt.
FENNALLIE, Nicholas R., Pvt.
FERRIS, John R., 2nd Lt.
FILIPONI, Nicholas P., PFC
FLORSHEIM, William A., 2nd Lt.
FREDA, Donald E., PFC
GILETTA, Rino, PFC
HARRINGTON, Joseph J., PFC
HOCIE, Adam S., PFC
INCANNELLA, Nicholas J., PFC
KLAES, Floyd F., PFC
KNAS, John A., PFC
KNEUER, Otto J., Corp.
KOZIAR, Walter, Sgt.
KRASZEWSKI, Walter E., PFC
LEIGHTON, Jesse S., Jr., Corp.
MARTIN, Thomas J., PFC
MEDVAR, Stephen, Sgt.
MEEK, Harry A., Pvt.
PERRY, Harry, Corp.
PHILLIPS, John J., Sgt.
PLUMER, Luther B., III, Sgt.
ROBL, Alfred P., PFC
STINZIANO, Louis T., PFC
STODDARD, Harold W., Corp.
TILLINGHAST, Robert J., PISgt.
VESPE, William J., Pvt.
WALLS, Elmer R., PFC
WALSH, Gerald E., Jr., PFC
WELLS, Wayne F., Sgt.
WOLBER, Henry W., Jr., Ssgt.
YANNOTTA, Thomas M., PFC

NEW MEXICO

ELROD, James L., 1st Lt.
HELTON, Roy R., PFC
KINLAHCEHENY, Paul, PFC
VINSON, Gordon L., PFC
WRIGHT, Warren M., Capt.

NEW YORK

AMERILLO, Anthony D., PFC
ANDREW, Peter, Corp.
APELER, George J., PFC
BACLAWSKI, Joseph H., Corp.
BAHNSEN, Clifford E., PFC
BALL, Harold W., Corp.
BEATTIE, John J., Sgt.
BELL, Norman R., PFC
BENWAY, James N., Corp.
BERNSTEIN, Albert, PFC
BORNHOLZ, Warren H., Corp.
BORNSTEIN, Ernest J., Pvt.
BOYLE, Emmet E., 2nd Lt.
BRADLEY, George V., Jr., PFC
BRANHAM, Leo A., PFC
BRAVE, Louis C., Corp.
BREDICE, James M., PFC
BRIGGS, Richard F., Corp.
BRISSON, Robert R., PFC
BROUGH, Edward B., Jr., PFC
BRYANT, Victor A., Sgt.
BUSH, Clarence A., PISgt.
BUSH, Richard T., PFC
CAREY, Robert L., Corp.
CARPENTER, Whitman S., 1st Lt.
CATALANO, Emil Anthony, Corp.
CHASE, James B., Sgt.
CHRISTY, William E., PFC
CAIFFONE, Frank J., PFC
COAKLEY, Walter A., Jr., Capt.
CONA, Angelo M., 1st Lt.
CONTE, Joseph P., PFC
COPPOLA, Howard J., FldM 1c
COYLE, William J., PFC
CRAWFORD, Edward A., Corp.
CURTIN, William J., Corp.
D'ARRIGO, Salvatore, Pvt.
DEAR, Neil E., Pvt.
DEJULIUS, Francis A., Pvt.
DEMELIA, William G., Sgt.
DILONARDO, Anthony J., Corp.
DISANO, Onofrio P., 1st Lt.

DITOMMASO, Eugenie, PFC
DOMINY, Felix R., Jr., Capt.
DONOSKY, Frank, PFC
DORE, William G., Corp.
DUANE, William R., 1st Lt.
DUBOIS, Robert A., PFC
EARLINGSON, Ralph, Corp.
ESPOSITO, Joseph A., PFC
FAGAN, James J., PFC
FARRELL, William D., PFC
FINN, James F., PISgt.
FINNEGAN, John J., Jr., Corp.
FISHER, Paul, 2nd Lt.
FRIDAY, John A., Capt.
GAL, Steve Jr., Pvt.
GEARY, John J., Corp.
GELSENHORN, Martin L., 2nd Lt.
GIFFIN, Luther V., PFC
GILBERT, Earl A., Sgt.
GINSBERG, Irwin D., PFC
GOLDBERG, Ira, 1st Lt.
GROGAN, James B., Corp.
HUTTON, John, 2nd Lt.
JABLONSKI, Stanley J., PFC
JANEKA, Stefan, Corp.
JOHNSTON, Edward D., Sgt.
KEANE, John P., Corp.
KELLEY, Leo E., PISgt.
KINNEY, Thomas J., 1st Lt.
KIRSCHEN, Henry F., Corp.
KLINKE, Lester E., PFC
KRAUS, Daniel R., Corp.
KROFT, Earl J., Pvt.
KROMHAUS, Alfred J., PFC
LANGDON, Robert P., PFC
LAWSON, Chester J., PFC
LEVONSKI, Raymond R., PFC
LOMUTO, Francis S., PFC
LUTERAN, John J., PFC
MCCLUCAS, Harold J., Corp.
MCMANUS, Joseph P., Corp.
MACKOWSKI, Casimir, PFC
MAGNUS, John A., Sgt.
MARTINSEN, Alfred D., PFC
MERRON, William J., PFC
MIEROFF, Frank H., PFC
MORRISON, Lewis O., Pvt.
MOSKOWITZ, Raymond, PFC
MURPHY, Edward A., PFC
PAOLINI, Herbert J., PFC
PARKER, Kenneth, PFC
PAWKETT, Henry J., Jr., Corp.
PERNA, Carmen J., PFC
SANS, Charles J., Jr., Corp.
SCANNELL, David J., PFC
SHAUGHNESSY, John J., Jr., Pvt.
SHELL, Earl H., Sgt.
SHEPERD, Howard C., Jr., 2nd Lt.
SISTO, Joseph L., 2nd Lt.
SKOWRAN, Andrew, WO
SNYDER, Leland L., Sgt.
SOULE, George G., Sgt.
SQUIRE, Charles R., Pvt.
TEAHAN, Thomas E., PFC
THOMPSON, John H., Pvt.
THOMPSON, Willard F., PFC
TOMASSI, Albert, Corp.
TROPODO, Rosolino, PFC
TRUDNOWSKI, Edward W., MT Sgt.
TUTTLE, Harvey R., Pvt.
URSO, Frank P., 1st Lt.
USIFER, Joseph C., 1st Sgt.
VADER, Warren A., PFC
VROMAN, Leland E., PFC
WEST, Richard S., PFC
WHITE, James F., Pvt.
WITKIEWICZ, Sigmund, Pvt.
ZIMMER, William J., 2nd Lt.

NEW YORK

ADAMS, William H., PFC
AIKENS, Clyde E., PFC
BAILEY, William H., Pvt.
BENTON, Wilford M., Sgt.
BLACKBURN, Joseph C., Corp.
BUCKNER, Kenneth E., Sgt.
COLLIE, John F., PFC
CRANFORD, Max D., Pvt.
GARLAND, Robert F., Major
HOWE, Robert L., 1st Lt.
HUNTER, Wilbur Calvin, Corp.
HUTCHINS, Lewis H., Corp.
JACKSON, Edgar, PFC
JOHNSON, Charles R., PFC
LEFFEW, James M., GySgt.
MILLER, Joseph T., PISgt.
ROBERTSON, Ralph H., Corp.
ROUSE, Thomas H., PFC
SMITH, William H., PFC
STEIMER, Mel B., 2nd Lt.
STEPHENSON, Edward V., Capt.
WATSON, Henry W., PFC
WHITFIELD, Morris E., Pvt.

NORTH DAKOTA

BENSON, Norman R., PFC
CRAWFORD, William K., Capt.
DEVOL, Robert J., PFC
GORDER, Norris G., PFC
MACKOFF, William S., Pvt.
MURPHY, John A., PFC

OHIO

ALLEY, Albert L., Corp.
ARMBRUST, John N., Sgt.
BARRONCLIFF, Walter E., PFC
BELL, Norman B., PISgt.
BILLS, Richard H., Corp.
BOOKWALTER, Ronald K., PFC
BOWERS, Donald E., Corp.
BRITTON, Lenard, Sgt.
BRUGGEMAN, Norman D., 2nd Lt.
BUTTS, Francis H., PFC
CARLEY, Arthur W., Jr., 1st Lt.
CASE, Earl D., Pvt.
CEKADA, Felix, Corp.
CLARK, Orville D., Jr., Pvt.
DEAR, Neil E., Pvt.
DEJULIUS, Francis A., Pvt.
DEMELIA, William G., Sgt.
DILONARDO, Anthony J., Corp.
DISANO, Onofrio P., 1st Lt.

DAGER, Noble W., Pvt.
DAUGHERTY, Thomas J., PFC
DAVIS, Karl Jr., 1st Lt.
DEMPSEY, Joseph, PFC
DOWNING, Norman F., PFC
FLAVIN, Leo E., PFC
FOUGHT, Lester S., Major
FRY, Harvard O., Jr., PFC
GAICH, Bernard R., PFC
HALL, Ralph F., Capt.
HALL, Richard Seymour, PFC
HALLER, Charles, Corp.
HELEZ, John M., Pvt.
HILLEBRAND, Leo S., Jr., Capt.
HUBACHER, John H., Jr., PFC
JACH, Joseph, PFC
KASPER, James J., PFC
KELLY, William J., PFC
KING, James F., PISgt.
KLAIS, Robert D., Pvt.
KNITTEL, Carl H., PFC
LAMB, Columbus B., Jr., Pvt.
LANCASTER, Ralph A., Corp.
LARICK, Walter H., Jr., PFC
LEAMAN, Loyal J., PFC
LEFFLER, Robert F., PFC
LEWIS, Kenneth S., Sgt.
MCGRATH, Thomas H., Corp.
MCINTURE, James L., Pvt.
MADONIA, Frank, PFC
MAHAFFEY, Orr Jr., PFC
MARINO, Amedeo J., Pvt.
MARTIN, Lester C., Sgt.
MOHORICK, Henry, Sgt.
MOSLEY, Orval E., PFC
MUNSON, Robert W., Corp.
NEFF, Robert E., PFC
NICELY, William D., Sgt.
PASTERNAK, Andrew M., Sgt.
PORRIS, Arthur L., PFC
PRICHARD, Von E., PFC
RADISA, Alexander, Corp.
SEIFERT, Edward P., Corp.
SHAFFER, Paul N., Pvt.
SKOLNY, Theodore A., FldM Sgt.
STATES, David E., Sgt.
STAUFFER, Victor E., Corp.
STEEL, Carlos R., PFC
SUCHARSKI, Chester A., Corp.
THOMAS, Don E., PFC
THOMAS, Ira G., PFC
TOPPELT, Frank, PISgt.
TODD, Elmo, PFC
TURNER, Robert C. Jr., PISgt.
WALTERS, William Jr., PFC
WEHMANN, William J., Pvt.
WICKS, Henry L., Pvt.
WISNIEWSKI, Edward, Corp.
WOLFF, Willard C., Ssgt.

OKLAHOMA

ARMSTRONG, Lillard P., Pvt.
BARKER, William L., 2nd Lt.
COBLE, Melvin, ACK.
HARRIS, James D., 2nd Lt.
HAYS, Luther T., Jr., Corp.
HOWARD, Ralph, PFC
JENNINGS, George T., Ssgt.
JOHNSON, Leslie J., PFC
HAGOOD, Albert L., PISgt.
HIOTT, Gentry W., GySgt.
MCDOUGALD, Robert H., PFC
McGILL, Aubrey J., PFC
MOORMAN, James R., Corp.
RIDINGS, Horace W., Corp.
ROSS, John L., Jr., Corp.
STEWART, William K., Major
THOMASON, Willie R., Jr., PFC

KNOKE, Robert E., Pvt.
KOKI, Thomas G., Pvt.
KOVATO, Stanley A., GySgt.
KOZLOSKI, Bernard J., PFC
KRESS, Walter A., PFC
KRUPP, Howard C., PFC
KUBIAK, Edmund L., PFC
LEGG, Norman R., Pvt.
LINDER, Earl F., PFC
LOVAR, Charles, PFC
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GOODWIN, James W., PFC
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LOZANOFF, Jessie M., Pvt.
LUCHAK, Willie J., PFC
LUNETTA, Jasper M., PFC
MCGINNIS, Jerome John, PFC
MANSFIELD, Tally R., Jr., PFC
MASON, Wilford W., Pvt.
MASSEY, Joe C., PFC
MASTERSON, James R., Jr., PFC
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MILLER, Robert L., Jr., Corp.
MOON, Ray Durham, Corp.
MOORE, Clyde S., PFC
MORGAN, Adren F., PFC
O'RILEY, John J., Corp.
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PENN, Cecil B., Corp.
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ROGERS, Lucien A., Pvt.
RUSH, Paul J., PFC
SEALS, Melvin D., Sgt.
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SMITH, Charlie P., ACK
STANFORD, Boyd Bunion, PFC
STEHLÉ, Rudolph M., PFC
STOCKMAN, V. J., PFC
TILFORD, Harvey H., Jr., PFC
VESTAL, William L., Pvt.
WEAVER, Carroll F., Jr., Corp.

UTAH

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BURNS, Chad M., Corp.
EASTMAN, Roy K., Corp.
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FINLINSON, Phil R., Corp.
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PLATT, Elmo W., PFC
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MARTIN, George S., Sgt.

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BRYANT, Roy C., PFC
COX, Edward K., PFC
CREWE, Thomas E., Pvt.
CROUCH, Ralph H., PFC
DODD, Dewey Linwood, Pvt.
DOLLINS, Raymond W., Major
EARMAN, Elwood W., Corp.
JETT, Admold G., Corp.
KIERSON, Fred A., PFC
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ROYER, Marvin N., PFC
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WASS, Johnny R., Jr., PFC
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MUEHLMEIER, Courtenay S., PFC
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PAUL, Gerald J., Pvt.
PETERSON, Hilton L., Pvt.
SCHERMACHER, Edward C., Corp.
SHAKER, Conrad F., Corp.

WYOMING

CHRISTENSEN, Herald C., PFC
EISENHAUER, Donald W., PFC
NORMAN, Herbert L., Pvt.
ROBERTS, Lamoine F., Corp.

MISSING

ALABAMA
FOX, Michael C. Jr., PFC

ARIZONA
MEREDITH, John H., Corp.

CALIFORNIA

BROWN, Forrest P. Jr., 1st Lt.
O'NEIL, Albert S. Jr., 1st Sgt.
PEMBLE, William M., 2nd Lt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHUMBRIS, James S., 1st Lt.

GEORGIA

HAYES, Daniel V., 2nd Lt.

IDAHO

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GIESEKE, Wilbert H., 1st Lt.
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PENNSYLVANIA

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TENNESSEE

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KINCANON, David S., 2nd Lt.

TEXAS

PHILLIPS, John D., Corp.
THOMPSON, Milton H., 2nd Lt.
VAUGHN, Warren E., 2nd Lt.

VERMONT

WILLIAMS, Robert N. Jr., 1st Lt.

WASHINGTON

AMENDE, Jack R. Jr., Major

WISCONSIN

SCHNORF, Jonathon S., 1st Lt.

WYOMING

STOUT, Robert F., Major

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin since December 7, 1941, to 44,241, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead	11,779
Wounded	29,731
Missing	846
Prisoners of War	1885
Total	44,241

LAST BANZAI ON IWO



IWO JIMA'S final "Banzai," the "blaze of glory" charge of desperate, trapped Japanese, was hammered down by Marines of the Fifth Marine Division.

The short, bitter fight centered in the Marine Pioneers bivouac area on the eastern slopes of Iwo Jima about 500 yards from the sea. Sleepy, half-dressed Marines tumbled from their foxholes to fight, literally in their own frontyard, 196 infiltrating Japanese, many of whom were high-ranking officers. From hiding at the north end of the island the Japanese, dressed as though for parade-ground inspection, made their way past outer sentries into the Pioneers' area where the alarm was spread.

American grenades, apparently taken from dead Marines, were hurled at Marines from behind scrubby bushes and tufts of grass on the sandy dunes of the area. Small arms fire cracked at them. One Jap knee mortar shook the ground with a cluster of closely-bunched hits. Against these, the Marine pioneers, some barefooted and many without their helmets, threw their own grenades and fired carbines and rifles.

Over the crack of rifle fire and the bang of exploding grenades could be heard shouts of "There he goes, don't let 'im get away."

"Stretchers, stretchers" broke through the noise of the battle and other Marine Pioneers dodged Jap fire to take the litters to the wounded.

Corpsmen and stretcher bearers returning with wounded stepped calmly over the body of one "Banzai" charger who never reached his unknown objective. After daylight when Marines could see one another and fire was more easily directed, the hunt for the attackers bubbled with activity. One group of Japs who tried to hide in a shell-crater at the northern end of the Pioneer bivouac area were pelted with grenades. Whenever a Jap came into sight he was riddled.

The Japanese who took part in the final "die for the Emperor" charge apparently knew that this was to be their last battle. Most of the officers were dressed with careful attention and one was wearing a white shirt. Each officer carried his Samurai sword with its ornate hilt and keen, shiny blade. These swords were not only used for decoration, as later examination disclosed that most of them had fresh blood stains where Marines had tried to parry a vicious blow. Most of the Japanese were wearing the "belt of a thousand stitches," a Japanese prayer belt.

Just a few hours after the first cries of "Japs" the area was cleared of the enemy, parties of Pioneers went out to "beat the bushes" for any possible stragglers who had escaped their fire.

During the latter part of the morning, Pioneers swaggered about with Japanese swords hanging from their belts and examining Japanese arms with an idle curiosity that made it hard to believe that these same arms had been threatening their lives just a few hours before.

The attack came only a few days after the troops were relieved in the front lines at the north end of the island. One commented drily,

"Looks like we can't get away from 'em. When we leave the front lines, they bring 'em back to us. They must hate the Pioneers."

And the final count of 196 Japanese dead, all in the Pioneer bivouac area, made it appear that there was no love for the Jap in the Marine camp.

Stories of how fiercely men sprang to meet the attack filtered back with each passing hour. One man, away from his foxhole at the time of the attack, grabbed a screwdriver and charged off down the dunes with his better armed buddies. Others, as they ran to fight off the death charge, bewailed lustily the fact that the charge had interrupted their sleep.

One man looked sadder than all the rest when the fight was ended.

"Now," he said sorrowfully, "I gotta clean my rifle again."

News from the battalion's sick bay sobered up the exuberant, victorious Pioneers when the cost of the attack was disclosed. The price the battalion had paid was nine dead and more than forty wounded.

Not many yards away lay a Japanese officer, his uniform stained with his own blood, staring with sightless eyes at the hot sun over Iwo Jima.

The Banzai charge was finished.

SGT. CHARLES B. CUNNINGHAM
USMC Combat Correspondent

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The Editor's Report

Our Post-War Navy

NOW: 11,924 Naval Vessels

There are available 1528 combatant ships of the type of destroyer escort or larger. Also available, 5174 auxiliaries including large landing craft, plus thousands of smaller ones

AFTER THE WAR: 5830 Vessels

6000

In the period after the war 1191 combat vessels and 4639 auxiliaries will be retained and some 6000 vessels will be disposed of by some means

THREE has been considerable interest in the size of our post-war navy. Marines have been interested in this subject particularly because traditionally the size and scope of the Corps is linked to the size of the parent naval establishment. The first concrete evidence of the navy's plan for its own future is contained in the testimony of Admiral F. J. Horne, Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, given before a Congressional sub-committee and recently made public.

It comes as no surprise that Admiral Horne told the House Appropriations sub-committee that the post-war navy now envisioned would be the largest ever maintained by this country in time of peace.

According to the Admiral's testimony there are available 1528 combatant ships of the type of destroyer escort and larger. This figure includes submarines. There are available 5174 auxiliaries, including large landing craft. Mine craft available, including net craft, number 894; patrol craft number 1886 and district craft 2442. This adds up to a total of 11,924 available naval vessels.

Under the navy's post-war plan some 1191 combat ships and 4639 auxiliaries and minor craft will be retained. Some 6000 vessels will be disposed of.

In general, the ships to be retained for use after the war will be the newer and more modern types. Those to be disposed of will be the obsolescent types.

The ships to be retained for the post-war period will be divided into two categories: 1 — those which will be kept in active service in the various fleets, and, 2 — those which will be retained in inactive service, kept in berths and in a good state of repair and ready for use at short notice if the need for them should arise.

Of the combat ships to be kept in active service, 482 will be vessels of the size of destroyer escorts and larger, including submarines. Auxiliaries, including larger landing craft, will number 510; mine craft, including net craft, will number 83. There will be retained 178 patrol vessels and 1023 district craft.

On the inactive list will go 709 combatant ships, 1182 auxiliaries, 462 mine craft, 450 patrol craft and 751 district craft.

The ships to be kept in inactive status will be berthed at piers, probably in fresh water. They will be manned by maintenance and

repair crews drawn from the ranks of enlisted personnel. In some cases the maintenance crews will live aboard the ships and in other cases will be housed in barracks. It is planned to keep the ships in such a state of repair and readiness that they can be put into active service on short notice any time that considerations of the national defense so require.

In justification for the program to place a large number of ships in inactive status, Admiral Horne pointed out to the committee that many vessels which were laid up after World War I are rendering valuable service in this war. The ships to be berthed represent an investment for construction costs of nearly 11 billion dollars. Under normal conditions these vessels could be kept in condition to put in service for a period as long as 50 years. The annual cost of maintenance would be but a fraction of a per cent of the original investment in each vessel.

It is planned to dispose of 337 combatant ships, 3482 auxiliaries, 349 mine craft, 1258 patrol craft and 668 district craft. In addition there are 66,000 craft of small types which will be disposed of. Under existing law some of the vessels not to be retained will be disposed of through the Maritime Commission. Others will be scrapped, or disposed of through other means.

Admiral Horne made a good case for the disposal of certain types of vessels which would fast become obsolete. He pointed out that if they were maintained the cost would be high. With the development of newer and more modern types of ships the fact that we had a large number of obsolete ships might give us a false sense of naval security. Because of their large numbers we might think that these ships gave us adequate protection when actually such a feeling would not be warranted by their military value.

While there was no discussion of personnel, it is obvious that to man the number of vessels proposed for the active fleets, as well as to maintain those in inactive status, a force of sizeable proportions will be required. Certainly in terms of manpower our post-war navy will be the largest this country has ever had in time of peace.

The implications in this plan, as far as the Marine Corps is concerned, are readily apparent if the Corps retains its historical relationship to the naval establishment. **END**

BACK OF THE BOOK

O'BRIAN



Sergeant Bill O'Brian, who did "Boots Again" on page 40 of this issue, was picture editor for *Liberty* magazine before entering the Marine Corps two years ago.

O'Brian, a native New Yorker, had a childhood fear that he was going to be a midget, but things turned out all right and, after 36 years, he has grown almost six feet in height. O'Brian, in his early twenties, spent four years free-lancing as a sculptor and says that he found it to be an art form that appeals only to the sculptor and his mother. After that he occupied himself with magazine work before going to Parris Island. Among other publications, he formerly worked for the *Saturday Evening Post*. O'Brian is married, has two kids, one in high school and one in college.

FINAN



Sgt. James Edward Finan, a Marine Corps combat correspondent, went on the Okinawa operation expecting a rugged fight for a beachhead. Like everyone else he was surprised at the lack of opposition and recorded his impressions in the story, "Damned Battlefield," which appears on page 15 of this issue. A native of New York City, where he has lived all his life, he attended Columbia College and has written for numerous magazines, including *New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *Reader's Digest*. He has worked on the *Cleveland Press*, *Akron Times-Press*, *New York Post* and *Newsweek*. He has been in the Corps since February, 1944.

VINCENT



Staff Sergeant Jack Vincent is something of an authority on am-tracs, having covered their activities on several Pacific operations. His story "Am-tracs at Iwo" on page 68 of this issue is one of several that he has written for *THE LEATHER-NECK*. Vincent is a native of Columbus, Ohio, and went to school there. He formerly was editor of the Cuyahoga, Ohio, *News*. He also worked for the International News Service as a correspondent in the Columbus, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Washington bureaus. He won the National Headliners' Club award for the best domestic news story of 1942. Married and father of three children, Vincent has been a combat correspondent since joining the Corps.



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